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GET READY...
TO SCREAM!
ROB ZOMBIE'S
SPOOKSHOW
INTERNATIONAL
FEATURING...
MANIACS
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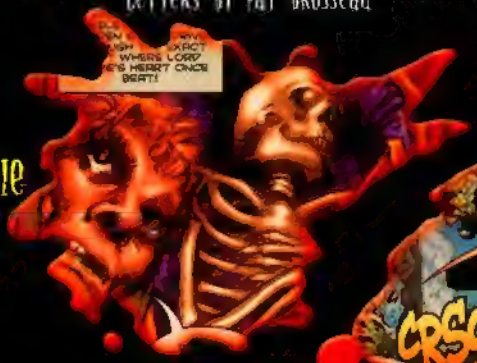
MONSTERS
PREMIERE ISSUE
MATURE READERS ONLY

ROB ZOMBIE'S SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL

ALL STORIES WRITTEN BY ROB ZOMBIE
LETTERS BY PAT BROSSEAU



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GREETINGS, PSYCHO-HEADS, LIVING DEAD GIRLS AND HORROR HOOLIGANS. THIS IS YOUR PAL MR. ZOMBIE AND I WILL BE YOUR MASTER OF CEMETERIES AS WE JOURNEY INTO OUR FIRST ISSUE OF FOUL FANTASIES AND FIENDISH FODDER KNOWN AS

SPOOKSHOW

INTERNATIONAL

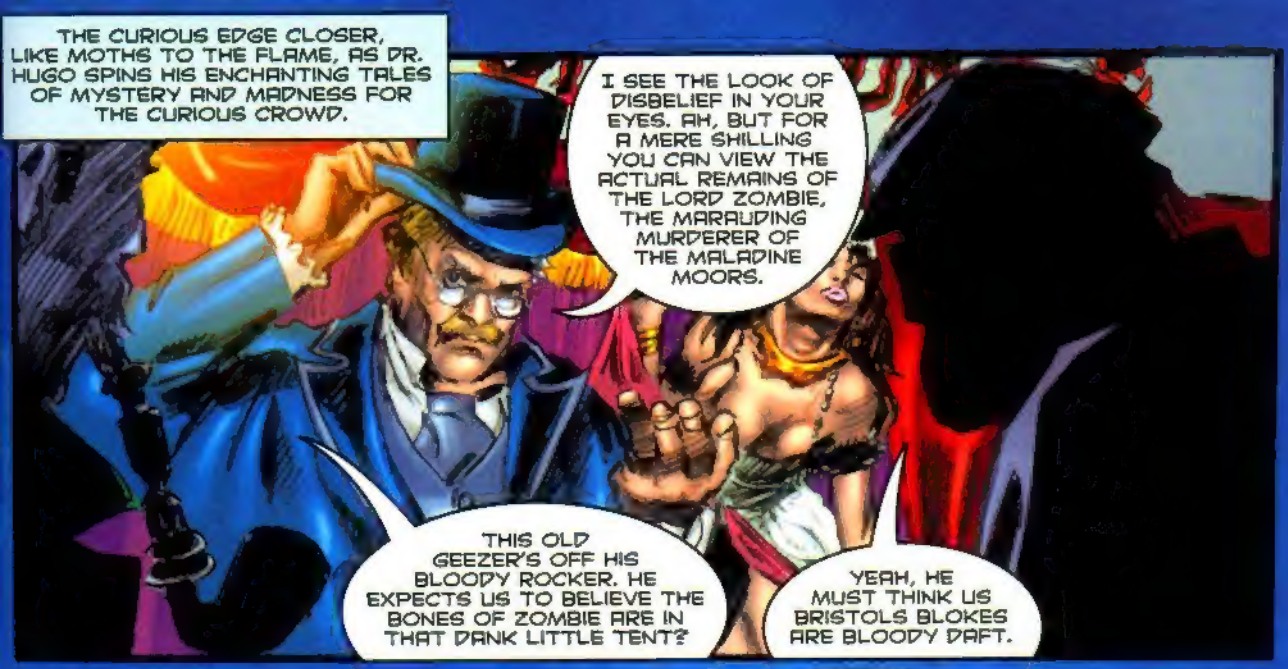
I WILL BE BRINGING YOU LECHEROUS LITERATURE IN HEAPING HELPINGS SURE TO CHILL YOU, THRILL YOU AND HOPEFULLY NAUSEATE YOU TO THE RANCID RAMBLINGS OF YOUR INNER SOUL. SO, SIT BACK AND RELAX WITH THESE SPINE-TINGLING SCREAM STORIES! PREPARE AND, MOST OF ALL, BEWARE. THE TIME IS NOW!

I'M GETTING HUNGRY!

ME TOO! I WANT SOME FRESH FLESH!

COME ON, KID! TURN THE PAGE! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? CHRISTMAS?

THE RETURN OF
SCREAMING LORD ZOMBIE
WE BEGIN OUR STORY IN A SMALL VILLAGE HIDDEN AWAY FROM THE WORLD BY THE SPRAWLING MAJESTY OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS. THIS, MY FRIENDS, IS THE LAST TASTE OF CIVILIZATION BEFORE MAKING THE DESPERATE TREK ACROSS THE DEADLY BORGO PASS.
ON THIS DAY, NOVEMBER THE 4TH, 1857, A SMALL TRAVELING CARNIVAL KNOWN AS DR. HUGO'S WORLD OF WONDERMENT HAS TAKEN UP TEMPORARY RESIDENCE IN THIS PERCEFUL SETTING.
AS EXPECTED, THE AMUSEMENT-STARVED TOWNSPEOPLE OF BRISTOL VILLAGE FLOOD THE FAIRGROUNDS TO VIEW THE BIZARRE AND AMAZING SIGHTS THIS ROAD SHOW HAS TO OFFER.
LADIES AND GENTLE PERSONS... YES! THE RUMORS ARE TRUE... BEHIND THESE CANVAS WALLS LIES THE ACTUAL REMAINS OF THE MAN THEY CALLED ZOMBIE.
DR HUGO PRESENTS
THE LIVING ZOMBIE
THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST
THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! PONY IT UP! STEP RIGHT UP. WE HAVE LOVELY LADIES ALL ON DISPLAY FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE... DON'T BE SHY! THE CONVENTIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD DO NOT CONCERN THESE LOVELY LASSIES.
I HEAR THEY COMPLETELY REMOVE THEIR KNICKERS AND DO A BIT OF THE SPIN AND TWIRL FOR YA.
YEAH... GOOD EAVENS!


THE CURIOUS EDGE CLOSER, LIKE MOTHS TO THE FLAME, AS DR. HUGO SPINS HIS ENCHANTING TALES OF MYSTERY AND MADNESS FOR THE CURIOUS CROWD.
I SEE THE LOOK OF DISBELIEF IN YOUR EYES. AH, BUT FOR A MERE SHILLING YOU CAN VIEW THE ACTUAL REMAINS OF THE LORD ZOMBIE, THE MARAUDING MURDERER OF THE MALADINE MOORS.
THIS OLD GEEZER'S OFF HIS BLOODY ROCKER. HE EXPECTS US TO BELIEVE THE BONES OF ZOMBIE ARE IN THAT DANK LITTLE TENT?
YEAH, HE MUST THINK US BRISTOLS BLOKES ARE BLOODY DAFT.

CALADENDRA, DAUGHTER OF DR. HUGO, SWOOPS IN TO HELP HER FATHER CONVINCE THE MORE SKEPTICAL MEMBERS OF THE CROWD.
COME NOW, BOYS, YOU DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT A HARD WORKIN' LADY WOULD YA, ME LOVELIES? STEP RIGHT UP, DON'T BE SHY!
BLIMEY!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I BEG OF YOU...DO NOT LET THIS OPPORTUNITY PASS YOU BY. YOU WILL LIVE THE REST OF YOUR DYING DAYS WISHING YOU HAD EXPERIENCED THIS MARVEL OF THE MACABRE! IS A PALTRY SHILLING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME?

THE PERSUASIVE TONE OF DR. HUGO BEGINS TO WORK ITS MAGIC ON THE NON-BELIEVERS. AS ALWAYS, THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN IS TOO POWERFUL FOR THE COMMON MAN TO RESIST. DR. HUGO KNOWS HIS CROWD ALL TOO WELL.

HUGO DRAWS BACK THE WEATHER-BEATEN DRAPE TO HIS WORLD OF WONDER. THE CROWD SHUFFLES INTO THE MUSTY TENT AND PREPARES THEMSELVES FOR THE SO-CALLED EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME.

DR. HUGO'S FAITHFUL HUNCHBACKED ASSISTANT FREDARIC APPEARS FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN.
OHHH, I SEE WE HAVE GUESTS!
THE ANXIOUS CROWD GATHERS AROUND A DILAPIDATED WOODEN COFFIN. THE ENTIRE TENT IS BATHED IN THE SOFT GLOW OF A SINGLE FLICKERING OIL LAMP. AN EERIE HUSH FALLS OVER THE ONCE BRAVE CROWD.
FREDARIC, PLEASE CAREFULLY REMOVE THE LID TO LORD ZOMBIE'S FINAL RESTING PLACE.
YES, DR. HUGO... BUT DO YOU THINK IT IS SAFE TO REVEAL THIS EVIL TO THESE FINE PEOPLE?
FREDARIC! YOU WILL DO AS I COMMAND, AND OPEN THE COFFIN!
YES, DOCTOR. I WAS ONLY THINKING OF THE GENTLE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.
DON'T THINK, JUST DO!
OH! I FEEL FAINT. THIS IS WRONG... WHY DID YOU DRAG ME IN HERE?
FREDARIC'S BONEY FINGERS LIFT THE ROTTING WOOD OF THE COFFIN'S LID. A SICKENING GROAN EMANATES FROM THE RUSTED HINGES.
LYING INSIDE THE COFFIN IS A PRISTINE SKELETON WITH A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH THE EXACT SPOT WHERE LORD ZOMBIE'S HEART ONCE BEAT!
BEHOLD! THE ONE THE LEGENDS CALL LORD ZOMBIE, MASTER OF THE UNDEAD!

A BEARDED MAN NAMED VLADAM VISNOFSKI, STEPS TO THE FOREFRONT OF THE ONLOOKERS. A FEELING OF DISCONTENT HANGS IN THE AIR.
THIS IS HERESY! THESE BONES SHOULD BE DESTROYED! ZOMBIE WAS A SOLDIER OF THE DEVIL! THIS EVIL MUST BE BROUGHT TO AN END!! BURN THIS TENT TO THE GROUND!
FREDARIC QUICKLY SHUTS THE CURTAIN.
SORRY, SHOW IS OVER!
FREDARIC! GRAB CALADENDRA AND LOAD UP THE WAGON. IT IS TIME TO GO.
AS THE FLAMES ENGULF THE TRAVELING TENT CITY, HUGO AND HIS GANG QUICKLY TRANSPORT THEIR PRIZED POSSESSION INTO A WAITING WAGON.
QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE THEY NOTICE THAT WE HAVE ESCAPED!!
THESE PEOPLE ARE INSANE.
HURRY, HURRY!
HUGO, FREDARIC AND CALADENDRA SLIDE THE COFFIN SAFELY INTO THE WAGON'S BAY.
THERE! LET'S MAKE FOR THE BORGO PASS.
BUT FATHER, THE PASS IS TOO DANGEROUS AT NIGHT!!
WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.
FREDARIC IS RIGHT! WE WILL FIND SHELTER ALONG THE WAY.

VLADAM AND HIS MEN HAVE TURNED THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS NTO A RAGING INFERNO. THICK BLACK SMOKE FILLS THE NIGHT SKY LIKE A VELVET CAPE.
HA! NOTHING CAN SURVIVE THIS!
THE MADNESS KNOWN AS ZOMBIE ENDS WITH US THIS DAY!! HISTORY WILL REMEMBER US AS HEROES!!
MEANWHILE, DR. HUGO AND COMPANY SLIP AWAY INTO THE NIGHT UNDER THE LIGHT OF A FULL HARVEST MOON.
THAT WAS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT. DOCTOR, I THINK WE ARE SAFE.
THAT CRAZY RUSSIAN WOULD HAVE HAD OUR NECKS FOR SURE, FATHER.
I AGREE, MY DEAR.
UNFORTUNATELY, "THAT CRAZY RUSSIAN" IS NOT AS EASILY FOOLED AS OUR FRIENDS HAD HOPED. VLADAM AND HIS MOB HAVE CUT OFF THE ONLY ROUTE OUT OF BRISTOL VILLAGE.
HALT! COME DOWN FROM THERE, YOU FREAK! DID YOU FOOL YOURSELVES AND BELIEVE YOU COULD OUTRUN VLADAM VISNOFSKI?
DOCTOR...
...I THINK WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

WELL KIDS, IT'S MIDNIGHT AT THE OLD CRAZY HOUSE DOWN AT THE END OF OL' FARM ROW, AND THAT MEANS IT'S STORY TIME...HEH, HEH, HEH!
LISTEN UP, MY CUTE LITTLE BABIES. THE CAPTAIN'S GONNA READ YOU A SWEET, SWEET STORY ABOUT A VERY, VERY IMPORTANT MAN.
YEAH, THE OLD BITCH HOG'S GONNA LAY SOME BRUTAL TRUTH IN YOUR EMPTY, ROTTEN NOODLES!!
THAT'S RIGHT, GANG! IT'S STORY TIME, AND I--IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF-- AM ONE OF THE BEST YARN-SPINNERS THIS SIDE OF DEADWOOD! SO CLEAN THE CRAP OUTTA YOUR EARS AND SETTLE YO' BIG ASSES DOWN FOR A TALE SO SHOCKING, SO AMAZING, SO...SO GOD DAMN *SENTIMENTAL* THAT IT MAKES AN OLD CLOWN WANNA WEEP IN HIS WILLIES!
THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF DR. SATAN!
GOSH! I HOPE SOMEBODY DIES A REAL PAINFUL DEATH!
YEAH, MAYBE WITH A POOL OF ACID OR SOMETHING.
I'LL BET THIS STORY AIN'T EVEN TRUE...THE CAPTAIN LIES TO US ABOUT EVERYTHING.

THE FALL AND RISE OF DR. SATAN

"OUR STORY TAKES PLACE MANY YEARS AGO ON A DARK, STORMY NIGHT AT A PLACE CALLED THE WILLOWS COUNTY MENTAL HOSPITAL. PEOPLE IN THOSE PARTS NICKNAMED IT 'WEEPING WILLOWS' FOR ITS NEVER-ENDING CRIES OF PAIN."
"BIZARRE THINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HAPPEN AT THE WEEPING WILLOWS IN THE COLD DEAD OF NIGHT... ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, THE LOCALS DECIDED THEY'D HAD ENOUGH."
"THIS GROUP OF VIGILANTES, LEAD BY A MAN NAMED ETHAN SLOAN, HAD CHOSEN THIS DREADFULLY DELIGHTFUL NIGHT AS THE NIGHT JUSTICE WOULD BE SERVED."
SATAN! I'M COMING TO GET YOU AND SEND YOU BACK TO HELL! DO YOU HEAR ME, SATAN? I'M COMING TO BRING YOU DOWN!
"DEEP IN THE BASEMENT OF THE WEEPING WILLOWS, A MAD GENIUS WAS HARD AT WORK. HIS ONLY GOAL WAS TO CREATE A RACE OF SUPER HUMANS FROM THE MENTALLY ILL PATIENTS AT THE WILLOWS."
HELP ME! DEAR GOD, HELP ME!!
ESCAR DON KI MIEN DIEHNA.
"THIS MAN WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF PURE EVIL...A MAN WHO WAS NO LONGER KNOWN BY HIS CHRISTIAN NAME OF S. QUENTIN QUALE, BUT BY THE NAME BESTOWED UPON HIM BY HIS VICTIMS. AND THAT NAME, MY FRIENDS, WAS... DR. SATAN!"
JINGO BE LEITKA VA KRICK NAR NO DIE CONDESEO.
"ETHAN AND HIS BOYS HAD FASHIONED THEMSELVES A GOOD OLD BATTERING RAM, AND WITH A FEW WELL-PLACED SHOTS, THEY BROUGHT THE DOORS OF THE WEEPING WILLOWS CRASHING DOWN!"
RAM IT AGAIN! WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH!
CRASH!
COME ON! PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT!
I FEEL IT GIVING WAY!

"THE VICIOUS MOB MADE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE DOCTOR'S SECRET LAIR."
KILL HIM!!
SMASH HIS HEAD OPEN!!
NO. I WANT HIM ALIVE!
"OUR HERO WAS DRAGGED KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE COLD, DARK NIGHT."
I HAVE PLANS FOR OUR GOOD DOCTOR...HE WILL SUFFER THE FATE OF THE DAMNED AT MY HANDS.
"A ROPE WAS PLACED AROUND THE NECK OF OUR POOR, HELPLESS DOCTOR."
NOW YOU WILL FEEL THE WRATH OF ALL YOUR VICTIMS SCREAMING IN PAIN--DYING AT THE SADISTIC TOUCH OF YOUR EVIL HANDS!
UMBIS DER CON DIE...NO ERT WER BY DESTIN!
"JUST A HUNDRED YARDS OUTSIDE OF WEEPING WILLOWS STOOD A LONE OAK TREE. THE PERFECT SETTING FOR WHAT ETHAN SLOAN HAD UP HIS FILTHY SELF-RIGHTEOUS SLEEVES."
PULL! PULL UNTIL YOU HEAR HIS NECK SNAP LIKE A TWIG!
"AND SO IT WAS... ANOTHER VISIONARY BROUGHT DOWN BY THE FEEBLE MINDS OF CRETINS. WHO KNOWS WHAT MAGICAL WONDERS WILL NEVER BE, DUE TO THE INSANITY OF THOSE HAIRLESS APES."
AWW, THEY'RE SO CUTE.
NOW, NOW, CHILDREN, TURN THOSE FROWNS UPSIDE DOWN! THIS STORY AIN'T OVER YET!
GOD DAMN CRY BABIES. I'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT!
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

"WELL, ETHAN LEFT DR. SATAN THERE FOR THE CROWS TO PICK APART...AND THEY SURE DID. THOSE HUNGRY LITTLE, WINGED BASTARDS."
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE DONE A GOOD THING. THE EVIL HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM OUR PRECIOUS LANDS AND ORDER HAS BEEN RESTORED.
"PAY ATTENTION, KIDS. THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET REAL GOOD AND JUICY LUCY! A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER NAMED EARL, A.K.A. THE PROFESSOR, ENTERS THE PICTURE AT THIS POINT."
COMA DIE CON DESIO.
"THE PROFESSOR LIFTED THE BROKEN BUT STILL BREATHING BODY OF DR. SATAN AND CARRIED HIM TO SAFETY."
"DEEP UNDER THE EARTH THEY TRAVELED. DEEPER AND DEEPER UNTIL THEY REACHED A SATANIC SANCTUARY."
DEMONS, GATHER 'ROUND... OUR SAVIOR IS HERE.
"FROM THE SHADOWS, MUTANTS, MONSTERS AND MISFITS APPEARED. THEY GAZED IN AWE AT THEIR FALLEN MASTER."
IISSS ITTT REALLY HIMMM?
THE STORIES ARE TRUE.
PROFESSSOR, CAN WE SAVE HIM?
WE WILL SUMMON ALL THE POWERS OF HELL TO RESTORE HIS LIFE FORCE. THE DEVILS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BLASPHEMY WILL BE PUNISHED.
"WELL, KIDDIES, SOMEHOW I GET THE FEELING THAT HE WASN'T KIDDING."

"NOW WE JUMP AHEAD...IT IS ONE YEAR LATER. ETHAN AND HIS BAND OF MERRY MEN HAVE GATHERED AT A LOCAL PUB TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR TRIUMPH OVER EVIL."
"OBSERVE THE BLOATED FOOLS, DRUNK ON CHEAP ALE AND THE MEMORIES OF THEIR COWARDLY ACTS."
DRINK UP, MEN! TONIGHT THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!!
THREE CHEERS FOR ETHAN! HIP, HIP HURRAH!!
"A SILENT FIGURE ENTERS THEIR PRIVATE PARTY."
COME, STRANGER... CELEBRATE WITH US. WE TOAST THE DEATH OF EVIL IN THESE LANDS.
"UNDERNEATH THE CLOAK HIDES OUR BELOVED DOCTOR!"
ESPAR HYND FO RAMGAR KRIKIN!
"WITH THESE WORDS, THE POWERS OF THE UNDERWORLD ARE UNLEASHED UPON THESE RIDICULOUS MORTALS. A SATANIC ARMY OF SUPERMEN SMASH THROUGH THE WALLS, FLOORS AND CEILING, TEARING ETHAN AND HIS MEN LIMB FROM BLOODY LIMB."
CON DESIO DIE AS DOCTOR!!
YOUR SERVANTS DO YOU PROUD, DOCTOR...LOOK HOW THEY HUNGER FOR BLOOD!
KILL... KILL... KILL!!
CRSSHH!
"AND BLOOD THEY GOT, KIDDIES...A MIGHTY RIVER OF THE HOT, RED STUFF...RAGING LIKE A WOLF IN A WHORE HOUSE."

"NOW, THIS REALLY WASN'T MUCH OF A FIGHT. TRUTHFULLY, IT WAS A BLOOD BATH, PURE AND SIMPLE. BUT HELL, THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO MUCH FUN!"
DRINK THEM DRY! DEVOUR THE BONES AND LEAVE NO TRACE OF OUR FEAST! LET THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS DIE WITHOUT KNOWING THE TRUTH OF OUR GLORIOUS VICTORY!
AW, AIN'T THAT JUST THE MOST HEART-WARMING LITTLE DITTY YOU ALL EVER HEARD?
BOY, I WISH I COULD'VE SEEN IT ALL FOR MYSELF...IT SURE DOES SOUND LIKE A HOOT.
WELL, THAT'S IT FOR THIS WEEK'S STORY, KIDS! NOW, IF YOU AIN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET... THIS STORY HAS A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE, AND THAT MESSAGE IS...
MESS WITH THE DEVIL AND YOU'RE GONNA GET THE HORNS!
DR. SATAN KICKS ASS!
YEAH!
TELL IT TO US AGAIN, CAPTAIN SPAULDING!!

THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
EPISODE #1
MONKEY SEE, MONKEY KILL!
SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD FROM HALLOWEEN TOWN, JUST NORTH OF DEADMAN'S CURVE AND MERELY A CRUSTY BONE'S THROW FROM THAT ROTTING PILE OF FLESH NEXT TO OLD MAN JOHNSON'S PLACE, SITS A DIABOLICAL DEN OF CARNAGE AND CARNALITY...THE INFAMOUS HAUNTED PALACE.
A PLACE WHERE, AS THE SAYING GOES, ALL THE MONSTERS GET UP AND GET DOWN!
THE HAUNTED Palace
TOPLESS
STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GERMS...BOILS AND GHOULS. THIS IS THE MOST JUMPING JOINT WEST OF THE ZANZIBAR...
SEE BEAUTIFUL GO-GO GHOULS TAKE IT OFF...AND WE MEAN ALL OFF! DON'T BE SHY! THEY WON'T BITE...UNLESS YA WANT THEM TO...
HA HA HA...
LIQUOR
BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS. TONIGHT IS A VERY SPECIAL NIGHT. WITH EVERY PAID ADMISSION YOU GET A FREE BLOOD-LETTING... NOW THAT'S A BARGAIN, AT ANY PRICE!

DEEP INSIDE THE VIP SECTION OF THE RUMBA ROOM OUR MAIN MAN *EL SUPERBEASTO* IS PUTTING HIS MOVES ON A HEALTHY LITTLE UNDEAD TRAMP NAMED *VAMPY VARLA VICKERS.*
WHAT'S A DELICATE LITTLE FLOWER LIKE YOU DOING IN A JOINT LIKE THIS, EXCEPT MAYBE WAITING FOR A BIG, STRONG STUD WITH ENORMOUSLY OVER-DEVELOPED MUSCLES TO COME ALONG AND ROCK YOUR WORLD?
OH, MISTER! YOU SURE ARE FULL OF YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU...I LIKE THAT IN A MASKED HERO.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE HER HOME AND CHOP HER UP INTO LITTLE PIECES.
HEY, HONEY, HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME HEADING DOWN TO THE RIVER FOR A LITTLE GAME OF "WILL IT FLOAT?"
I'M TELLING YA BABY, IT DON'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS...I'M THE TOTAL PACKAGE--BRAINS, BRAWN AND A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SUPPLY OF DISPOSABLE CASH.
OOOOH... KEEP TALKING, YA BIG APE...MOMMY LIKE...MOMMY LIKE.
WHAT THE--
EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR. LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF... I AM J. THURSTON WOLFENSTEIN IV. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF ME?
UGH! YOU SMELL LIKE A WET DOG!

BACK OFF, ROVER ..THE ONLY DOG BARKING UP HER TREE IS GONNA BE ME!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! NO ONE DOES THIS TO A WOLFENSTEIN!
I'M GOING TO FILE A COMPLAINT WITH THE TRANSYLVANIAN CHAPTER OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF FANCY BOYS AND HAVE YOU BANNED FROM ALL FUTURE FUND RAISERS!
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN A SUBTERRANEAN LAIR, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WATCHES...
BAM!
LOOK OUT!
OWWW!!! MY TAIL BONE!
DAMN! MY MIMOSA!
...ON HIS BRAND NEW 57-INCH HIGH DEFINITION PLASMA SCREEN WITH 5-POINT SURROUND SOUND.
BABY, I'M YOURS.
OF COURSE YOU ARE.
DAMN YOU, EL SUPERBEASTO!
THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS KNOWN BY A NAME...A NAME THAT STRIKES FEAR... FEAR INTO THE DARKEST HEART OF THOSE WRETCHED SOULS WHO DARE CROSS HIS WICKED, EVIL, VILE, INSANE PATH.
EXCUSE ME, STEVE...I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WANTED YOUR SPARKLING CIDER NOW OR LATER IN THE BATH?
I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME STEVE, YOU FOOL! YOU ARE TO ONLY ADDRESS ME AS DR. SATAN!!
KRRSSH!

WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, EL SUPERBEASTO HAS GROWN TIRED OF VAMPY ALREADY AND HAS NOW HOOKED UP WITH THREE NEW BIRDS--BIG JUGGS, BLONDIE AND WHAT'S HER NAME.
DON'T WORRY, LADIES. I'M HERE IF YOU NEED ME TO EXPLAIN ANY OF THE JOKES TO YA.
...OH, BY THE WAY, DID I MENTION I'VE GOT A ROTATING WATER BED BACK AT MY PAD?
YOU'RE SO HANDSOME, I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
THESE MUSCLES ARE AMAZING!
I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH A GUY IN A SWEATY POLYESTER MASK BEFORE I MET YOU...
SO I SAYS 'THAT'S NOT THE BISHOP'S WIFE... THAT'S THE VICARS' RECTAL SPRAY!!'
ON STAGE IS NONE OTHER THAN RONNIE LOU RAWLS-- MONSTERLAND'S FINEST BRAIN TRANSPLANT/ZOMBIE COMEDIAN.
OK, ENOUGH WACKY HIJINKS... IT'S TIME TO INTRODUCE TONIGHT'S MAIN DISTRACTION...I MEAN ATTRACTION... I MEAN...
BRING IT ON!!!
BIG DADDY DEATH AND HIS BONE BOYS SLIDE INTO A BUMP AND GRIND GROOVE.
BOOM BA TA BOOM
THE SEXY...
...THE SINISTER...
BOOM BA TA BOOM
...MISS VELVET VON BLACK!!!
CLAP!
CLAP!
WHISTLE
CLAP!

SHOWTIME AT THE HAUNTED PALACE BEGINS...SHE MOVES...SHE GROOVES... THIS IS BIG TIME SHOW BUSINESS, BABY!
HELLO, BOYS!
OH, DAUGHTER OF MIGHTY ISIS...I'M IN HEAVEN.
I GOT A HUNKA-HUNKA BURNING LOVE...IN MY PANTS!!
OOOWWWWWWW!!!
I FEEL SWAMPY.
RENFIELD, HELP ME-- I FEEL FAINT!
THANK GOD I'M INVISIBLE! CAUSE I'M DOING OBSCENE THINGS RIGHT NOW.
I THINK I'M IN LOVE... THIS STRANGE DEVIL-WOMAN HAS CAST HER SPELL OVER ME...SHE'S GOT IT ALL--BRAINS, TALENT AND REALLY BIG FUN-BAGS!
UGH.
SHE SPOTS HER MAN...AND MAKES HER MOVE!
SLUT.
SMOOCHY, SMOOCHY, MY BIG, STRONG, HANDSOME BRUTE MAN...
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?

MEANWHILE...
AHH, FINALLY!! I HAVE FOUND THE PERFECT FEMALE SPECIMEN WORTHY OF MY SUPER SATANIC SEED.
HEY BOSS, I'D SURE LIKE TO SLIP HER MY JUNGLE BANANA OF LOVE...HEH, HEH, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
SILENCE! YOU INSOLENT FOOL. YOU WILL NOT SPEAK ABOUT MY QUEEN IN SUCH A MANNER!!
WAP!
CRIPES! I WAS JUST MESSING WITH YA...DON'T BE SO TOUCHY.
HEY, SUGAR PLUMB. MAMMA'S GOT SOMETHING REAL SPECIAL FOR YOU...
...A BRAND NEW SET OF EAR MUFFS.
GULP!
COME ON BABY, TAKE OFF THAT HEAD!
SHOW ME YOUR VEINS! SHOW ME THOSE BIG, PLUMP, JUICY VEINS!

A DEAFENING ROAR ERUPTS FROM THE OVER-STIMULATED CROWD.
YOU LIKE ME...YOU REALLY LIKE ME!!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
BRAVO, BRAVO! JOLLY GOOD SHOW!
I'M COMING UNWRAPPED AND I THINK I LIKE IT!
TEN MINUTES LATER EL SUPERBEASTO FINDS HIMSELF BACKSTAGE READY TO MAKE HIS MOVE.
OK, NOTHING TO BE NERVOUS ABOUT...JUST KEEP REPERTING...YOU'RE THE MAN, YOU'RE THE MAN!
OPEN UP! YOUR BIG, STRONG, AMAZING, RIPPED LOVERBOY IS HERE.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HELP! HELP!
SWEET MOTHER OF BABY JANE! UNHAND HER, YOU DISGUSTINGLY BULBOUS-ASSED BABOON!
BITE ME!
HELP, I'M BEING VICIOUSLY MAULED BY A SAVAGE BRUTE!
YOU WISH!
HEY, YOU'RE PINCHING!

OFF INTO THE NIGHT JUMPS OTTO, OUR CIGAR CHOMPING PRIMATE, LEAVING EL SUPERBEASTO TO PONDER HIS NEXT EXCITING, ACTION-PACKED MOVE.
HOLY CRAP! LOOK AT THAT MONKEY GO!
DROP HER, YOU FOUL-SMELLING FIEND! WAIT, NO! I MEAN SAFELY PLACE HER IN A SOFT, COMFORTABLE SPOT UNTIL I GET DOWN THERE!
ENOUGH TALK! HOW ABOUT PUTTING THOSE ROCK HARD MUSCLES INTO ACTION AND SAVING MY SWEET ASS THERE, BIG BOY!
SCREW YOU, MEATBALL! I GOTTA GET THIS LITTLE HONEY BACK TO THE BOSS' JOINT BEFORE HE RIPS ME A NEW ONE!
AND SO THE ADVENTURE BEGINS...
WILL EL SUPERBEASTO SAVE MISS VON BLACK FROM THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF DR. SATAN?
OR WILL HE GO BACK DOWN TO THE BAR, ORDER A HARVEY WALLBANGER AND FORGET ALL ABOUT HER?
TUNE IN NEXT TIME TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO THESE AND OTHER PULSE-POUNDING QUESTIONS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE OF EL SUPERBEASTO!!
NEXT:
SING A SONG FOR SATAN OR I MARRIED A MONKEY FROM OUTER SPACE!

IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF DOWN RUGGSVILLE WAY, WHY DON'T YA STOP BY CAPTAIN SPAULDING'S MUSEUM OF MONSTERS AND MADMEN? IF YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH, THE CAPTAIN MIGHT EVEN BE IN A DOWN-RIGHT FRIENDLY MOOD!! IF SO, I'M SURE HE'LL HAVE A TALE OR TWO TA TELL!!
HOWDY FOLKS! I KNOW YA LIKE BLOOD, I KNOW YA LIKE VIOLENCE AND I KNOW YA LOVE ME...YOUR GOOD OLD CAPTAIN SPAULDING! SO I'M A GONNA TELL YA A STORY, AND YOU BETTER PAY ATTENTION! OR I MAY HAVE TA PUT MY BOOT UP IN YOUR ASS!! BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.
THIS STORY IS ABOUT A GIRL I KNOW...A GIRL NAMED BABY. WHY HER MAMMA NAMED HER BABY, WELL, THAT AIN'T NONE OF YOUR GOD DAMN BUSINESS, IF YA GET WHAT I'M SAYING?
ANYWAY, THIS LITTLE GIRL WAS HEADING OUT FOR A LITTLE ADVENTURE...A LITTLE REST AND RELAXATION...A LITTLE, WELL...YOU GET THE POINT! SHE HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF ENCOUNTERING THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, A GROUP OF MORONS SO DISGUSTING THAT BOTTOM-FEEDING, SCUM-SUCKING VERMIN WOULDN'T SUCK A DOG'S BUTT TO EAT A BOWL OF JELL-O OVER THEIR ROTTING CORPSE... IF YA GET WHAT I'M SAYING?
NOW, PAY ATTENTION!!
CAPTAIN SPAULDING PRESENTS
HIT SQUAD FOR GOD

"WELL, THERE'S A STRIP OF ROAD OUT YONDER KNOWN AS VULTURE PASS. I THINK THEY CALL IT THAT BECAUSE SOME JACKASS BROKE DOWN OUT THERE AND GOT HIMSELF PICKED TO DEATH BY VULTURES OR SOMETHING...ANYWAY, I'M ALREADY RAMBLING 'CAUSE IT AIN'T REALLY RELEVANT TO OUR STORY..."
"HERE WE FIND OUR GOOD OLD RED-BLOODED AMERICAN GAL NAMED BABY. NOW, THIS GAL AIN'T BOTHERING NOBODY. SHE'S JUST WAITING ON SOME FUN, IF YA GET WHAT I'M SAYING!"
"BABY'S A REAL PROFESSIONAL HITCHER! SHE'S A WOMAN (WHO NEEDS A GOD DAMN AUTOMOBILE WHEN YA GOT A SET OF LEGS LIKE THAT?), BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THINGS ARE A LITTLE SLOW TODAY..."
"BUT FEAR NOT, LOYAL LISTENER... SHE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY HOME. AND ON A SIDE NOTE...I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHAT THE HELL IS IN THAT BAG OF HERS... I'LL BET IT AIN'T DIRTY LAUNDRY FOR HER MAMMA!"
DAMN, IT'S HOT OUT HERE! I HOPE SOMEBODY COMES BY SOON OR MY BISCUITS ARE GONNA START TA BURN!

"WELL, AS THE BLISTERING SUN BEGINS TO CALL IT ANOTHER DAY, A GLIMMER OF HOPE SUDDENLY APPEARS OVER THE HORIZON."
OH, FINALLY... I THINK I SEE SOME HEADLIGHTS? YEP, THERE THEY ARE... THANK GOD...I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BE SLEEPING UNDER THE STARS TONIGHT.
I HOPE THAT JUNKER'S GOT A RADIO. I NEED TO GET MY ROCKS OFF.
"BEHIND THE WHEEL IS PREACHER WINSTON J. MCCALEB, AND BY THE LOOKS OF THIS CRUSTY OL' BASTARD, THERE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY ROCKING TONIGHT."
HMMM, I SMELL ME A SINNER. A SINNER THAT MUST BE DELIVERED TO THE PROMISED LAND... OR HELL, IF THEY PREFER.
AH, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
"IN THE BED OF PREACHER WACKO'S TRUCK SITS A BUNCH OF NOT SO GOOD OL' BOYS. ALL READY TO MINDLESSLY JUMP AT HIS EVERY RIDICULOUS COMMAND."
SO, THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
SO THEN I SAID, "BITCH, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LISTEN TO ANYMORE OF YOUR CRAP, YOU CAN HIT THE BRICKS AND TAKE THAT FILTHY CAT WITH YOU!"

"THROUGH THE DUST OF HIS WINDSHIELD, MCCALEB EYES HIS PREY. THIS OLD BIRD HAS GOT SOME FINELY-TUNED SINNER VISION.."
WELL, WELL, WELL...WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? A HARLOT OF SATAN, PERHAPS?
COME ON, POPS...I'M GETTING TIRED OF STANDING OUT HERE!
"THE GOD SQUAD PULLS UP ALONGSIDE BABY, READY TO SAVE HER SOUL."
HEY, BOSS. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS ALL DRESSED UP FOR?
WE ARE SAVING WRETCHED SOULS FROM THE FIERY INFERNO CALLED DAMNATION!
RIGHT... HOW'S ABOUT GIVING A SWEET LITTLE CHURCH-GOING GIRL A LIFT?
I GOT A LIFT FOR YA, BITCH! GET YOUR HEATHEN ASS IN THE TRUCK!
HEY! BACK OFF, YOU PIG! HEY, YOU'RE TEARING MY MY SHIRT!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT... YOU BETTER RUN. RUN, DEVIL, RUN!!!
THESE GUYS ARE COMPLETELY INSANE...I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
RRIP!
"MCCALEB SLAMS THE PETAL TO THE METAL AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR BABY."
RUN, DEVIL, RUN!!
HA HA HA
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT TRUCK OR I'M GONNA BE A ROAD KILL PANCAKE!! I GOTTA MAKE IT TO THOSE ROCKS!

"THE TRUCK BEARS DOWN HARD, READY TO GRIND BABY IN ITS SPINNING WHEELS."
I'M NEVER GONNA MAKE IT. THAT TRUCK IS MOVIN' WAY TOO FAST! I'VE GOT TO--
...JUMP OUT OF THE WAY!!!
"IN A LAST ATTEMPT TO SAVE HERSELF, BABY JUMPS TO SAFETY."
"MCCALEB'S MONKEYS PILE OUT OF THE TRUCK'S BED AND SWOOP DOWN ONTO OUR FALLEN GAL!"
I GOT HER!!
DON'T LET HER GET AWAY. SHE'S A GONNA PAY FO' HER SINS TONIGHT!

"BABY STRUGGLES TO BREAK FREE, TO NO AVAIL. SHE IS AT THE MERCY OF THE GOD SQUAD."
HA HA! SHE THINKS SHE'S GOING SOMEWHERE!!
YEAH, SHE THINKS SHE CAN OUTRUN HER WICKED WAYS!
STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT, BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPING THY OWN SELF. NOW BOW DOWN BEFORE ME AN' PRAY THAT THE LORD HAS MERCY ON YOUR BLACKENED SOUL!
HOLD STILL, DEVIL WOMAN!
IT'S GONNA TAKE MORE THAN YOUR MUMBO JUMBO BIBLE-THUMPING CRAP TA SCARE ME, BALDY.
"APPARENTLY MCCALEB IS TOUCHY ABOUT HIS SHINY DOME."
SILENCE! YOU WILL OBEY MY COMMANDS! CONFESS...CONFESS TO YOUR UNRIGHTEOUS WAYS!! THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!
"BABY THINKS OVER MCCALEB'S OFFER AND RESPONDS IN TRUE BLUE FIREFLY FASHION...TRANSLATION: A NICE WAD OF SPIT IN YO' FACE."
THE ONLY THING I'M COMPELLED TO DO IS THIS!
"MCCALEB'S EYES BURN WITH HATRED FOR OUR FAIR-HAIRED DAMSEL IN DISTRESS."
OH HEAVENLY FATHER...THIS CHILD OF SATAN CANNOT BE SAVED. SHE LEAVES ME NO OTHER CHOICE!

"WELL, LOYAL READER, THINGS HAVE DEFINITELY TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE. WHAT EXACTLY DO MCCALEB AND HIS MERRY MEN HAVE IN MIND? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT. EVERY POSSIBILITY IS TOO HORRIBLE TO CONSIDER."
YOU'RE GONNA BE SO SORRY YOU DID THAT!!
YEAH, BUT WE'RE NOT!!
FOLLOW ME. A DEMON CHILD SUCH AS THIS MUST BE DISPOSED OF CAREFULLY. HER SICKNESS MUST END HERE. THIS FOUL DISEASE CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD.
COME ON, GIRLY. FIGHTIN' AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD. YOU'RE FIGHTING AGAINST GOD'S WILL NOW!!
YEAH, IT'S BEST YOU CALM YOUR ASS DOWN!
OH FATHER SATAN, HELP ME!
SCREAM ALL YOU WANT! THE DEVIL AIN'T GONNA SAVE YOU!
I HATE TO DO THIS TO YA, BUT THIS IS WHERE OUR STORY ENDS UNTIL NEXT TIME, FOLKS!! YA SEE, I GOT SOME OTHER BUSINESS I GOT TO GET TO AND I CAN'T STAND AROUND HERE JAW-FLAPPING AT YOU LITTLE BUG-EYED COMIC BOOKERS ALL GOD DAMN DAY!
SO I'LL SEE YOU ALL HERE NEXT TIME FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER OF OUR SPINE-TINGLING, NERVE-CRUNCHING, BONE-RATTLING STORY ENTITLED...
O' BROTHER SATAN, WHERE ART THOU?

MV CREATIONS
2
GET READY...
TO SCREAM!
ROB ZOMBIE'S
SPOOKSHOW
INTERNATIONAL
FEATURING...
MANIACS
MURDERERS
MONSTERS
MATURE READERS ONLY

ROB ZOMBIE'S SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL

ALL STORIES WRITTEN BY ROB ZOMBIE

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EJ SU – 2ND PRINT COVER
PAT BROSSEAU – LETTERS
MATT TYREE & VAL STAPLES – INTRO PAGE

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SO, YOU'VE GOTTEN YOUR GREASY HANDS ON YET ANOTHER ISSUE OF MY REVOLTING RAG. WELL, PEEL IT OPEN AND ENJOY THIS MONTH'S NAUSEATING NUGGETS OF HORRIBLE DELIGHTS... WHILE YOU KICK BACK AND RAMBLE THROUGH PAGE AFTER PAGE OF BLOOD-CURDLING, SPINE-TINGLING, FOUL-FILLED FABLES FEATURING EL SUPERBEASTO, CAPTAIN SPAULDING AND, OF COURSE--ME! I, MY DEAR READER, AM READY TO HOP BEHIND THE WHEEL OF MY TRUSTY OLD DRAGULA AND BEGIN A LONG NIGHT OF PLOWING DOWN OLD LADIES CAUGHT IN THE CROSSWALKS. WHEN THE LIGHT TURNS GREEN, EVERYBODY'S FAIR GAME.
UNTIL NEXT TIME... BEAST WISHES AND DEADLY DREAMS.
GENTLEMEN! START YOUR ENGINES!!!

FOR THOSE OF YOU OUT THERE IN FUNNY BOOK LAND WHO MISSED OUR PULSE POUNDING FIRST ISSUE, LET ME QUICKLY RECAP. HERE GOES: MASKED WRESTLER FALLS FOR MISS BIG MELONS ONLY TO HAVE HER KIDNAPPED BY A SOMEWHAT INTELLIGENT MONKEY WORKING FOR AN EVIL SUPER POWER.
GOT IT? GOOD LET'S JUMP BACK IN ON THE ACTION!
TAKE YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF HER, YOU GOD DAMN DIRTY APE!
OK, I ADMIT THAT WAS CORNY, BUT I JUST COULDN'T RESIST. I MEAN, REALLY, HOW OFTEN CAN YOU GET AWAY WITH USING A PHRASE LIKE THAT?
OH, MY SWEET AUNTY JANE! I'M TRAPPED IN A HORRIBLE DARWINIAN NIGHTMARE!
LADY, EITHER YOU AND THE MASKED MARVEL WORK UP SOME MATERIAL FRESHER THAN GEORGE BURNS' LAST SOLID BOWEL MOVEMENT, OR I'M GONNA HAVE TO KINDLY ASK YOU TO KEEP YOUR PIE HOLE SHUT!
AND WITH THOSE WONDERFUL WORDS OF WISDOM, OUR FIEND OTTO LEAPS OFF INTO THE NIGHT SKIES OF MONSTERLAND.
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
SING A SONG FOR SATAN OR I MARRIED A MONKEY FROM OUTER SPACE

EL SUPERBEASTO PLOTS HIS NEXT SUPER MOVE.
I MEAN, WHAT DO I REALLY KNOW ABOUT THIS CHICK? SHE COULD BE ANOTHER PSYCHO NUTCASE LIKE MY LAST GIRLFRIEND...THEN AGAIN, SHE *IS* PRETTY HOT...
BUT, IT *IS* ALMOST 9:30, AND THE FREE BUFFALO WINGS BUFFET IS ABOUT TO OPEN. I *AM* GETTING A LITTLE HUNGRY. GOD, I DO LOVE THE WINGS.
NO! I'M A HERO... I MUST DO THE RIGHT THING. SAVE THE BROAD AND WHOOP SOME GORILLA ASS IN THE PROCESS.
I'LL HIT THE FAT BURGER ON MY WAY. I NEED MY STRENGTH IF I'M GONNA BATTLE EVIL AND STUFF.
EL SUPERBEASTO BOLTS FROM THE ROOM LIKE A... WELL, LIKE A THREE HUNDRED POUND, SLIGHTLY OUT OF SHAPE, MASKED WRESTLER.
I HOPE THIS CHICK APPRECIATES ALL THE TROUBLE I'M GOING THROUGH. I MEAN, I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER.
NOPE. I DON'T SEE IT. WHAT KIND OF KEY RING DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
INVISIBLE!
PLEASE HURRY BEFORE THE SUN RISES!
CRIPES! I FORGOT TO WEAR MY ROLEX!

MEANWHILE, FORTY MILES AWAY, OTTO ARRIVES AT MONSTERLAND MEMORIAL CEMETERY, A.K.A. DR. SATAN'S SECRET HIDEOUT.
MONSTERLAND MEMORIAL CEMETERY
OH, PLEASE... A CEMETERY. HOW "CREATURE FEATURES" CAN YOU GET? WHAT'S NEXT, A WOLF HOWLING?
LOOK MISS HOTSY TOTSY, I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR NEVER-ENDING COMMENTARY ON THE STATE OF THE UNDERWORLD OF SUPER VILLAINS. SO PUT A SOCK IN IT!
WHO'S MY NASTY LITTLE MONSTER MAN? COME ON, RATTLE THOSE BONES! SHOW ME WHAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH! YEAH, BABY, YEAH!
MMMMMMMMMM, RSS GOOD! MMMMMMM, HUMPING GOOD!
YOU GO, GIRL!
HEY FRANKIE, EITHER GET A ROOM OR I'M CALLING THE BURGERMEISTER!
HIDDEN INSIDE THE GOLDBERG FAMILY CRYPT IS AN ELEVATOR... BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY ELEVATOR, LOYAL READER. THIS IS A ONE-WAY TICKET TO DR. SATAN.
WORKING LATE TONIGHT, AREN'T YA, STAN?
YEAH, I GOT MY REASONS. WHERE TO?
FIVE.
FIVE... YOU GOT IT. ANYWAY, THE OLD BATTLE AXE HAS THE IN-LAWS IN FROM TOLEDO. SO I'M PUTTING IN A LITTLE OVERTIME TO AVOID THE HOME FRONT, IF YA GET ME?
OH BROTHER, I HEAR THAT.

EL SUPERBEASTO IMPATIENTLY WAITS FOR HIS DOPE RIDE TO ROLL UP.
STAY COOL, DADDY-O.
THIS IS GOD DAMN RIDICULOUS! IF THAT LITTLE PUNK PUTS ONE SCRATCH ON MY MACHINE, I'LL RIP HIS FRIGGIN' HEAD OFF!
WELL, I NEVER!
HERE YA GO, SIR.
ABOUT FRIGGING TIME, JACKASS.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
HOW ABOUT A TIP?
I GOT A TIP FOR YA!
OUCH! MY ARM! SECURITY!
EL SUPERBEASTO SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.
HERE'S YOUR ARM, ASS FACE! HAVE YO' MAMMA SEW IT BACK ON FOR YA!

OTTO ENTERS THE MAIN HALLWAY OF RANCHO DE LA SATANO.
FIFTH FLOOR. LADIES UNDERWEAR, CORSETS AND SILK STOCKINGS.
SEE YA LATER, ALLIGATOR.
WHO ON EARTH DECORATED THIS MONSTROSITY? LIBERACE'S POOL BOY?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, MISS KNOW-IT-ALL, I DECORATED THIS ESTATE! I HAPPEN TO HAVE A DEGREE IN INTERIOR DESIGN FROM THE ROYAL TRANSYLVANIAN ACADEMY OF ART.
WELL, EXCUSE ME.
OTTO DESCENDS INTO THE LOWER DEPTH OF DR. SATAN'S HUMBLE ABODE.
HOW ABOUT YOU LET ME GO AND WE FORGET ANY OF THIS EVER HAPPENED?
RIGHT, AND LISTEN TO MISS THING-- I MEAN DR. SATAN-- BITCH AND MOAN ABOUT THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY? NO WAY, SENORITA.
HERE'S YOUR ROOM FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. I CALL THIS LITTLE NUMBER "HAVANA DAY DREAMIN'." NOTICE THE VINTAGE SHAG CARPETING AND THE DOUBLE THICK LYCRA WINDOW TREATMENTS.
WITH THE TURN OF A KEY, MISS VON BLACK IS A PRISONER.
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE HORROR OF HER SITUATION BEGINS TO SET IN.
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? I'M TRAPPED IN A SWINGING SATANIC POLYESTER '70S CARIBBEAN NIGHTMARE.
OH, AND DON'T FORGET MARGARITAS ARE SERVED AT 12 PM IN THE MANGO ROOM BY THE SPLASH POOL.

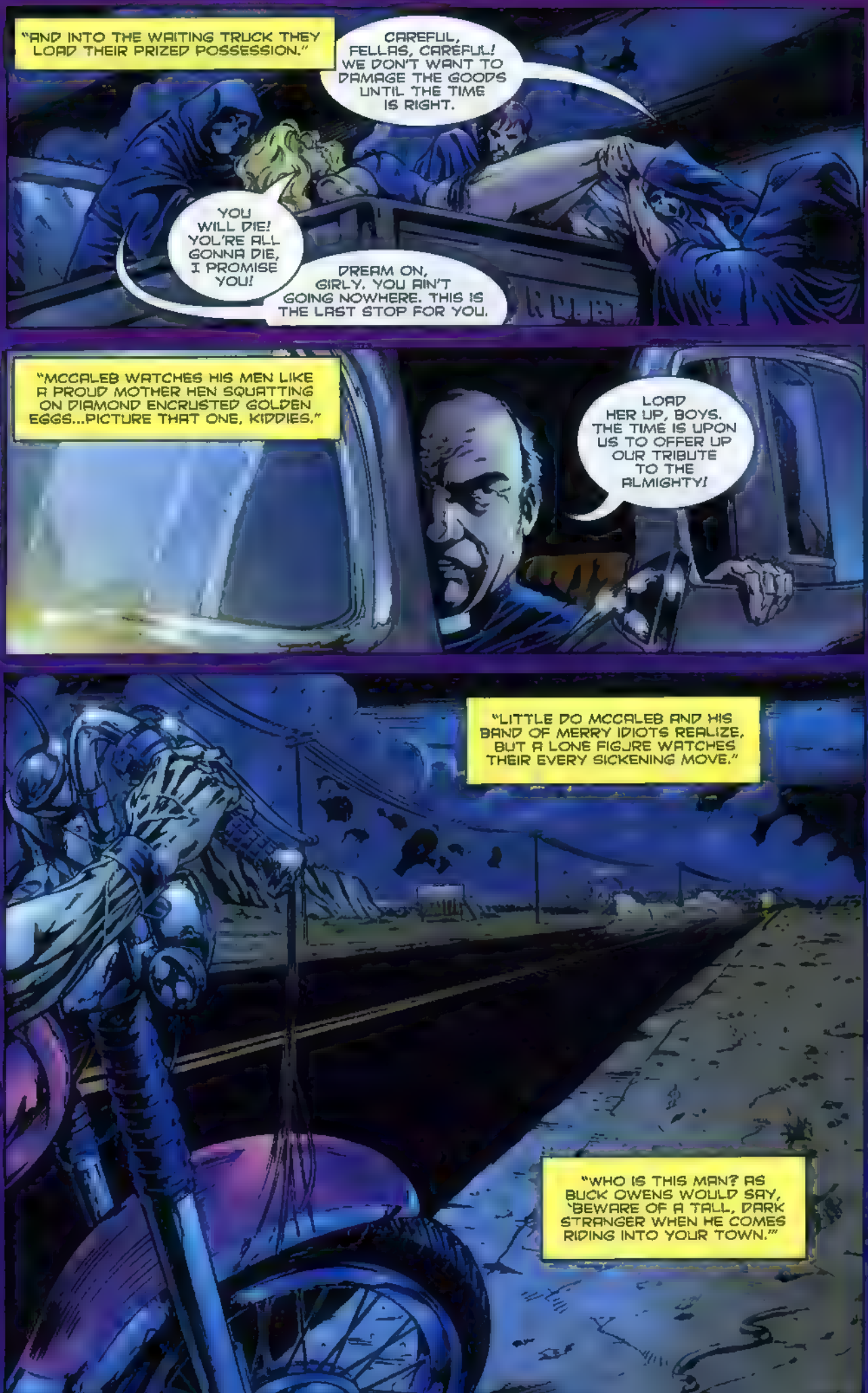
EL SUPERBEASTO SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE OF MISS VON BLACK BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS DELUXE EDITION COFFIN BREAKER '99...ALL THE WHILE CHATTING TO HIS SISTER, SUPER SPY SUZI X, ON HIS CELL PHONE.
I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE. I NEVER REALLY GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TO HER, BUT SHE'S GOT HUGE BONGOS.
COME ON, SIS. WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SEXIST?" I'M JUST A GUY WHO LIKES TO HAVE SOME BIG, FUN PILLOWS TO BOUNCE AROUND ON... WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
WHILE SOAKING IN A RELAXING BATH OF OVER-PRICED BATH SALTS, SUZI X TRIES TO GIVE HER BROTHER SOME SOUND WORDS OF ADVICE.
OK, WHATEVER YOU SAY, HOT SHOT...BUT DON'T GO GETTING YOURSELF LOCKED AWAY IN SOME DANK AND DINGY DEVIL DUNGEON SOMEWHERE. I GOT PLANS TONIGHT AND BAILING YOUR HORNY ASS OUT AIN'T ONE OF THEM.
WHERE YA GOING?
ME AND MARVIN ARE HEADING OVER TO MR. MING'S GO-GO EMPORIUM. JOEY HEADLESS AND THE SLIMEY THINGS ARE PLAYING TONIGHT.
DAMN, THAT SOUNDS ROCKING! I LOVE THEIR NEW VERSION OF "SHAKE YOUR STRAWBERRY JELLY BUTT." OK, HERE'S THE DEAL... IF I'M NOT AT YOUR PLACE BY MIDNIGHT, COME AND GET ME.
WHERE ARE YOU?
I'LL BE AT THE MONSTERLAND MEMORIAL CEMETERY KICKING DR. SATAN'S ASS.

EL SUPERBEASTO NOW HAS "SHAKE YOUR STRAWBERRY JELLY BUTT" STUCK IN HIS HEAD.
SHAKE YOUR BUTT LIKE STRAWBERRY JELLY... I DON'T LIKE GRAPE 'CAUSE A PURPLE BUTT IS SMELLY... COME ON BABY, SHAKE IT TO THE EAST... ME LIKE BOOM-BOOM... BABY, BABY, BABY!
WHAT THE--?
MMMMMMM, SMOKE GOOD! FRIEND GOOD!
BOY, YOU ARE A DUMB ONE, AREN'T YOU? I THOUGHT THAT BONE-HEAD MONSTER STUFF WAS AN ACT.
COME CLOSER, MY FOOLISH MASKED HERO. YOUR POWERS ARE NO MATCH FOR MY SUPERIOR INTELLECT!
I GOT JELLY IN MY TOES AND BOOTY UP MY NOSE... I SAID SHAKE YOUR BUTT!
THE MONDO PLASMO SCREEN SPRINGS TO LIFE WITH THE GRINNING FACE OF OTTO.
ATTENTION, ALL YOU VIEWERS OUT THERE IN TV LAND! TONIGHT WE PRESENT EL SUPERBEASTO IN "I GOT MY ASS WHOOPED BY KRONGARR THE MAGNIFICENT," PRESENTED IN GLORIOUS LIVING COLOR. STAY TUNED AFTER THIS FEATURE PRESENTATION FOR A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.
OH BOY... THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR.
STRAWBERRY BOOTY AND CUPCAKE WHOOPIE MAKE ME GO YEAH, YEAH, WOOH!
WHAT THE HELL IS HE SINGING?
RIP
WHAT WAS THAT?

TIME TO DIE, EL SUPERBEASTO.
HEH, HEH, HEH.
WAN CHUNG
HOLY GUACAMOLE! NOBODY MENTIONED *THIS* GUY AS PART OF THE DEAL. YIKES! I GOTTA START DOING MORE PUSH UPS!
PREPARE TO FEEL THE MIGHTY WRATH OF "KRONGARR THE MAGNIFICENT!"
DAMN, WHAT A COOL NAME.
DON'T MOVE, DEAR READER! STAY PUT FOR OUR NEXT EPISODE OF EL SUPERBEASTO... *GETTING FREAKY IN THE CEMETERY, OR DUDE, MY SISTER IS GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!*

WELL, LET'S CATCH UP WITH OLD CAPTAIN SPAULDING AND SEE IF HE WON'T FINISH THE TALE HE STARTED FOR US LAST MONTH. HE IS DEFINITELY A MAN WHO LOVES HIS WORK, BUT LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T GET HIM TO TAKE A BREAK FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.
WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW? YOU ALL CAME BACK FOR SOME MORE. I KNEW ANY TRUE BLUE AMERICAN COULDN'T TURN AWAY FROM A STORY AS JUICY AS THE ONE I'M SPINNING. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. CHICKEN?
SOMEONE... ANYONE, PLEASE CALL 9-1-1! HE'S MAD I TELL YOU! MAD! HE KILLED MY BROTHER, LOUIE, AND ATE HIM FOR BREAKFAST!
SEX MACHINE
SHUT YA LITTLE PEEPER OR YOU'LL SOON BE ORIGINAL RECIPE, IF YA GET WHAT I'M SAYING? ANYWAY FOLKS, LET'S GET BACK TO A STORY I LIKE TO CALL...
CAPTAIN SPAULDING presents BABY, starring in...
O' BROTHER SATAN, WHERE ART THOU?
SIDE NOTE-- IF ANY OF YOU READERS OUT THERE ARE THINKING OF STOPPING BY FOR SOME OF THE CAPTAIN'S CHICKEN, A WORD OF ADVICE: HE DOESN'T WASH HIS HANDS AFTER USING THE REST ROOM.

TO THE HOLY PLACE, OH BROTHERS! THE TIME HAS COME! WE WILL SACRIFICE THIS CHILD OF THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND AND SAVE HER SOUL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
"UNDER A FADING MOON, THE MINDLESS DRONES OF PREACHER MCCALEB CARRY OUR BEAUTIFUL DAMSEL IN DISTRESS KNOWN ONLY AS BABY TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH. WELL, ACTUALLY THE FATE *IS* DEATH."
THESE HERE SINNERS THINK THEY CAN RUN HOG WILD WITH THEIR WICKED WAYS. WELL, LET THIS BE A LESSON TO ALL WHO PASS THROUGH THESE PARTS.
AMEN, BROTHER JACOB.
PUT ME DOWN, YOU PSYCHOTIC BASTARDS! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WHO'S GONNA STOP US? WE GOT THE HOLY GHOST ON OUR SIDE, LADY! WE ARE THE RIGHTEOUS SONS OF MCCALEB! WE ARE INVINCIBLE.
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN! YOU WILL ALL DIE AT MY HANDS, I PROMISE YOU THAT! IF I HAVE TO RETURN FROM ***HELL,*** YOU WILL DROWN IN A RIVER OF YOUR OWN BLOOD!
"I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE'S GONNA TO DO IT, FOLKS, BUT SOMEHOW I'D BELIEVE THE LITTLE LADY IF I WAS YOU."


"AND INTO THE WAITING TRUCK THEY LOAD THEIR PRIZED POSSESSION."
CAREFUL, FELLAS, CAREFUL! WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE THE GOODS UNTIL THE TIME IS RIGHT.
YOU WILL DIE! YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE, I PROMISE YOU!
DREAM ON, GIRLY. YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE. THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU.
"MCCALEB WATCHES HIS MEN LIKE A PROUD MOTHER HEN SQUATTING ON DIAMOND ENCRUSTED GOLDEN EGGS...PICTURE THAT ONE, KIDDIES."
LOAD HER UP, BOYS. THE TIME IS UPON US TO OFFER UP OUR TRIBUTE TO THE ALMIGHTY!
"LITTLE DO MCCALEB AND HIS BAND OF MERRY IDIOTS REALIZE, BUT A LONE FIGURE WATCHES THEIR EVERY SICKENING MOVE."
"WHO IS THIS MAN? AS BUCK OWENS WOULD SAY, 'BEWARE OF A TALL, DARK STRANGER WHEN HE COMES RIDING INTO YOUR TOWN.'"

HMMMMM? WHO COULD THIS STRANGER WITH THE SPY GLASSES BE? BAT-MAN, SUPER-MAN, OR EVEN THE LONE RANGER? HELL NO! CHRIST KID, THOSE AIN'T REAL PEOPLE! THOSE ARE JUST BOOBS YOU ALL READ ABOUT IN THE FUNNY PAPERS! THIS IS THE REAL WORLD, SO GROW UP AND QUIT POOPING IN YOUR DIAPERS!
"THROUGH THE WATCHFUL EYES OF HIS BINOCULARS, THE STRANGER FOLLOWS EVERY MOVE OF MCCALEB'S TRUCK."
SOMEBODY NEEDS TO TEACH THOSE BOYS SOME MANNERS.
YEP, THOSE BOYS SURE ARE IN A GOD DAMN HURRY. I THINK I BETTER PAY THAT LITTLE DOG AND PONY SHOW A VISIT.
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE...SIX. SIX AGAINST ONE... I CAN DEAL WITH THOSE ODDS.
OK, TIME TO SAVE THE DAY.

"HOLY CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART. ONCE A PLACE OF HARDWORKING GOD-FEARING FOLK, NOW NOTHING BUT A DEN OF DAMNATION AND DESTRUCTION."
OH BROTHERS, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A DEMON CHILD OF SATAN. A FOLLOWER OF LUCIFER, CHIEF OF THE REBELLIOUS ANGELS. SHE WAS BORN OF THE LOVE-MAKING BETWEEN DEVIL AND WITCH, AND THUS INHERITED THE BLOOD LINE OF THE WARLOCKS OF THE SABBATH.
HOW DO WE DEAL WITH ONE WHO HAS BEEN SPAWNED OF THE SORCERER'S SEED?
HERETIC, HOW DO YOU ANSWER THE CHARGES BEFORE YOU?
YOU ARE THE DEVILS! I'LL SEE YOU DIE IN A ROTTING HELL OF FILTH AND AGONY!
DEATH, DEATH TO THE WITCH! THE CLEANSING BLADE OF GOD IS THE ONLY HOPE

"WELL, FOLKS, BABY USUALLY SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO TALK HER WAY OUT OF ANYTHING...BUT THIS TIME IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT."
"A SECRET DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND MORE FOLLOWERS OF MCCALEB FILE INTO THE CHURCH."
KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL.
KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL.
AS YOU CAN HEAR FOR YOURSELVES, THERE IS NO SAVING THIS WRETCHED WITCH. ONLY THE BLADE CAN SPARE HER FROM THE LIFE OF INFERNAL DEEDS THAT AWAITS!

"MCCALEB SLIDES THE SHINING BLADE FROM UNDER HIS RIGHTEOUS GARB. THE BLADE GLISTENS IN A BEAM OF MOONLIGHT."
IT IS TIME TO LET THE BLADE DO ITS WORK... PREPARE TO DIE!
NOOOOOOOOOO!

"THE BROTHERHOOD EXPLODES WITH EXCITEMENT AS THEIR BLOOD LUST BOILS OVER."
DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE.
HELP!
HEH, HEH, HEH.
"SUDDENLY THE DOORS TO THE CHURCH BURST OPEN WITH AN EXPLOSION OF FURY. A VOICE FAMILIAR TO BABY ECHOES THROUGH THE DANK HOUSE OF WORSHIP."
HOLD IT, PREACHER MAN. IT'S TIME YOU STOPPED SPOOKING LITTLE GIRLS AND PUT YOUR HOLY ROLLING TO THE REAL TEST!

"STANDING IN THE DOORWAY IS OTIS. A KNIFE IN EACH HAND, READY TO CARVE SOME SACRED SCRIPTURE IN MCCALEB'S BLOATED HIDE."
ATTENTION ALL YOU BITCH HOGS...I AM THE DEVIL AND I'M HERE TO DO THE DEVIL'S BIDING! WHO WANTS TO DIE FIRST?
WOW! NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CLIFFHANGER! DON'T YOU DARE MISS OUR NEXT GLORIOUSLY BLOODY EPISODE ENTITLED...
'THE FAMILY THAT STAYS TOGETHER... SLAYS TOGETHER.'

ALAS, DR. HUGO'S TRAVELING WORLD OF WONDERMENT IS NO MORE. AS YOU WILL RECALL, WHEN WE LAST LEFT DR. HUGO AND COMPANY, THEY WERE FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES ALONG THE BORGO PASS.
FATHER, DON'T GO OUT THERE!
IT SEEMS AS IF I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER, MY DEAR. DON'T WORRY YOURSELF...I AM QUITE GIFTED IN CONVINCING PEOPLE OF WHATEVER I CHOOSE ..AND I CHOOSE TO CONVINCE THESE FOOLS THAT WE AREN'T WORTH THEIR TROUBLE.
DR. HUGO STEPS DOWN FROM THE WAGON TO DEAL WITH VLADAM AND HIS MEN, ALMOST BELIEVING WHAT HE JUST SAID.
THE RETURN OF
SCREAMING LORD ZOMBIE
PART 2
WHERE IS THAT OLD FOOL! AH, HERE HE COMES!
NOW GENTLEMEN, AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE NOTHING TO YOU. WE ARE BUT A POOR SIDESHOW SCRAPING BY ON THE GENEROSITY OF STRANGERS. WE ARE NO THREAT TO YOU.
YOU KNOW... MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT. COME SHARE A DRINK WITH ME.
DR. HUGO CAUTIOUSLY WALKS TOWARDS THE DRUNKEN VLADAM.
HE TIPS HIS HAT IN A GESTURE OF GOOD WILL TO THE FOUL SMELLING MOUNTAINEER.
IT IS QUITE KIND OF YOU TO SHARE YOUR DRINK WITH ME.
YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD WASTE SUCH FINE SPIRITS ON AN OLD FOOL LIKE YOU?
HA! THEN YOU ARE AN EVEN BIGGER FOOL THAN I EVER IMAGINED. YOU WILL GET NOTHING FROM ME BUT THIS!
VLADAM LETS LOOSE A DEVASTATING RIGHT CROSS FROM HIS IRON FIST TO THE FRAGILE JAW OF DR. HUGO.
TAKE THIS, YOU WORTHLESS OLD GOAT!
BUT I THOUGHT WE COULD...GOOD HEAVENS!
AND THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS.

LIKE A WILD BEAST, FREDARIC JUMPS DOWN FROM HIS PERCH TO SAVE HIS FALLEN MASTER.
NOOOOOOOOOOO!
WHAT THE--?
LET'S GET 'EM, BOYS!
FREDARIC VALIANTLY FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE, BUT THE SHEER NUMBER OF ATTACKERS IS TOO MUCH TO WITHSTAND.
FREDARIC TAKES THE MIGHTY RUSSIAN DOWN, BUT IS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY HIS MEN.
VLADAM ADMINISTERS THE FINAL DEATH BLOW ACROSS FREDARIC'S MISSHAPEN BACK. THE SOUND OF HIS SPINE SNAPPING ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE MOUNTAINS.
HEH, HEH, HEH. WE BEAT HIM GOOD, EH, BOSS?
CRUSH HIS UGLY FACE. HE'S NO CREATURE OF GOD! HE IS OF THE DEVIL!
GOD HELP ME!
HA! THERE'S NO PLACE IN GOD'S WORLD FOR A CREATURE THIS REVOLTING.
FREDARIC DIES LIKE A DOG AT THE HANDS OF A MADMAN.
VLADAM PONDERS HIS NEXT MOVE.

BRING HIM UP, BOYS!
LET'S RID THE LAND OF THIS FREAK FOREVER!
YEAH, LET'S DUMP HIM IN THE RAVINE.
AND SO ENDS THE TRAGIC LIFE OF FREDARIC VON KRIEGER, A GENTLE SOUL WHOSE ONLY HAPPINESS WAS A FEW BRIEF YEARS AS A MEMBER OF DR. HUGO'S WORLD OF WONDERMENT.
A DEAD MAN NEVER SCREAMS.

THE DOCTOR IS NEXT.
CRY ALL YOU WANT, DOCTOR! THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN SAVE YOU NOW!
PLEASE, NO...STOP... HAVE MERCY!
OVER THE VIOLETS THERE THAT LIE, IN MYRIAD OF THE HUMAN EYE. OVER THE LILIES THERE THAT WAVE, AND WEEP ABOVE A NAMELESS GRAVE!
WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE.
MURDERERS! YOU HAVE LEFT ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DESTROY YOU ALL!
VLADAM AND HIS MEN FIND CALADENDRA HIDING WITH THE PRECIOUS REMAINS OF LORD ZOMBIE.
WELL BOYS, THE LITTLE LADY IS GOING TO DESTROY US ALL. I FEEL ME BOOTS STARTING TO QUIVER. HA, HA, HA!
CALADENDRA KNOWS HER ONLY HOPE IS TO UNLEASH THE EVIL LOCKED INSIDE THE OLD PINE BOX.
COME ON, GIRLY! SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE HIDING UNDER THEM KNICKERS!
WITH A SICKENING GROAN, CALADENDRA SLOWLY OPENS THE COFFIN. A STENCH OF EVIL FILLS THE AIR.

CALADENDRA REMOVES THE STAKE FROM THE BLACKENED HEART OF THE WICKED LORD ZOMBIE. A HUNDRED-YEAR SLUMBER IS ABOUT TO COME TO AN END.
A THICK SMOKE BEGINS TO RISE FROM THE CRUMBLING REMAINS. SUDDENLY, THE BONES BEGIN TO TWITCH AS IF JOLTED BY A SHOCK OF ELECTRICITY.
DEAR DR. HUGO, PLEASE TELL ME YOUR STORIES ARE TRUE AND NOT A WORK OF FICTION. YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME THE REMOVAL OF THIS STAKE WOULD RELEASE THE MONSTER.
GENTLEMEN, PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM! AS YOU DIE IN AGONY, REMEMBER THAT YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!
CAN THIS BE TRUE? IS HUMAN FLESH ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO GROW ACROSS THE ANCIENT SKELETON?
YES! THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE. GODLESS EYES STARE BACK FROM THEIR SUNKEN HOLES. DEAD LUNGS FILL WITH FRESH AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A CENTURY.
CALADENDRA HAS DONE THE UNTHINKABLE. SHE HAS REVIVED THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE OF THE MOST EVIL MAN TO WALK THIS WRETCHED EARTH... SCREAMING LORD ZOMBIE!
NEXT ISSUE:
WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN
HELL!

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JAN

GET READY...

TO SCREAM!

ROB ZOMBIE'S SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL

FEATURING...

GHOULS

GIRLS

GORILLAS

MATURE READERS ONLY

ROB ZOMBIE'S SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL

ALL STORIES WRITTEN BY ROB ZOMBIE
LETTERS BY PAT BROSSEAU

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AH, WELL YOU'VE CAUGHT ME TRYING TO "GRAB" SOME MUCH NEEDED REST AND RELAXATION. YOU SEE, EVEN A COOL GHOUL LIKE MYSELF NEEDS TO UNWIND FROM SPINNING REVOLTING TALES OF CADAVEROUS CAVORTING FOR YOU WRETCHED LITTLE CREATURES OF CREATION. WELL, ENOUGH OF MY YACKING... I THINK THIS MONTH'S LURID TALES OF PUTRID PLEASANTRIES WILL REALLY MAKE YOU SICK. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? START READING!
TURN THE PAGE!

YOU, MY DEAR READER, ARE LOOKING AT KRONGARR THE MAGNIFICENT. AND IF YOU HADN'T ALREADY NOTICED, HE'S ONE BIG ASS MONSTER DUDE. BUT HAVE NO FEAR-- EL SUPERBEASTO DID HIS 'BUNS OF STEEL' VIDEO THIS MORNING, SO HE SHOULD BE IN TIP TOP SHAPE TO HANDLE THIS SERVANT OF SATAN.
YOU! YEAH, I'M TALKING TO YOU! I'M HANDING OUT TICKETS TO AN ASS KICKING... YOU WANT ONE?
THEN AGAIN, THIS GUY IS PRETTY BIG. THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL, RIGHT? LET'S HOPE SO.
JONES
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
GETTING FREAKY IN THE CEMETERY OR DUDE, MY SISTER IS GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!
KD

ASS KICKING? YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE TALKING TRASH IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD WHEN I'M SPORTING THESE BAD BOYS, BUDDY!
MAN, THIS SUCKS.
CHECK OUT THESE GUNS! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...'DO I WANT TO DO THE KNUCKLE SANDWICH TANGO WITH A GUY WHO'S PRACTICALLY SUPER-HUMAN?'
CRAP! I THINK MY SHOULDER JUST POPPED OUT OF JOINT!
I AM NOT IMPRESSED.
OH, REALLY...WELL HOW ABOUT THIS? NEVER SEEN A LEFT HOOK SO FAST, HUH? EYE OF THE TIGER...EYE OF THE TIGER.
THIS IS GIRLY STUFF.
WHOOPS, I THINK I JUST THREW MY BACK OUT.
MISS VON BLACK WATCHES THE ACTION UNFOLD.
AS THEY SAY IN EVERY MOVIE...I'VE GOT A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
COME ON, JACKASS! LET'S ROCK N ROLL!
YOUR CLICHÉS HAVE BECOME TIRESOME.

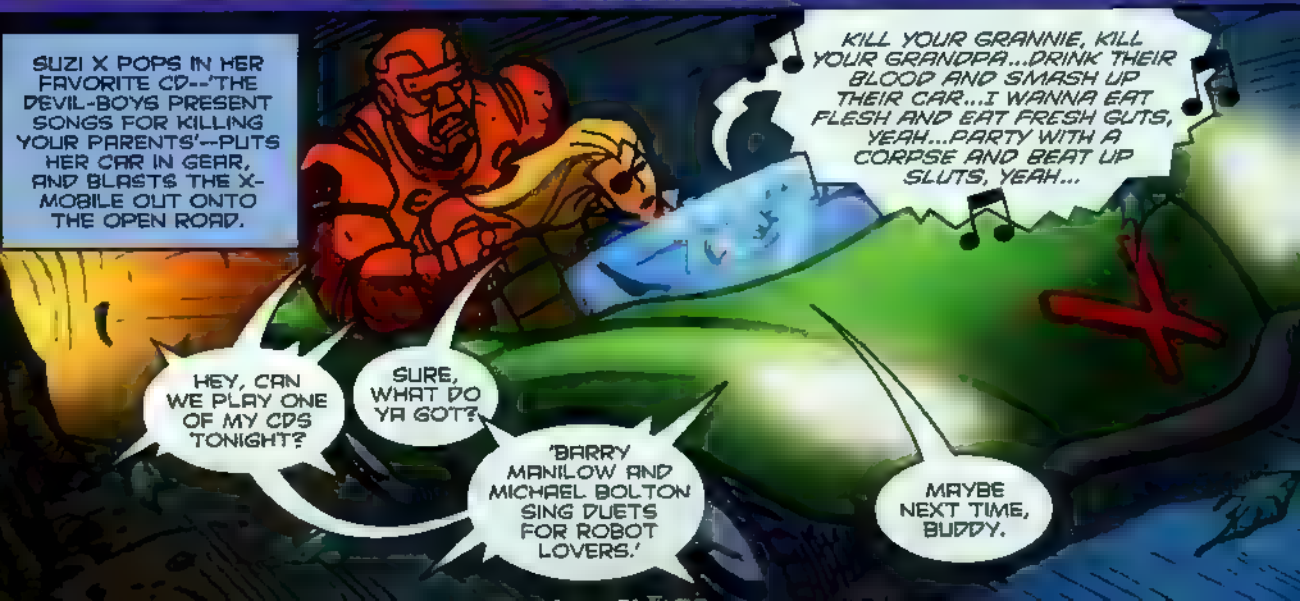
OH, REALLY? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, BUCKWHEAT... YOU GOT THREE SECONDS TO CRAWL BACK INTO WHATEVER HOLE YOU FELL OUT OF. ONE... TWO...
...THREE!
KRONGARR LASHES OUT WITH A DEVASTATING LEFT. EL SUPERBEASTO IS BLINDSIDED BY THE CRUSHING BLOW!
THINGS DON'T LOOK VERY PROMISING. DEAR READER, I THINK OUR HERO IS GOING DOWN.
I THINK I FORGOT TO TURN THE LIGHTS OFF ON MY COW BASKET AND REPLACE THE WHEELS ON MY CHEESE WAGON. IS IT JUST ME OR IS EVERYTHING GETTING A LITTLE FUZZY? WHY ARE THERE CANARIES WHISTLING 'THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW' THEME?
YEP, HE'S GOING DOWN.
I HOPE THIS IS PART OF HIS SUPER HERO PLAN.
MOTHER.

DR. SATAN SITS UPON HIS THRONE, CONTEMPLATING YET ANOTHER FAILED RELATIONSHIP IN HIS HALL OF EX-WIVES.
WHERE DID I GO WRONG? TWENTY-SEVEN EX-WIVES...WHY CAN'T I FIND THE PERFECT WOMAN? I AM PERFECT... WHY CAN'T SHE BE?
FIRST THERE WAS SALLY AND HER ANNOYING HABIT OF CALLING GREEN BEANS BY THE INFERNAL NAME OF "STRETCHY BEANS"... AND MABEL WITH HER CONSTANT HOGGING OF THE FUZZY COVERS...THEN WILMA WITH THAT BLASTED BANANA STRUDEL INCIDENT... UNFORGIVABLE.
LET'S JUST SAY THAT DR. SATAN IS NOT THE EASIEST SUPER VILLAIN TO LIVE WITH.
AH, CINDY, YOU WERE MY FAVORITE. WHY DID YOU HAVE TO HATE 'THE MACARENA' SO? COULDN'T YOU LEARN TO LOVE IT FOR ME?
THIS TRIP DOWN HEARTBREAK LANE IS MAKING ME MELANCHOLY. I NEED A PICK ME UP.
A TALL GLASS OF MILK WITH SOME FRESHLY BAKED OATMEAL RAISIN COOKIES SHOULD TAKE THE EDGE OFF THIS GLOOM... DAMN IT, OTTO, PICK UP THE PHONE!
OTTO HAS RECENTLY BECOME OBSESSED WITH THE GAME SHOW NETWORK.
DEAR GOD, NOT NOW! NOT WHEN WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF A NEW GRAND CHAMPION!
WHO IS NORMAN FELL?
WHO IS DON KNOTTS?
I HAVE AN ORDER TO PLACE!
IS THERE ANY WAY THIS CAN WAIT FIVE MINUTES?
NO!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN SUZI X HAS FINISHED HER BATH AND IS IN THE PROCESS OF DRYING OFF HER BODACIOUS YUM-YUMS.
AS EXPECTED, MY HORNDOG BROTHER HAS GOTTEN HIMSELF WRAPPED UP IN SOME SUPER SATANIC NONSENSE AGAIN... I BETTER CHECK THE TIME.
MIDNIGHT... CRAP, NOW I'VE GOT TO GO SAVE HIS ASS. WELL, HE BETTER HOPE I CAN FIND A HAPPENING OUTFIT.
WHY DO ALL MY CLOTHES SUCK? I HATE EVERYTHING I OWN. THAT'S IT--TOMORROW I'M THROWING EVERYTHING AWAY AND GOING SHOPPING.
TWO HOURS LATER.
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT. I'LL JUST UNZIP IT DOWN A LITTLE FOR THAT DANGEROUS SUPER SPY LOOK, AND...TA DA! INSTANT TRAFFIC STOPPER.
NOW ALL I NEED IS TO PICK OUT A PAIR OF SHOES AND I'M GOOD TO GO, GO, GO.
A PAIR OF SHOES...HOW HARD CAN THAT BE? ON THE SURFACE THIS WOULD SEEM AN EASY TASK...UNFORTUNATELY MISS SUZI X HAS TURNED IT INTO AN ART FORM.

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER.
MARVIN, ARE YOU DOWN THERE?
YES, I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE WAITING FOR TWO HOLRS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.
STOP COMPLAINING... YOU WANT ME TO LOOK GOOD, DON'T YOU?
BUT THAT'S THE SAME OUTFIT YOU *ALWAYS* WEAR. I CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
THIS ONE IS A BELL BOTTOM CUT. THE JUMPSUIT I WORE WHEN WE FOUGHT THE BLACK SKULL WAS BOOT CUT...TOTALLY DIFFERENT.
IF YOU SAY SO.

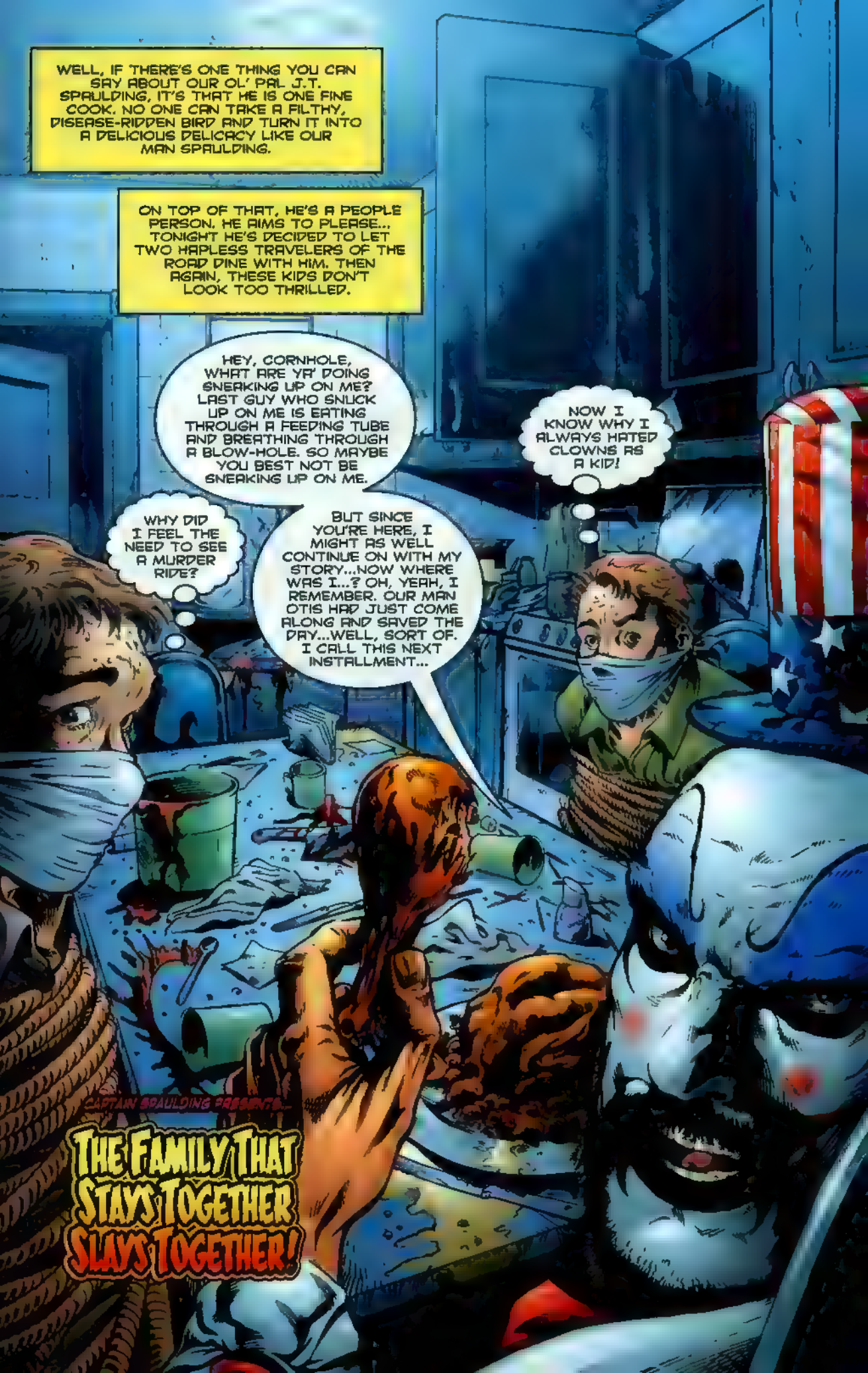
SUZI JUMPS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE X-MOBILE, WHILE MARVIN CAREFULLY SQUEEZES HIS BIG ROBOT BUTT INTO THE BACKSEAT.
WE NEED A BIGGER CAR.
NO WAY, DUDE, YOU JUST NEED TO SHAVE A LITTLE CHUB OFF THOSE THIGHS OF YOURS.
BUT I'M MADE OF STROTANIUM. I CAN'T SPOT REDUCE.
YOU GOT AN EXCUSE FOR EVERYTHING.


SUZI X POPS IN HER FAVORITE CD--'THE DEVIL-BOYS PRESENT SONGS FOR KILLING YOUR PARENTS'--PUTS HER CAR IN GEAR, AND BLASTS THE X-MOBILE OUT ONTO THE OPEN ROAD.
KILL YOUR GRANNIE, KILL YOUR GRANDPA...DRINK THEIR BLOOD AND SMASH UP THEIR CAR...I WANNA EAT FLESH AND EAT FRESH GUTS, YEAH...PARTY WITH A CORPSE AND BEAT UP SLUTS, YEAH...
HEY, CAN WE PLAY ONE OF MY CDS TONIGHT?
SURE, WHAT DO YA GOT?
'BARRY MANILOW AND MICHAEL BOLTON SING DUETS FOR ROBOT LOVERS.'
MAYBE NEXT TIME, BUDDY.

EL SUPERBEASTO FINDS HIMSELF LOCKED DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE DEVIL'S DUNGEON. HE ALSO FINDS THAT HE IS NOT THE FIRST MASKED SUPERHERO TO LAND IN SUCH A PREDICAMENT.
GOOD GOD! IT'S THE ENTIRE LEGION OF SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS... SPEEDY-BOY, ELECTRO DUDE AND PUMPKIN HEAD.
HEY, SUPERBEASTO! OVER HERE! IT'S ME...EL GATO.
LARRY! HOLY SWAMP FOOT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE BAHAMAS WITH WONDER BROAD. HOW THE HECK DID YOU GET STUCK DOWN HERE?
DON'T GET ME STARTED.
CONTROL FREAK OTTO IS APPLYING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS MASTERPIECE.
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, THAT MONKEY HAS ONE MEAN FASHION SENSE.
BRING IT IN A LITTLE MORE AT THE WAIST; IT LOOKS A LITTLE BUNCHY. BUNCHY IS A NO-NO.
YES, OTTO.
DAMN IT! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE USED TAFFETA. IT'S JUST SO LIGHT AND FRESH.
EVERY GIRL'S CRAZY ABOUT A SHARP DRESSED MAN.
DAMN THIS TIE...I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE USED A CLIP ON. WHY? WHY IS THAT TACKY? I JUST DON'T GET IT!
I WONDER HOW MY BLUSHING BRIDE IS DOING...

THE X-MOBILE SCREECHES TO A HALT.
WELL, THIS IS THE JOINT. I DON'T SEE MY BROTHER ANYWHERE.
I THINK MY ASS IS STUCK.
MONSTERLAND MEMORIAL CEMETERY
YEP, IT IS DEFINITELY STUCK. MAYBE IF I WIGGLE IT AROUND A LITTLE IT WILL COME LOOSE.
COME ON, MARVIN, LET'S HIT IT.
I THINK YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GREASE MY THIGHS AGAIN.
MMMMM... DOGGY STYLE GOOD!
ROCK ME, AMADEUS! ROCK ME!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
I DON'T HEAR IT.
DO YOU HEAR IT NOW? IT SOUNDS LIKE MUFFLED VOICES. I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT THE ACCENT... I BELIEVE IT'S WORKING CLASS...DEFINITELY LIVERPOOLIAN.
THE ANCIENT BURIAL GROUNDS OF MONSTERLAND MEMORIAL CEMETERY SUDDENLY BEGIN TO RUMBLE AND SHAKE...AND RATTLE AND ROLL.
I HEAR IT! DID SOMEONE JUST SAY "BEANS ON TOAST?"
THAT COULD ONLY MEAN ONE THING...

RINGOS! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY RINGOS!
YEAH, AND THE WORST KIND-- PRE-REVOLVER RINGOS. THOSE ARE THE MOST VICIOUS OF ALL.
BLIMEY MATES, SHE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEM BIRDS FROM OUR HAMBURG DAYS AT THE OLD CAVERN CLUB.
IN ORDER TO GET BY US... THEY'RE GONNA NEED A LITTLE HELP FROM THEIR FRIENDS...HEH, HEH, HEH.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ACT NATURALLY, LADS.
1... 2...3... 4...
I WONDER IF SHE THINKS I'M A MOD OR A ROCKER.
A MOCKER.
THAT BIG BLOKE SURE AIN'T THE WALRUS.
NEXT ISSUE:
NIGHT OF THE LIVING RINGOS!


WELL, IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN SAY ABOUT OUR OL' PAL J.T. SPAULDING, IT'S THAT HE IS ONE FINE COOK. NO ONE CAN TAKE A FILTHY, DISEASE-RIDDEN BIRD AND TURN IT INTO A DELICIOUS DELICACY LIKE OUR MAN SPAULDING.
ON TOP OF THAT, HE'S A PEOPLE PERSON. HE AIMS TO PLEASE... TONIGHT HE'S DECIDED TO LET TWO HAPLESS TRAVELERS OF THE ROAD DINE WITH HIM. THEN AGAIN, THESE KIDS DON'T LOOK TOO THRILLED.
HEY, CORNHOLE, WHAT ARE YA' DOING SNEAKING UP ON ME? LAST GUY WHO SNUCK UP ON ME IS EATING THROUGH A FEEDING TUBE AND BREATHING THROUGH A BLOW-HOLE. SO MAYBE YOU BEST NOT BE SNEAKING UP ON ME.
NOW I KNOW WHY I ALWAYS HATED CLOWNS AS A KID!
WHY DID I FEEL THE NEED TO SEE A MURDER RIDE?
BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL CONTINUE ON WITH MY STORY...NOW WHERE WAS I...? OH, YEAH, I REMEMBER. OUR MAN OTIS HAD JUST COME ALONG AND SAVED THE DAY...WELL, SORT OF. I CALL THIS NEXT INSTALLMENT...
CAPTAIN SPAULDING PRESENTS...
THE FAMILY THAT STAYS TOGETHER SLAYS TOGETHER!

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO OTIS, THE MEANEST S.O.B. THIS SIDE OF BAD, BAD, LEROY BROWN. NOW, OTIS AND MURDER GO TOGETHER LIKE PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY."
IT IS TIME FOR YOU ALL TO ASK YOURSELF ONE QUESTION--DO I WANT MY THROAT SLIT, OR DO I WANT MY BELLY GUTTED? IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME CAUSE YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE.
IF YOU ARE NOT CAPABLE OF ANSWERING THIS SIMPLE QUESTION, I WILL BE FORCED TO ANSWER IT FOR YOU!
"BABY KNOWS OTIS SPEAKS THE DEVIL'S HONEST TRUTH."
I HAVE NO FEAR OF YOU AND YOUR IDLE THREATS, HILLBILLY.
IN FACT, I WILL EVEN THE ODDS BY LETTING THIS HARLOT JOIN YOU IN YOUR FOOLISH TIRADE.
THERE IS NO ESCAPE. THE SWORD OF GOD IS A SWIFT ONE.

FEAR NOT, CHILD, FOR THIS BLADE WILL FIND ITS APPOINTED MARK. YOU HAVE WON NOTHING... I AM THE MASTER OF YOUR FATE.
"BABY IS SHOCKED THAT MCCALEB'S 'HOLIER THAN THOU' EGO HAS CAUSED HIM TO MAKE SUCH A GRAVE MISTAKE."
"MCCALEB'S BLADE SLIDES THROUGH THE ROPES. BABY IS FREE."
GO! RUN TO YOUR SACRILEGIOUS FRIEND. THE BLOOD WE SPILL THIS DAY WILL BE ALL THE MORE SWEET, FOR IT WILL ELIMINATE TWO FIENDS FROM THE LAND OF THE RIGHTEOUS.
"BABY RUNS INTO THE ARMS OF HER BIG BROTHER."
GIRL, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GET YOURSELF INTO THESE SITUATIONS.
OH, OTIS, I DON'T KNOW... ONE SECOND I'M OUT HAVING A BLAST, AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M LAMB LAID OUT FOR THE SLAUGHTER. WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?
GET READY TO KILL, THAT'S WHAT.
BROTHERS, TO THE YARD.
KILL, KILL, KILL!
RIGHT ABOUT NOW I'M AS CONFUSED AS YOU. I MEAN, I KNOW OTIS AND BABY CAN KICK SOME SERIOUS ASS, BUT THEY ARE PRETTY GODDAMN OUTNUMBERED.
MAYBE OTIS HAS GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE... LIKE AN M-16. HEH, HEH, HEH.

"MCCALEB'S GOONS MOVE IN FOR THE KILL. THEIR SACRIFICIAL BLADES SHINE IN THE MOONLIGHT."
STAY CLOSE, BRO. IF WE GET SEPARATED, WE'RE DONE.
I GOT YOUR BACK. THESE SKELETON BOYS AIN'T GOT THE TRUE KILLING SPIRIT. WE'LL SHOW 'EM HOW WE GUT A SQUEALER.
COME AND GET IT!
KILL, KILL, KILL.

"MCCALEB REMOVES HIS COLLAR."
REMEMBER, THIS IS ALL IN FUN. SAVE THE FINAL KILL FOR ME. I WANT TO BATHE IN THE BLOOD OF THESE HERETICS

I WILL TEAR THEIR FLESH FROM THEIR BONES WITH MY BARE HANDS. THEIR SCREAMS WILL BE SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS.

"THE MOB GROWS IMPATIENT AS THEY MOVE TOWARDS THEIR PREY."
I WANT THE GIRL!
NO! SHE IS MINE.
LET'S SEE WHAT COLOR THE ALBINO BLEEDS!
"WITH AN UNEARTHLY SPEED, THE SKULL WARRIORS CHARGE TOWARDS OTIS AND BABY."
HERE THEY COME... ARE YOU READY?
BABY, I WAS BORN READY TO KILL.
COME AND GET IT.
"THE SKULL LEADER SLASHES FORWARD, OTIS DODGES AND..."
I SHALL HAVE YOUR HEART ON A PLATE!
NOT TODAY...
"...DRIVES HIS BLADE DEEP INTO HIS ATTACKER'S GUT!"
SQUEAL, LITTLE PIGGY, SQUEAL!
BITCH, I'M GONNA SCALP THAT HEAD OF YOURS.
OVER MY DEAD BODY!
"BABY LETS A HARD ONE FLY WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE."
DIE! I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL AND BOOGIE ON YOUR GRAVE!

"WELL, KIDS, BY THIS TIME THE UNHOLY ROLLER REALIZED THEY HAD A REAL FIGHT ON THEIR HANDS."
GET THAT BITCH. SHE KILLED BROTHER MAYNARD!
EVERYONE TOGETHER! CUT THEIR HEADS OFF!
I WILL AVENGE MAYNARD! GET THAT BLASTED ALBINO!
THEY FIGHT LIKE DEMONS FROM HADES!
MY ARMS ARE GETTING TIRED. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN LAST.
KEEP IT UP, BABY! WE'LL GUT EVERY ONE OF THE BITCH HOGS.
I'M TRYING, BRO!
SMILE... THROUGH YOUR NECK!
HE'S KILLED BROTHER WILLIAMS!
THE GIRL GROWS WEAK!
OTIS! I CAN BARELY MOVE MY ARMS... MY MUSCLES ARE GIVING OUT.
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING! ONE FALSE MOVE AND IT'S ALL OVER.
I'LL TRY.

"AND SO IT GOES, MY FRIENDS. EVEN THE MIGHTIEST HUNTERS CAN ONLY SPILL SO MUCH BLOOD. IS THIS THE END FOR OTIS AND BABY? I SAY STOP PICKING YOUR ASS AND READ ON, YA GODDAMN SISSY!"
COME ON! THE MORE BLOOD I TASTE, THE STRONGER I FEEL! THE DEVIL HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF MY KNIVES... FEEL THE WRATH OF SATAN!
LISTEN, BROTHERS! HE ADMITS TO BEING A SPAWN OF THE DEVIL. WE CAN NOT FAIL.
DIE! IF I'M GOING DOWN, I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!
THEY ARE ONLY HUMAN...KILL THEM!
"THIS REMINDS ME OF A JOKE MY PAPPY ONCE TOLD ME. HE SAID, 'HOW DO YOU MAKE HOLY WATER? TAKE SOME REGULAR OLD WATER AND BOIL THE HELL OUT OF IT!' *HA, HA, HA.* YEAH, I KNOW IT AIN'T *THAT* FUNNY."

ENOUGH GAMES! EVERYONE ON THE GIRL! I ALONE WILL HANDLE THE ALBINO. HE IS A MASTER OF THE DEVIL, AND ONLY A CHOSEN ONE CAN DESTROY HIM!
BABY, GET READY-- THE REAL BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
OTIS, CAN THIS REALLY BE THE END?
AH, BABY, NOW THAT IS THE QUESTION. I KNOW THE ANSWER, BUT YOU, MY FICKLED FIENDS, WILL HAVE TO TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR A LITTLE TALE I LIKE TO CALL...
...EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DR. SATAN, BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK.

HA, HA, HA. THIS RIDICULOUS WENCH ACTUALLY BELIEVED AN UNDEAD PHANTOM WOULD SAVE HER!
SHE'S MORE OF A FOOL THAN HER PATHETIC FATHER. AN ENTIRE FAMILY OF IDIOTS!
DEAR FATHER, YOUR STORIES WERE NOTHING BUT THE WISHES OF AN OLD MAN.... WAIT! I HEAR SOMETHING... COULD IT BE?
DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, LASS. WE'LL MAKE QUITE RIGHT SPORT OF YOU YET.
PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE HALLUCINATING.
IT IS NO HALLUCINATION... THE ONE CALLED ZOMBIE LIVES AGAIN. THE WRETCHED LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD HAS RETURNED!
WHO DARES WAKE ME FROM MY ACCURSED BLACK SLEEP? I AM FREE... FREE TO RAVAGE AS ONLY A TRUE DEVIL MASTER CAN... FOR I AM LORD ZOMBIE
THE RETURN OF SCREAMING LORD ZOMBIE
PART 3
ZOMBIE'S COLD HAND OF DEATH REACHES FORTH AND GRABS HOLD OF VLADAM.
WHAT THE... WHO--?

ZOMBIE LIFTS THE MAD RUSSIAN INTO THE AIR LIKE A CHILD. VLADAM IS PARALYZED IN A DEATH SCREAM AS THE LAST DROPS OF LIFE DRIP FROM HIS BODY.
DIE! DIE LIKE THE SCUM-FEEDING DOGS THAT YOU ARE! FEEL THE SOUL-CRUSHING POWER OF MY HANDS AS YOUR LIFE FORCE DRAINS INTO MY BODY!
HELP ME, YOU IDIOTS... DON'T JUST STAND THERE!
HOLY GOD! HE'S CRUSHING HIM LIKE A RAG DOLL.
CALL ME A COWARD, BUT I DIDN'T SIGN ON FOR THIS. I AIN'T GOING TOE TO TOE WITH NO DEVIL BLOKE!
I'M WITH YOU, BROTHER. THIS IS WHERE I BAIL OUT. VLADAM IS ON HIS OWN!
THE RATS ALWAYS DESERT THE SINKING SHIP FIRST. VLADAM'S LOYAL FOLLOWERS HAVE JUST SEEN THE LIGHT. ALAS, IT COMES TOO LATE.

HA! HERE IS YOUR PRECIOUS LEADER'S USELESS SHELL. FEAST YOUR EYES ON HIS SOULLESS CORPSE.
A SMACK IN THE HEAD WILL SET YOU STRAIGHT!
YOUR PEDESTRIAN ATTEMPTS AT BATTLE HAVE GROWN TIRESOME. MAYBE MY UNDERWORLD FRIENDS WILL ENJOY YOUR COMPANY?
BEHOLD! THE LEGION OF DOOM!
YES MASTER? WE ARE HERE TO DO YOUR BIDDING
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, ZOMBIE ATTACKS THE COWARDLY CREW.
WITH THOSE SIMPLE WORDS, THE GROUND BEGINS TO CRACK OPEN LIKE A DOORWAY TO HELL.
ROTTING, FLESH-EATING GHOULS RISE FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN GRAVES...READY TO FEAST UPON THE SOULS OF THE LIVING.
ZOMBIE TOSSES HIS ATTACKERS AS A WOLF SHAKES ITS RABBIT PREY .A BLOODY PLAYTHING, NOTHING MORE.
HURL THEIR DEFEATED HUSKS INTO THE VALLEY. LET THE BEASTS OF THE MOUNTAINS HAVE THEIR FEAST.
AH, IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FLEX MY KILLING MUSCLES. THE DIRT SHALL STAIN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF FOOLS THIS DAY!
THERE IS NO HOPE.
AS THE RAMPAGE CONTINUES, THE SICKENING SOUND OF FLESH RIPPING FROM BONE FILLS THE AIR. THE STENCH OF DEATH HANGS LIKE A DARK FOG OVER THE BORGO PASS.
INTO THE VALLEY, THE BODIES OF VLADAM'S MEN ARE DUMPED LIKE HUMAN GARBAGE.

BUT YOU CAN'T STEAL THE SOUL OF A SOULLESS MAN. THEREFORE, VLADAM IS STILL ALIVE.
HEY, FREAK! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU DO WITH A SLUG IN YOUR BRAIN.
AH, IT STILL LIVES. PLEASE AMUSE ME WITH YOUR LITTLE TOY.
VLADAM PULLS HIS GUN FROM INSIDE HIS VEST. HIS HAND SHAKES, FOR HE KNOWS THIS IS HIS LAST HOPE.
EAT THIS, YOU UNHOLY MONSTER!
VLADAM BLASTS ZOMBIE POINT BLANK.
YOU HAVE HAD YOUR FUN. NOW IT IS TIME TO DIE!
WITH ONE SMOOTH MOTION, ZOMBIE RIPS VLADAM'S HEAD FROM HIS BODY. THE LOOK OF SHOCK IS STILL PLASTERED ON HIS DECAPITATED HEAD.
CALADENDRA CRAWLS FROM HER HIDING PLACE TO MEET HER FATE.
COME, JOIN ME IN THE UNDERWORLD. YOU WILL BE A GODDESS AMONG THE WICKED...I CROWN YOU QUEEN OF THE DEAD.
AND SO THE SAGA OF THE ZOMBIE CONTINUES. WHERE DID IT BEGIN? HOW WILL IT END? WHO WILL SURVIVE AND WHAT WILL BE LEFT OF THEM?
DR. HUGO
END

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MATT TYREE & VAL STAPLES – INTRO PAGE
CARLOS RAFAEL – BABY PINUP

1 SUZI X
PAT BOUTIN – ART
MICHAEL KELLEHER – COLORS

2 EL SUPERBEASTO
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3 CAPTAIN SPAULDING PRESENTS...
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4 RAMBLINGS FROM THE GRAVE
INTERVIEW WITH
SID HAIG PART ONE

5 GHOULARAMA
EL SUPERBEASTO HELPS YOU
LAND A DATE!
YOUR HORRORSCOPE!
OTTO'S DVD OF THE MONTH!

WELL, SEEMS AS IF YOU'VE CAUGHT ME DEALING WITH SOME OF OUR CRITICS HERE. APPARENTLY, THESE HOT SHOT KNOW-IT-ALLS DIDN'T LIKE OUR LAST ISSUE. OH WELL, THEY'LL LEARN TO LOVE IT... OR ELSE.
THIS ISSUE WE'VE GOT THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF SUZI X IN HER OWN ACTION-PACKED SERIES, ALONG WITH MORE ASS KICKING EXCITEMENT FROM EL SUPERBEASTO, A NEW THING WE CALL GHOULARAMA, AS WELL AS... UM, I THINK I FORGOT SOMETHING.
YOU SURE DID, BUDDY.
WELL, BABY, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT I FORGOT THEN?
YOU FORGOT TO MENTION THE NEXT CHAPTER OF MY STORY! AND BOY, THIS ONE IS A REAL WHOOPIE FUCKING DOO! ME AND OTIS REALLY GET INTO SOME HOT SHIT THIS TIME!
I ADMIT IT, IT WAS GOOD. GREATEST COMIC I EVER READ.

FOR THOSE OF YOU OUT THERE WHO THINK YOU'VE MISTAKENLY PURCHASED AN ISSUE OF PENTHOUSE INSTEAD OF SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL THIS MONTH, DON'T DESPAIR-- YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. THIS IS ART 101, DADDY-O.
ON A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A SPRAWLING SUMMER HOME LOCATED IN THE HEART OF DEAD WATER BAY, WE FIND SUPER SPY SUZI X AND HER FAITHFUL SIDEKICK MARVIN ENGAGED IN A LITTLE ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR.
HOW LONG IS THIS GONNA TAKE? I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO.
EXCUSE ME, MISS FUSSY BUTT, BUT I DO SEEM TO RECALL THAT YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAID-- AND I QUOTE-- "HEY, LAZY ASS, WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THE PAD ONCE IN A WHILE. JOIN A GYM, START A BAND OR TAKE AN ART CLASS OR SOMETHING."
YEAH, I ADMIT I SAID THAT, BUT I DIDN'T MEAN GET ME INVOLVED.
WELL, YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DRAGGED ME OFF TO FIGHT "GONGOLOR, THE BEGOTTEN ONE," THUS ENSURING I MISSED MY FIRST WEEK OF FIGURE STUDY CLASSES.
YEAH, BUT THE EVIL WAS SPREADING TO--
BUT NOTHING. I BELIEVE IT IS NOW YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO MAKE SURE I DON'T GET BOUNCED DOWN TO THE SPECIAL CLASS
ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
STRIKE A POSE. NOTHING TOO SEXY, I AIN'T TRYING TO LAND A JOB AT PLAYGHOUL. THIS IS ART I'M LOOKING FOR HERE, BABY.
SUZI X
featuring MARVIN in
The Last Train To Scumsville

MARVIN IS ALREADY TAKING THIS ART THING WAY TOO SERIOUSLY. I MIGHT AS WELL MESS WITH HIM A LITTLE.
HOW ABOUT THIS POSE? I THINK IT SAYS, "HELP, I'M AN INNOCENT LITTLE GIRL WHO LIKES TO STICK HER BUM IN THE AIR AND MASSAGE IT GENTLY FOR NO APPARENT REASON." PLEASE, KIND SIR, WON'T YOU HELP ME RUB MY BUM?
NO, NO, NO! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S NOT GOING TO WORK! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW THE MONA LISA WITH HER ASS UP IN THE AIR?!
BUT, SIR, MY BUM?
KNOCK IT OFF!
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE... QUIET DESPERATION?
NEXT!
I CALL THIS ONE THE CHARO. COOCHIE-COOCHIE-COOCHIE!
MY TEACHER'S GONNA BRAND ME A PERVERT!
NEXT!
OR THE OLD STANDBY, "I'LL JUST PLAY WITH MY HAIR BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT A BIG STRONG MAN TO PICK MY CLOTHES OUT FOR ME."
THE THEME OF THIS PROJECT IS LONELINESS, NOT "ME SO HORNY!"
OK, I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THIS ONE. I CALL IT, "BABY GOT BACK AND SHE DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!"
ARE YOU FRIGGIN' KIDDING ME? THIS IS AN ART CLASS! NOT ASSES ON PARADE!
YEAH, BUT IT REALLY SAYS SOMETHING. IT SAYS, "I'M LONELY CAUSE ALL I HAVE IS A SWEET, SWEET ASS."
NEXT!
HOW ABOUT MY SEXY INDIFFERENCE POSE? THIS IS THE ONE WHERE I PRETEND TO CARE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IN REALITY I DON'T!
THAT'S GOOD! I THINK WE'RE GETTING CLOSER. A LITTLE MORE INDIFFERENCE AND I THINK WE'VE GOT IT.

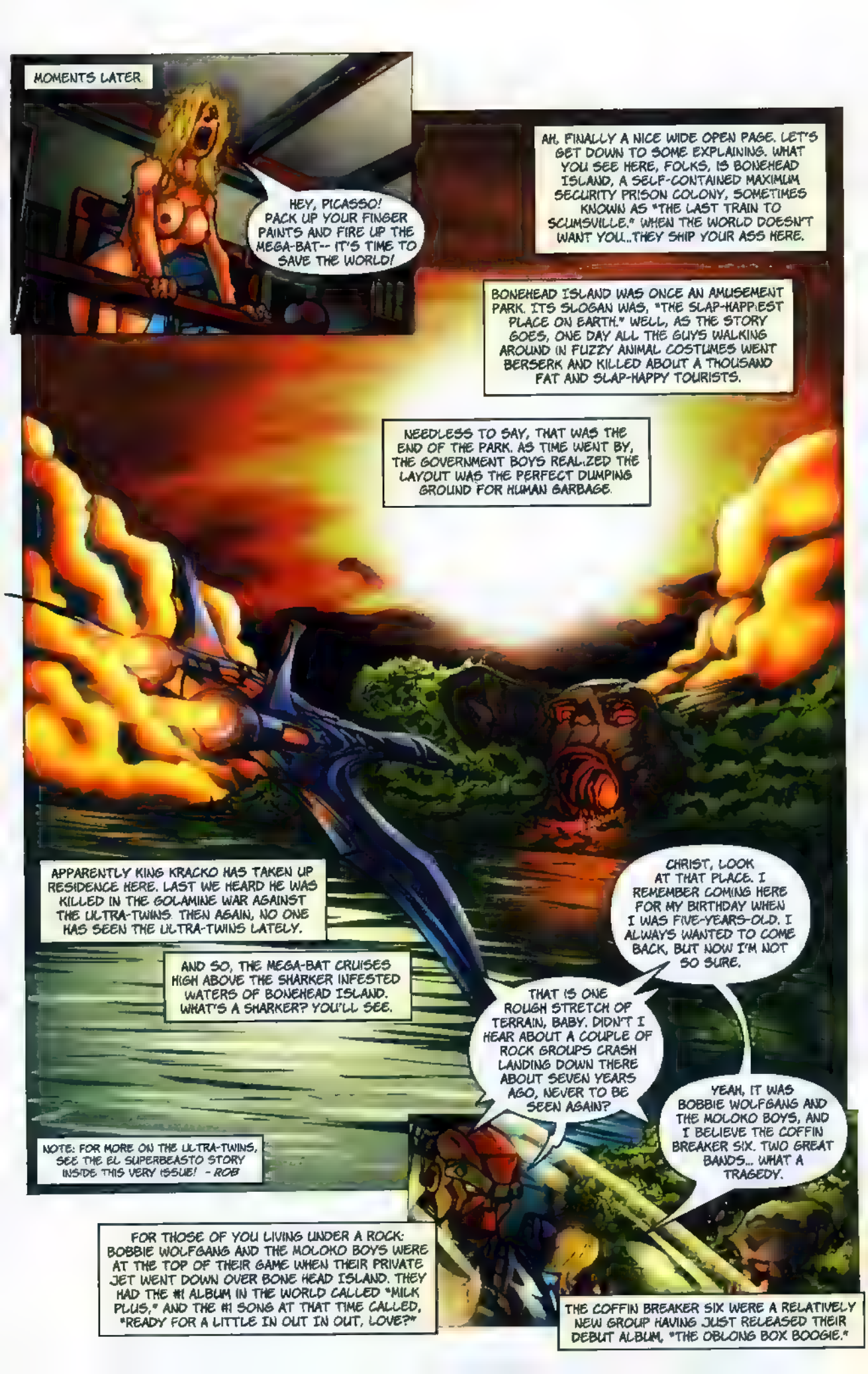
HEY, NICE BERET, MARVIN. WELL, OBVIOUSLY THE ARTSY FARTSY WORLD OF MISS THURBERMAN'S PAINTING SEMINAR HAS GONE TO MARVIN'S HEAD.
DO NOT MOVE! THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF MY MASTERPIECE! HA, REMBRANT HAS NOTHING ON ME! MARVIN X4-5ZIKV7-A IS A NAME THAT'S GONNA ROCK THE ART COMMUNITY TO ITS CORE. NOT SINCE VAN GOGH BEGAN MAILING BODY PARTS HAS THERE BEEN SUCH SCANDAL!
HEY, MARVIN, DON'T YA THINK YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY WITH--
SILENCE! THE MASTER'S BRAIN MODULE IS AT WORK!
ATTENTION, AGENT X! INCOMING MESSAGE FROM DRAGON-HEAD. ATTENTION, AGENT X! INCOMING MESSAGE FROM DRAGON-HEAD.
MARVIN, I HAVE TO GET THAT. IT'S THE CHIEF.
DON'T YOU DARE MOVE! LET THE MACHINE GET IT. I AM ON THE VERGE OF AN ARTISTIC BREAKTHROUGH THAT COULD TUMBLE WESTERN CIVILIZATION AS WE NOW KNOW IT!
OH, MARVIN, YOU GET SO SILLY. YOU KNOW I HAVE TO GET THAT CALL. WE'LL GET BACK TO YOUR LITTLE HOBBY LATER.
HOBBY?! THESE OILS BURN LIKE TRUE PASSION IN MY HANDS, WOMAN! HAH! THIS IS NO MERE HOBBY... THIS IS A REVOLUTION! NOT SINCE PICASSO'S GERNICA HAS A WORK OF ART CHALLENGED CONVENTIONAL WISDOM OF OUR TIMES!
I GIVE UP! WHY? WHY MUST I BE PERSECUTED FOR MY GENIUS? NOW I UNDERSTAND THE PLIGHT OF DA VINCI, ARISTOLE AND THE ONE THEY CALL CARROT TOP!

HOVERING ONSCREEN IS DRAGON HEAD, THE LEADER OF A.S.S. (AMAZING SUPER SPIES). HE AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT. BUT BOY, THAT'S ONE HELL OF A BIG ASS BRAIN! OH, DID WE MENTION THAT HE'S BLIND? WHO NEEDS SIGHT WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GIGANTIC FRIGGING BRAIN!
GREETINGS, AGENT X, SORRY TO DISTURB YOU. ARE YOU DECENT?
OF COURSE.
GOOD. UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE SOME RATHER DISTRESSING NEWS CONCERNING THE FATE OF THE PLANET EARTH.
WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
I DIDN'T LITERALLY MEAN WHAT ELSE IS NEW. I MEANT-- OH, FORGET IT. HOW IS EARTH DOOMED THIS TIME?
WELL, NOTHING REALLY .. I'M HAVING MY WISDOM TEETH TAKEN CARE OF FINALLY. I'VE IGNORED THAT SITUATION LONG ENOUGH. I'M ALSO PUTTING SOME NEW VINYL SIDING ON HEAD QUARTERS, BUT OTHER THAN THAT--
WELL, IT SEEMS THE ZOSTROS HAVE REARED THEIR FILTHY HIDES AGAIN AND ARE UP TO THEIR DASTARDLY WAYS. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT A LITTLE BETTER.

THIS IS ADMIRAL MOSS GRIMLEY OF THE ROYAL NAVY. I'LL LET HIM EXPLAIN.. ADMIRAL.
SO WHAT'S UP, SKIPPER?
AGENT X, LET ME CUT TO THE CHASE. KING KRACKO, WHO WE BELIEVED DEAD, IS APPARENTLY VERY MUCH ALIVE AND HAS TAKEN UP RESIDENCE ON BONEHEAD ISLAND, AN ISOLATED SELF-CONTAINED PENAL COLONY IN DRACONIAN OCEAN.
SO WHAT'S THEIR PLAN?
CONCENTRATE, GRIMLEY! KEEP YOUR EYES ABOVE THE NECK AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.
WELL, WE DON'T KNOW. THAT IS WHY WE ARE TALKING TO YOU. WHAT WE DO KNOW IS THAT OVER THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, SEVERAL OF OUR MOST BRILLIANT MINDS HAVE GONE MISSING. THE ZOSTROS' INVOLVEMENT WAS UNKNOWN UNTIL THIS LAST ABDUCTION.
WHO WAS THE LAST ONE ABDUCTED?

ADMIRAL GRIMLEY BEGINS TO LET HIS MIND WANDER.
ADMIRAL, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? WHY ARE YOU SWEATING SO MUCH?
ADMIRAL, I SINCERELY HOPE MY STATE OF AFFAIRS DOESN'T OFFEND YOU. I MEAN, I'M NOT OFFENDED WHEN I SEE A NAKED FISH.
THANKS RIGHT, MAMMA, COME TO FISH DADDY. I'LL SLIP YOU THE MIGHTY FLIPPER..
WHAT WAS THAT?
OH, NOTHING. I WAS JUST LICKING... I MEAN LOOKING... I MEAN THINKING ABOUT YOUR ASS... I MEAN THE ASTRO SCIENTISTS! WHEW, ARE YOU GETTING HOT IN HERE? I MEAN... IS IT GETTING HOT IN HERE!
NO, NO, NO! I'M AN ADMIRAL IN THE ROUND NIPPLE... I MEAN ROYAL NAVY! NOTHING SHOCKS ME.

DRAGON HEAD DECIDES TO STEP IN AND TAKE OVER THE BRIEFING.
"EARLY THIS MORNING, A CARNIVORE CRUISE LINE SHIP ON ROUTE TO ST. BART'S WAS INTERCEPTED BY KING KRACKO AND A SQUADRON OF ZOSTROS.
YOU KNOW THAT STITCH JOB I WAS HANGING OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?
I BANGED HER.
YEAH.
COOL.
SO YOU CHICKS DIG BELL RINGERS?
"ON BOARD WAS YOUR USUAL BUNCH OF SWINGERS AND PLEASURE SEEKERS. YOUNG, DUMB AND FULL OF... WELL, YOU GET THE POINT.
HOW'S THE PRESSURE, SWEETY?
I THINK MY BONES ARE CRACKING. IT FEELS GOOD.
"BUT THERE WAS ONE RATHER SPECIAL GUEST ON BOARD. A PROFESSOR VON CLOHIZEN, CONSIDERED BY SOME TO POSSESS THE MOST BRILLIANT STRATEGIC MIND IN THE WORLD."
ARE YOU GONNA GET ME SOME CHOCOLATE CAKE? I LIKE CAKE!
DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR. YOUR BRAIN IS SAFE WITH ME. AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING!
YOU SEE, AGENT X, THE PROFESSOR HAS THE MIND OF A CHILD. HE COULD EASILY BE TRICKED INTO WORKING FOR THEIR EVIL PURPOSES WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT. WITH VON CLOHIZEN'S MIND AT THEIR DISPOSAL, THE ZOSTROS COULD CONQUER THE WORLD IN A HEARTBEAT
I HEAR YA, BOSS.
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.
WITH A HARDY HO HO AND A RUDY TOOT TOOT, OUR ADVENTURE BEGINS.
DON'T WORRY, BOSS. THE FATE OF THE WORD IS SAFE IN MY HANDS.
CARRY ON, AGENT X.
GOOD LUCK, AGENT PECS.. I MEAN AGENT X.


MOMENTS LATER.
HEY, PICASSO! PACK UP YOUR FINGER PAINTS AND FIRE UP THE MEGA-BAT-- IT'S TIME TO SAVE THE WORLD!
AH, FINALLY A NICE WIDE OPEN PAGE. LET'S GET DOWN TO SOME EXPLAINING. WHAT YOU SEE HERE, FOLKS, IS BONEHEAD ISLAND, A SELF-CONTAINED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON COLONY, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "THE LAST TRAIN TO SCUMSVILLE." WHEN THE WORLD DOESN'T WANT YOU...THEY SHIP YOUR ASS HERE.
BONEHEAD ISLAND WAS ONCE AN AMUSEMENT PARK. ITS SLOGAN WAS, "THE SLAP-HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH." WELL, AS THE STORY GOES, ONE DAY ALL THE GUYS WALKING AROUND IN FUZZY ANIMAL COSTUMES WENT BERSERK AND KILLED ABOUT A THOUSAND FAT AND SLAP-HAPPY TOURISTS.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THAT WAS THE END OF THE PARK. AS TIME WENT BY, THE GOVERNMENT BOYS REALIZED THE LAYOUT WAS THE PERFECT DUMPING GROUND FOR HUMAN GARBAGE.
APPARENTLY KING KRACKO HAS TAKEN UP RESIDENCE HERE. LAST WE HEARD HE WAS KILLED IN THE GOLAMINE WAR AGAINST THE ULTRA-TWINS. THEN AGAIN, NO ONE HAS SEEN THE ULTRA-TWINS LATELY.
AND SO, THE MEGA-BAT CRUISES HIGH ABOVE THE SHARKER INFESTED WATERS OF BONEHEAD ISLAND. WHAT'S A SHARKER? YOU'LL SEE.
CHRIST, LOOK AT THAT PLACE. I REMEMBER COMING HERE FOR MY BIRTHDAY WHEN I WAS FIVE-YEARS-OLD. I ALWAYS WANTED TO COME BACK, BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE.
THAT IS ONE ROUGH STRETCH OF TERRAIN, BABY. DIDN'T I HEAR ABOUT A COUPLE OF ROCK GROUPS CRASH LANDING DOWN THERE ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN?
YEAH, IT WAS BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS, AND I BELIEVE THE COFFIN BREAKER SIX. TWO GREAT BANDS... WHAT A TRAGEDY.
NOTE: FOR MORE ON THE ULTRA-TWINS, SEE THE EL SUPERBEASTO STORY INSIDE THIS VERY ISSUE! - ROB
FOR THOSE OF YOU LIVING UNDER A ROCK: BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS WERE AT THE TOP OF THEIR GAME WHEN THEIR PRIVATE JET WENT DOWN OVER BONE HEAD ISLAND. THEY HAD THE #1 ALBUM IN THE WORLD CALLED "MILK PLUS," AND THE #1 SONG AT THAT TIME CALLED, "READY FOR A LITTLE IN OUT IN OUT, LOVE?"
THE COFFIN BREAKER SIX WERE A RELATIVELY NEW GROUP HAVING JUST RELEASED THEIR DEBUT ALBUM, "THE OBLONG BOX BOOGIE."

DEEP IN THE INNER WORKINGS OF WHAT ONCE WAS "MR. HAPPY FROG'S PSYCHOTIC RIDE," WE FIND KING KRACKO AND THE MISSING BRAINIACS.
WELL, WELL, WELL. PROFESSOR VON CLOUHIZEN, HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO JOIN US. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO MAKE YOUR STAY WITH US MORE ENJOYABLE?
HMMM? I WOULDN'T MIND A PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH WITH THE CRUSTS CUT OFF AND PERHAPS A FRUIT PUNCH JUICE BOX.
HE REALLY IS AN IDIOT. HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SUCH A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC MIND FUNCTIONS WITH THE EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT LEVEL OF A SIX-YEAR-OLD?
WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.
DO YOU HAVE A TV? I WANNA WATCH SPONGE BOB.
LATER.
NOW!
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME NEW FRIENDS OF MINE.
MEET DOCTOR WILLIAM DURBERVILLE...
THIS IS MADNESS! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
HI, WILLY! DO YOU LIKE SPONGE BOB?
AND DOCTOR SAMUEL J BRINKHIMMER.
THE UNITED COUNCIL WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS TREATMENT! THIS IS A DIRECT VIOLATION OF THE KROS AMENDMENT TREATY!
YOUR MUSTACHE IS FUNNY!
HEY, IS THERE A WATER SLIDE AROUND HERE? I HAVE A NEW BATHING SUIT. I THINK MY FEET ARE STINKY. DO YOU HAVE A DOG?
AS SOON AS I SIPHON THE BRAINS FROM THESE TWO POMPOUS FOOLS AND THIS BABBLING MORON, MY MASTERPIECE WILL LIVE!
PROTEST ALL YOU WANT, DOCTORS! BONEHEAD ISLAND IS NO LONGER UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE KROS AMENDMENT OR THE PATHETIC UNITED COUNCIL! I AM KING... LORD AND NOW GOD! THE WORLD WILL BOW BEFORE ME!
SOON YOUR BODIES WILL BE REDUCED TO A GELATINOUS MASS AS I SUCK THE BRAINS FROM YOUR EMPTY SKULLS!
DID SOMEONE SAY JELL-O?

WOW! THAT'S A PRETTY WICKED ROBOT! I SMELL AN ACTION FIGURE FRANCHISE COMING ON! SORRY, LET'S GET BACK TO THE STORY
AS ALWAYS, EVERY EVIL NUTCASE MUST EXPLAIN HIS PLAN, AND KING KRACKO IS NO DIFFERENT. HOW ELSE CAN HE STROKE HIS MASSIVE ZOSTROSIAN EGO?
BEHOLD! MY INSTRUMENT OF MANKIND'S DESTRUCTION! I CALL HIM LORD BOOMER! SOON HE WILL NOT ONLY BE THE STRONGEST CREATURE ON EARTH, BUT THE MOST DIABOLICALLY BRILLIANT! AND HE'S MINE... ALL MINE!
SO YOU SEE, THERE IS NO HOPE! I WILL SOON BE THE ALL SUPREME MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE!
WOW! LIKE HE-MAN!
QUIET, YOU FOOL! YOU ARE RUINING MY FIENDISHLY DRAMATIC MOMENT!
DOES YOUR ROBOT KNOW HOW TO USE THE POTTY?
NEXT ISSUE:
IS THAT A WEREWOLF IN YOUR PANTS OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

WELL, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED OUR LAST PULSE-POUNDING ISSUE, LET ME RECAP BY SAYING-- THE BRITISH INVASION IS ON AND SWINGING, BABY!
THINGS HAVE DEFINITELY TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE HERE. SUZI K AND MARVIN ARE TRAPPED IN A NIGHTMARE WE LIKE TO CALL "NIGHT OF THE LIVING RINGOS" OR "DEADBEAT BEATLEMANIA!" WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN GEORGE, THE QUIET ONE OR PAUL, THE CUTE ONE OR EVEN JOHN, THE SMART ONE? BUT NO... IT HAD TO BE RINGO, THE MOST TERRIFYING LEADER THE UNDEAD LIVERPOOLIAN ASSOCIATION HAS EVER SEEN.
BLOODY HELL! THESE GEEZERS HAVE GOT ME NEWINGTON BUTTS TIED IN A TWIST AND ME WICK HIDING UP ME GLASS!
WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY SPEAKING WITH A COCKNEY ACCENT?
DON'T KNOW, GOV'NA. ME GLLLIVER TURNS GINGER AT THE SOUND OF THESE BLOKES' SPEECH. ANDY CAIN'N ON ME EARDRUMS. BLIMEY!
COME ON, MARVIN, GET IT TOGETHER. YOUR ACCENT IS GETTING SO THICK I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ANYMORE.
CHEERS, MATES! THIS LASS IS RIPE FOR TAKING DOWN TO ME OCTOPUS' GARDEN.
HEY, BACK OFF, BOOGALOO! THIS BIRD IS MINE!
SLOWLY THE ARMY OF MAGGOT-INFESTED, PUSS-DRIPPING DRUMMERS MOVES IN FOR THE KILL. DID WE MENTION THE DRIPPING PUSS?
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN... NIGHT OF THE LIVING RINGOS OR DEADBEAT BEATLEMANIA!

WE GOT 'EM, LADS. THE BIG BLOKE IS TURNING INTO ONE OF US.
QUITE RIGHT PUT A SHAG ON HIS BEAN AND HE'LL BE BANGING A BONGO IN NO TIME.
THESE GLASGOW RANGERS NEED A RIGHT DO ME GOOD IN THE BOTTLE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO DING DONG BELL. OH, ME BREAD IS ACHING FOR A PINT OF PIG EAR DOWN AT THE RUB A DUB.
MARVIN, YOU'VE PASSED THE POINT OF NO RETURN. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS MESS AND IT AIN'T GONNA BE PRETTY
SLIPPING BETWEEN A WORLD OF BAD PUNS AND PARODIES, THE RINGOS INCH CLOSER
CANDLES... MATCHES... CANDLES.. MATCHES.
RINGO, GET A GRIP! YOU'RE SLIDING OFF YOUR ROCKA.
SUZI REALIZES TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. SHE MUST RESORT TO A CHEAP TRICK. A CHEAP TRICK SO LOW THAT IT CAN'T EVEN BE CALLED A CHEAP TRICK, BUT IT'S A CHEAP TRICK THAT MIGHT JUST SAVE THEIR BUTTS. IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT?
I'VE GOT TO DISTRACT THE RINGOS LONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THEIR GRIP OVER MARVIN'S MIND. IF THEIR CONTROL GETS ANY STRONGER, HE'S A GONER!
OH MY GOD... IT CAN'T BE! YES, YES IT IS... IT'S... IT'S PETE BEST!
WHAT? WHERE? NO, IT CAN'T BE! I DISPOSED OF HIM YEARS AGO WITH THAT DREADED STU SUTCLIFFE.
HOLY HAMBURG! I DON'T SEE HIM! HAS HE GAINED THE POWER OF INVISIBILITY?
THIS IS NOT GOOD! I CAN'T BEAR TO GO BACK TO RORY STORM AND THE HURRICANES!
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, MARVIN SNAPS TO HIS SENSES AND GRABS THE NEAREST RINGO-SLAYING WEAPON HE CAN FIND. NO, NOT PAUL McCARTNEY WITH A SET A DRUM STICKS.
WHAT THE HELL WAS I DOING? I WAS SWEPT UP IN BEATLEMANIA LIKE A SCHOOL GIRL BOBBIE SOCKER. GOD, THOSE RINGOS ARE SOME POWERFUL CREATURES..CONSIDERING I WAS ALWAYS A HERMAN'S HERMITS FAN
TIME TO KICK SOME MOP TOP ASS!
WITH ONE MIGHTY PULL, MARVIN DISLODGES A GIANT METAL CROSS FROM THE UNHOLY CEMETERY GROUNDS. THIS OUGHT TO PUT THE FEAR OF MARVIN INTO THOSE TEABAGS.

SWINGING LIKE A ROBOT POSSESSED, MARVIN MAKES SURE THE MENACING MOP TOPS ARE NO MORE.
DIE, YOU BLOODY DRUMMER, DIE!
CHEERS
CHEERS
CHEERS
I FEEL LIKE ME SENSES ARE FINALLY RETURNING TO NORMAL, YOU CHEEKY MONKEY... I MEAN, YOU RIGHT RANDY BIRD... I MEAN, UM.. I THINK I BEST KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES.
DAMN! THAT BEATLEMANIA VOODOO IS AS POWERFUL AS EVER ONE MORE SECOND AND YOU, MY FRIEND, WOULD HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO A MINDLESS ZOMBIE FOREVER DOOMED TO WORSHIP THE ONE THEY CALL RINGO
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE UNDERGROUND LAIR OF.. SCREW IT, YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
I WILL TEAR THESE CHAINS FROM THE STONE LIKE A BABY SUCKING MILK FROM ITS MAMMA'S BOOBIES!
HOLY HEMORRHOID, THIS THING IS REALLY STUCK! I HAVE TO ESCAPE.. I CAN'T SPEND ETERNITY LISTENING TO EL GATO'S TIRED STORIES OF HIS GLORY DAYS BANGING THE ULTRA-TWINS.
COME, MR. BIGSHOT! I HEAR A LOT OF TALK, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY ACTION! WHEN I WAS IN THE LEAGUE OF SUPER-CATS I WAS BANGING BOTH OF THE ULTRA-TWINS. DID I MENTION THAT.. BLAH, BLAH, BLAH!
THE POWER OF ANOTHER BORING ULTRA-TWINS STORY SURGES THROUGH SUPERBEASTO'S MUSCLES, AND SUDDENLY... KRAAACKKK! THE WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN.
I CAN'T STAND ONE MORE SECOND OF THIS HELL! I MUST ESCAPE HIS INFERNAL MUTTERINGS!
I'M FREE!

HERE WE FIND POOR OTTO HE SEEMS TO HAVE A RATHER SERIOUS SITUATION ON HIS HANDS.
COME ON, BOSS! THE GUESTS ARE STARTING TO ARRIVE. YOU CAN'T STAY LOCKED IN THE CRAPPER FOREVER.
I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT! I'M DR. SATAN, AND DR. SATAN SAYS HE'S NOT COMING OUT!
GREAT, HE'S ALREADY STARTED IN WITH HIS THIRD PERSON CRAP THIS IS GO NG TO BE A LONG NIGHT.
I GOT THE ELVIS JUST LIKE YOU WANTED... HE'S EVEN GONNA SING 'PORK SALAD ANNIE' LIKE YOU REQUESTED AND THROW SCARVES TO THE LADIES!
YOUR CHEAP BRIBES CANNOT SWAY DR. SATAN. TELL THE KING TO PACK UP HIS JUMPSUIT AND HIT THE ROAD... THIS MASTER OF EVIL AIN'T SLAPPING ON THE BALL AND CHAIN THIS NIGHT. I'M A WILD STALLION! AN UNTAMED BEAST! I CAN'T BE CONTAINED BY A SINGLE FEMALE!
WE'VE GOT ICE CREAM CAKES AND CHEESE DOODLES! JUST LIKE YOU LOVE!
HMMMM... ICE CREAM CAKE? THIS IS TURNING INTO QUITE THE TEMPTING OFFER.
CAN I HAVE TWO SLICES OF CAKE AND SKIP THE VEGETABLE SIDE DISH?
OTTO SENSES THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE SITUATION.
YES, SIR, YOU CAN HAVE TWO SLICES.
WHAT ABOUT IF I WANT A CHOCOLATE EGG CREAM AFTER THAT... IS THERE A WAY YOU CAN HANDLE THAT?
I WILL HAVE THE EGG CREAM STANDING BY, O' LORD OF HADES
WHAT IF I WANT THE EGG CREAM IN BETWEEN THE TWO SLICES OF CAKE AND THEN WANT PUDDING AFTER THAT..HUH?
DEAR GOD, PLEASE KILL ME NOW.
EL SUPERBEASTO AND EL GATO CHARGE THROUGH THE SEWER SYSTEM OF SATAN'S LAIR, EACH TRYING TO OUT-IMPRESS THE OTHER WITH THEIR BULLSHIT STORIES OF DARING DO.
WHOO! I THINK I'M GOING TO PASS OUT. I CAN'T LET EL SUPERBEASTO KNOW THAT MY RICKETS ARE KICKING IN. I'M HIS HERO, FOR CHRIST SAKES.
SO I SAID TO WONDER TEEN, "STAND BACK! I'LL HANDLE CAPTAIN AMAZING ON MY OWN TERMS!" ...WAIT, LET ME BACK UP A LITTLE... I THINK I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF. SO AFTER FORMING THE POWER TRIO, I DECIDED TO COLONIZE VENUS AND START THE INSTITUTE FOR SUPER BRAINS... DID I MENTION I BANGED THE ULTRA-TWINS?
DID I EVER MENTION THE TIME I DEFEATED DINO-MAN AFTER DR. BAMBO UNLEASHED HIS ARMY OF PREHISTORIC GIANT LIZARD GIRLS ON SPOOKY TOWN? OH WAIT... NO, I KNOW A BETTER STORY. LAST YEAR I BEAT THE MIGHTY STOMACH IN A CORN DOG EATING CONTEST AT LOU'S RIB WORLD.
OH THE WAY EL GATO WORSHIPS ME SO. I'M HIS HERO. IT'S QUITE TOUCHING, REALLY.
HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING... ARE WE RUNNING IN SATANIC POOP?
I THINK SO.

FANCY A PINT?
KNOCK IT OFF.
BANGERS AND MASH?
MARVIN, YOU ARE REALLY GETTING ON MY LAST NERVE. GET THE FISH AND CHIPS OUTTA YOUR HEAD AND LET'S GET BACK TO WORK.
CHEERS.
SUZI SPOTS A LINE OF RATHER SUSPICIOUS LOOKING WELL DRESSED SATANIC INDIVIDUALS CROWDING INTO A CHURCH.
SHE'S A VERY KINKY GIRL... THE KIND YOU DON'T TAKE HOME TO MOTHER... SHE'S A SUPER FREAK, SUPER FREAK!
WHY DO I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING THAT "EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MY BROTHER AND HIS DEALINGS W.TH LOOSE AND AVAILABLE WOMEN BUT WAS AFRAID TO ASK" IS INSIDE THAT CHURCH?
SHE IS, LIKE, SO TOTALLY LUCKY... I MEAN, HE'S REALLY RICH, RIGHT? I'M GONNA NEED TO GO SHOPPING TO EMOTIONALLY RECOVER FROM THIS.
YES, DEAR. WE'LL GET YOU SOME INSANELY OVERPRICED SHOES THAT YOU WILL ONLY WEAR ONCE.
SO YOU'RE, LIKE, REALLY RICH, RIGHT? LIKE HOW RICH? LIKE DAVID HASSELHOFF RICH? DO YOU THINK I'M PRETTY ENOUGH TO BE ON BAYWATCH?
I HEARD THE BRIDE IS, LIKE, A TOTAL BITCH... EVERYONE SAYS SO. I HEAR SHE'S HAD A LOT OF WORK DONE.
YES, MARGARET, I'M SURE SHE'S A FILTHY WHORE THAT'S BEEN PULLED TIGHTER THAN A DUCK'S ASS.
HUH? I WASN'T LISTENING.
I TOLD THE ESCORT SERVICE I WANTED A MUTE.
SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? ARE YOU SAYING THAT I NEED A FACE LIFT?
SUZI AND MARVIN MIX INTO THE CROWD OF GUESTS LIKE A MONKEY'S UNCLE IN A PLASTIC SPORK EMPORIUM. HUH?
IN THE WORDS OF THAT BELOVED PUNTER HAN SOLO, "I'VE GOT A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS."
LET'S JUST SLIP IN BEHIND THE GOLDBERG PARTY AND MAKE OURSELVES INVISIBLE, ALL RIGHT MATE?
CHEERS.
CHEERS.... CHRIST, NOW YA GOT ME DOING IT.
I HEARD THAT SHE USED TO BE, LIKE, A PORNO ACTRESS OR SOMETHING, BUT GOT ALL MESSED UP ON PILLS AND GOT KICKED OUT OF THE BUSINESS.
I HEARD THE SAME THING, BUT I ALSO HEARD SHE STABBED A HOBO AND STOLE HIS TIN CUP OF NICKELS TO BUY CRACK.
HONEY, YOU ARE ONE LUCKY GIRL. I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO MARRY A DOCTOR. GRANTED, HE'S AN INSANE, DIABOLICAL LUNATIC, BUT HE IS STILL A DOCTOR.
HMMM? YA KNOW, SHE DOES HAVE A POINT THERE. I MEAN, HOW BAD COULD HE BE? I COULD QUIT MY GIG DOWN AT THE HAUNTED PALACE AND FINALLY FIND TIME TO TAKE THAT POTTERY PAINTING CLASS.
YEP, YOU ARE ONE LUCKY GAL. THAT IS IF HE DOESN'T KILL YOU, DISSECT YOU OR PLACE YOU IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION WITH THE REST OF HIS WIVES. BUT HEY, LET'S NOT DWELL ON THE NEGATIVE.

WELL, EL SUPERBEASTO AND EL GATO ARE NOW WAIST DEEP IN SATANIC SLUDGE. EL GATO HAS RUN OUT OF STORIES, BUT NOT EL SUPERBEASTO.
SO THEN I SAYS, "LISTEN, YOU BAT OBSESSED FREAK. I DON'T CARE IF HE IS YOUR FAITHFUL WARD... HE'S WEARING HOT PANTS AND HE AIN'T PLAYING SOFTBALL ON MY TEAM... CHRIST, HIS FAMILY JEWELS ARE HANGING OUT LIKE RICHARD SIMMONS' JOLLIES IN A NUTSACK FACTORY." BY THE WAY, WHAT EXACTLY IS A FAITHFUL WARD? SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SET UP AIN'T EXACTLY KOSHER.
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING? I THOUGHT SOMETHING SWAM PAST MY LEG.
HEY, ARE YOU GONNA LET ME FINISH THIS STORY OR WHAT? OH YEAH, SO BATTY STARTS THROWING THIS MAJOR HISSY FIT AND HIS BOY STARTS SCREAMING LIKE A LITTLE SALLY...
SUDDENLY, SLOOSHGARGON THE SLUDGE MONSTER APPEARS LIKE A POOP MONSTER AND SWALLOWS EL GATO WHOLE.
HELP ME, HELP ME!
YEAH, THAT'S EXACTLY IT... "HELP ME! HELP ME!" WHAT A TOOL THIS KID IS. AND BATTY'S GOT THE NERVE TO CALL HIM BOY WONDER. I MEAN, THIS KID'S WEIGHING IN AT A BUCK O' FIVE, TOPS. WHOSE ASS IS HE GONNA KICK?
EL GATO IS NO MORE...
... AND MAYBE SOMEDAY EL SUPERBEASTO WILL NOTICE
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I NAILED THAT WONDER BROAD INSIDE HER INVISIBLE PLANE? I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE IT WAS INVISIBLE. THE WHOLE GOD DAMN LEGION OF SUPER FREAKS IS WATCHING ME BANG THIS CHICK AND SHE'S LIKE, "OH BABY, OH BABY!" I DON'T KNOW... I STILL SAY IT WAS FOR ONE OF THOSE HIDDEN CAMERA SHOWS.
THAT AIN'T NOTHING COMPARED TO THE TIME I FOUGHT DARTH RALPH DOWN AT THE DEATH BAR... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
MEANWHILE, THE BARGAINING CONTINUES
WHAT IF I WANT PINEAPPLE JUICE IN MY MIMOSA INSTEAD OF ORANGE JUICE, HUH? WHAT THEN?
YES, BOSS, FOR THE NINE THOUSANDTH TIME... YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER YOU WANT. IT IS YOUR SPECIAL DAY
GET READY TO SEE A GROWN MONKEY CRY
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND DR. SATAN APPEARS
OTTO, MY BEST MAN.. I HAVE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED ALL MY OPTIONS AND I'VE DECIDED THAT NONE OF THIS MATTERS.
HEY! THAT'ZA MY BOY!
I WILL SIMPLY PLACE HER IN HYPER-SLEEP AS SOON AS I GROW WEARY OF HER INANE GIRLY BANTER ABOUT MOONLIGHT CANOE RIDES AND FUZZY LITTLE BABY CHICKS
STRIKE THAT. I RATHER ENJOY MOONLIGHT CANOE RIDES AND LITTLE BABY CHICKS. THEY'RE JUST SO FUZZY WUZZY

AND SO THE FESTIVITIES BEGIN AT WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS YOUR TYPICAL SUPER SATANIC WEDDING. ELVIS IS IN THE HOUSE.
THANK YOU... THANK YOU VERY MUCH. NOW, I'D LIKE TO DO A LITTLE NUMBER. A ONE, TWO..
BABY, LET ME BE YOUR LITTLE TEDDY BEAR. PUT A CHAIN AROUND MY NECK.
TCB
EL SUPERBEASTO HEARS THE SOUND OF THE KING FILTERING THROUGH THE PIPES.
AND LEAD ME ANYWHERE... OH, LET ME BE YOUR TEDDY BEAR.
WAIT! I HEAR SOMETHING .. I MUST BE CLOSE. DAMN IT! I FRIGGIN' LOVE THAT SONG.
CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE ARE GROWING RESTLESS
UM, NOT TO SOUND LIKE A NAG, BUT WHERE THE HELL IS HE?
DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE HERE.
HE'S JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO SPRING INTO ACTION
EITHER THAT OR HE'S LOST IN SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND MAZE. WHO KNOWS?
I'D THROW MY PANTIES ON STAGE IF I WAS WEARING ANY
I'D THROW MY PANTIES ON STAGE IF I WAS WEARING ANY
AND SO IT BEGINS
UNDEADLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO JOIN THESE TWO WRETCHED SOULS IN UNHOLY MATRIMONY
I WONDER IF MY BRIDE CAN COOK APPLE FRITTERS. I WONDER IF SHE LIKES SPRING SHOWERS... I WONDER IF SHE'LL WEAR A COWBOY HAT AND CALL ME TEX.
THINGS ARE GONNA CHANGE AROUND HERE ONCE I GET THAT RING ON MY FINGER. NO MORE JUNK FOOD, NO MORE TV, NO MORE PORNO.
:SNIFF: :SNIFF: :SNIFF:
I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP UP THESE PHONY WATERWORKS
IF THERE IS ANYONE HERE WHO OBJECTS TO THIS UNION, SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE
OH, CRAP!
NEXT ISSUE:
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK

WELL, EVEN MURDERING CLOWNS NEED A DAY OFF ONCE IN A WHILE, AND CAPTAIN SPAULDING IS NO EXCEPTION. SO WHERE DOES A SOPHISTICATED MAN LIKE THE CAPTAIN GO FOR A LITTLE REST AND RELAXATION, YOU ASK? WELL, I'LL TELL YA. A LITTLE JOINT CALLED JIGGLY JILL'S HOUSE OF WAFFLES AND ASSCAKES.
SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE! SHAKE YOUR BOOTY! COME ON, BABY, BACK THAT DUMPER UP RIGHT HERE! I GOT A BUCK WITH YOUR NAME ON IT! THAT IS, IF YOUR NAME IS "BIG ASS!" HA, HA, HA!
OH, CAPTAIN, I THINK YOUR FRIENDS ARE BACK FOR MORE TALL TALES OF TERROR...
WELL, GOD DAMN! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE YA STANDING THERE. I SUPPOSE YOU CAME IN HERE BUSTING UP MY FUN SO I CAN FINISH TELLING YOU MY LITTLE FAIRY TALE. WELL, TOUGH SHIT; I'M GONNA HAVE TO FINISH WHAT I'M DOING HERE FIRST SO TAKE A SEAT OVER BY THAT DRUNK ASSFACE AND SHUT YOUR PIE-HOLE.
I THINK I SPILLED MY DRINK.
...EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DR. SATAN BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK.

*BACK TO OUR STORY. WELL, AS YOU ALL KNOW, I AIN'T NEVER MET A BETTER KILLING TEAM THAN OTIS AND BABY... THIS TIME I GOT A FEELING THINGS ARE GONNA TURN OUT A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN ANY OF US EXPECTED.
GET THE WITCH!
SHE'S MINE!
THAT'S THE WAY, MY BROTHERS. BRING THE WITCH DOWN! I WILL DISPOSE OF THE HELLBILLY MYSELF!
COME ON, PIGGY! TIME TO START SQUEALING YOUR PIGGY LUNGS OUT!
MAKE IT QUICK, OTIS! I DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER!
HOLD STILL, WOMAN!
*OTIS LUNGES LIKE A MISSISSIPPI RAT DOG AT THAT BLOATED HOLY S.O.B., UNAWARE OF THE HORRORS THAT AWAIT... AND I DO MEAN HORRORS.
SLICE ME WIDE OPEN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! I HAVE MANY NEW SURPRISES I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHILE YOU'RE DYING!
YOU'LL HAVE A SURPRISE WHEN I WRAP THOSE INTESTINES AROUND YOUR NECK AND STRING YOU UP LIKE A RABID HOUND DOG!
HA, HA, HA!
FOOL, YOUR BACKWATER MIND CANNOT POSSIBLY COMPREHEND THE POWER I NOW POSSESS.
AUGH! MY WRIST IS SNAPPING!
*SHIT THE BED IF THAT OLD COOT DIDN'T SUDDENLY CHANGE HIMSELF INTO SOME KIND OF BUG-EYED ALIEN MONSTER MAN... THEN I AIN'T J. T. SPAULDING, AND I AM J. T. SPAULDING!
FEAST YOUR EYES UPON THE DIVINE WONDER THAT IS BATHORAGON THE ETERNAL!
AW, FUCK!
THE TIME HAS COME FOR ALL TO SEE THE TRUE APPEARANCE OF THE DEVILS YOU VAINLY WORSHIP!
DON'T ASK ME FOR AN EXPLANATION. CAUSE I AIN'T GOT ONE.

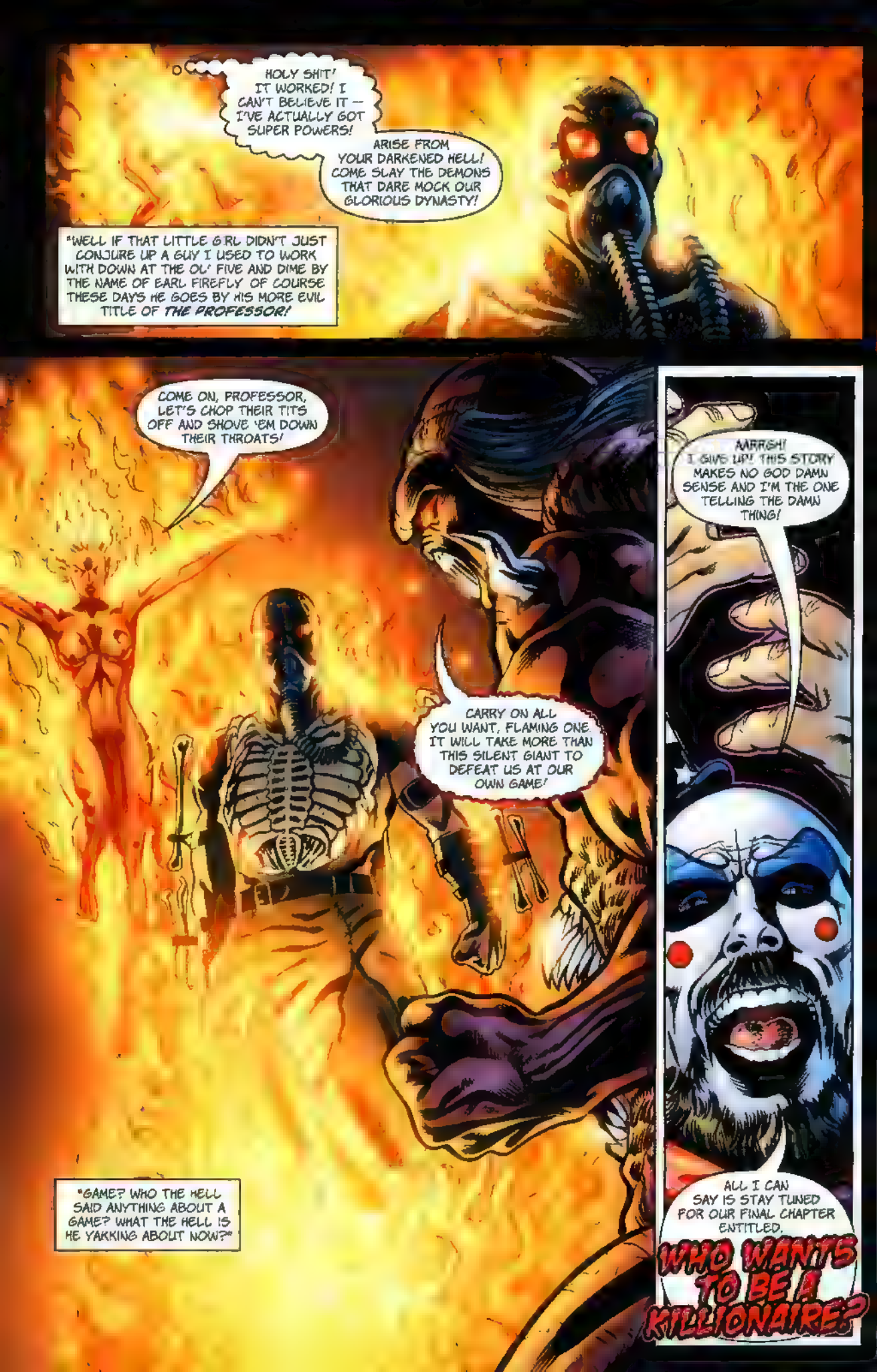
*HELL, NOT ONLY DID THAT A-HOLE MCCALEB TRANSFORM INTO THIS THING CALLED BATHORAGON THE ETERNAL, BUT SO DID HIS LEGION OF LITTLE BUTT BOYS.
TEAR HER FLESH FROM HER BONES!
I WANT HER EYES!
YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE A FINE ADDITION TO MY HAREM! HEH, HEH, HEH!
OTIS, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO RETURN TO OUR BLESSED MOTHERLAND RETURN TO RIVERS OF SULFUR, WINDS OF FIRE AND MOUNTAINS OF MISERY.
FOR THIS IS MY WORLD... XENARKIA!
WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, FOR ONCE I THINK THAT FAT TUB OF HORSE SHIT WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. AS CORNY AS IT MAY SOUND, OTIS AND BABY WERE DEFINITELY NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE. I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT HEY, DON'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEAS I'M SOME CLOSET JUDY GARLAND FAN!
YOU KNOW, KIDS, RIGHT ABOUT NOW I'M ABOUT READY TO QUIT BELIEVING MY OWN GOD DAMN STORY AND GET ME ANOTHER ORDER OF WAFFLES
COME ON, CAPPY, DON'T QUIT ON US NOW.

"WELL, BATHORAGON -- THE MAN FORMERLY KNOWN AS MCCALEB -- SENDS OTIS-- THE ONE FORMERLY KNOWN AS "THE GUY WHO WAS GOING TO SAVE THE DAY" -- FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A FRIGGIN' TWO-BIT FRIZBEE FROM THE QUIKY-MART
HAVE A NICE TRIP AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE! LOOK AT HIM GO! THIS DAY COULDN'T BE ANY SWEETER IF I HAD A NEWBORN KITTEN TO CRUSH IN MY HANDS!
MAMMA NEVER PREPARED ME FOR A SITUATION LIKE THIS. OH DEAR DR. SATAN, WHERE ARE YOU WHEN I NEED YOU?
OH, DON'T WORRY, LITTLE GIRL, YOUR TIME IS APPROACHING.
LEAVE HIM ALONE! TAKE ME INSTEAD!
"IN A JUMPING JACK FLASH, OTIS IS BACK LIKE AN IRRITATING SORE ON YOUR GRAMPA'S WRINKLED OLD VAN JOHNSON.
AIN'T NO PIG THAT CAN'T BE SILENCED WITH A SLICE ALONG THE BELLY. TAKE THAT, MOTHERFUCKER!
OH NO! YOU REALLY GOT ME WHERE IT HURTS. WHAT AM I TO DO!
YOU FOOL! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR PRIMITIVE WEAPONS CAN HANDLE SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
"LITERALLY FROM THE BELLY OF THE BEAST, A WHOLE NEW PROBLEM ARISES LIKE A BAD WIND FROM YOUR GRANNIE'S POOP SHOOT AFTER A BAKED BEANS BONANZA! AM I BEING OBVIOUS BY STATING THAT THINGS AREN'T LOOKING SO DYNAMITE RIGHT ABOUT NOW?
WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? A DUMB ASS HILLBILLY? MIND IF I RIP YOUR ARM OFF?
GOD DAMN! A TALKING REPTILE! I BETTER STEER CLEAR OF THOSE MEATY JAWS!
COME AND GET ME, WORM!
I ADMIRE YOUR VAIN ATTEMPTS TO MOCK ME, BUT I'M AFRAID THE TIME TO DIE IS UPON YOU!
"WELL, AT LEAST HE'S POLITE."

"AND SO GOES THE ARM. THEY TORE THAT SUCKER RIGHT OFF HIS BODY LIKE IT WAS A GOD DAMN TAFFY PULL!
ARGHHH!
"IN A QUICK-SHOT SECOND, BABY IS COVERED IN THE ALMIGHTY RED JUICE OF LIFE.
THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN IT'S GONNA HURT ME!
SEE, I TOLD YOU!
"MOMENTS LATER, THE ONE KNOWN AS OTIS B. DRIFTWOOD IS NO MORE
OTIS! NO! YOU CAN'T DIE ON ME NOW!
"AS OTIS' HEAD IS PULLED FROM HIS LIFELESS BODY, BABY ONCE AGAIN IS BATHED IN THE SPRAY OF HER BROTHER'S BLOOD... BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD-- WHAT IS THIS, A FRIGGING VAMP'RE FUNNY BOOK?"
WELL, LADIES-- AND I USE THE TERM "LADIES" LOOSELY-- I THINK I SHOULD END THIS BLOODY YARN RIGHT ABOUT HERE.
WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY? YOU MAKE US SIT THROUGH THIS WHOLE STUPID STORY AND YOU AIN'T GONNA FINISH THE DAMN THING?!
WELL, IF YOU INSIST.

*WELL, BATHORAGON'S DEMONOIDS STRIPPED THE BLOOD-DRENCHED BABY DOWN TO HER BIRTHDAY SUIT. APPARENTLY THEY DON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF DENIM, EITHER THAT OR THEY JUST WANT TO SPICY UP MY LITTLE STORY FOR ALL THE FANBOYS LIVING IN THEIR PARENTS' BASEMENTS
AND NOW, MY FAIR LADY, IT IS YOUR TURN.
I SAY WE SLOW ROAST HER WITH A SIDE OF APPLE SAUCE.
NO! THIS ONE'S GOOD FOR BARBEQUING. I SAY WE TOSS HER ON THE GRILL WITH BURGERS AND WIENERS.
SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING. IT'S BLOOD IS MAKING MY SKIN TINGLE.. MY HEAD IS SWIMMING WHAT'S GOING ON?
*WHAT THE HELLABALOO IS TIC-TOCKING IN BABY'S NOGGIN? I CAN SEE SHE'S GETTING SOME WILD IDEAS
*OH, NOW THIS IS DOWN RIGHT HUMILIATING
BOW BEFORE THE GREATNESS THAT IS I. SEE, BROTHERS, HOW HER WILL IS EASILY BROKEN. SHE IS NOTHING BUT A MAGGOT BEFORE ME... THE MIGHTY BATHORAGON.
LOOK AT HER CRAWL LIKE A SLIPHILIAN BOTTOM FEEDER. HA, HA, HA!
MY HEAD IS BEGINNING TO CLEAR. I NOW UNDERSTAND.. EVERYTHING IS SO CLEAR I AM NO LONGER A SIMPLE GIRL NAMED BABY.
COULD SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS HORSE SHIT TO ME!
I AM NOW MORE THAN THE SUM OF MY PARTS. I HAVE ACHIEVED A NEW LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
A LEVEL ON WHICH I CAN ONLY EXIST UNDER MY NEW MONIKER..
...FOR I AM A CREATURE REBORN.
REBORN AS..

"GET READY TO POP A BONER FOR THIS, KIDDIES.
...SUPER BABY! DAUGHTER OF SATAN!
WHAT IS THIS? HOW CAN THIS MORTAL ACHIEVE DEMONIC FLIGHT?! THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!
I'M FINALLY FREE OF MY EARTHBOUND LIMITATIONS AND I'M READY TO KICK YOUR FAT FUCKING ASS LIKE A CRANBERRY-STUFFED TURKEY ON CARVING DAY!
DON'T BET ON IT, SWEETY!
"SUPER BABY TAKES A FEW VICTORY LAPS AROUND THE JOINT IN THE HOPES OF GETTING A HANDLE ON THIS NEW FLYING THING.
THIS IS KILLER, BUT I GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO CONTROL THIS FIRE SHIT BEFORE I TURN INTO SOME KIND OF HALF-ASSED HUMAN TORCH CLOWN.
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, CHUBBY!
YOU MAY HAVE DISCOVERED A FEW PATHETIC PARLOR TRICKS, BUT I AM STILL THE LAW DOWN HERE, TOOTS!
I'M STARVING!
LET'S GET HER, BOYS!
I BELIEVE I SHOULD CALL FOR BACKUP JUST IN CASE MY NEWFOUND POWERS ARE TEMPORARY I BETTER MAKE THIS SOUND CONVINCING.
PROFESSOR! I BID YOU TO APPEAR FROM THE DEPTHS OF DEADWOOD AND STAND BESIDE ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED.
"HEY, I'D BUY THAT FOR A NICKEL. THIS CHICK IS PRETTY DAMN GOOD AT THIS SATANIC OOGA-BOOGA STUFF."


HOLY SHIT! IT WORKED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT -- I'VE ACTUALLY GOT SUPER POWERS!
ARISE FROM YOUR DARKENED HELL! COME SLAY THE DEMONS THAT DARE MOCK OUR GLORIOUS DYNASTY!
"WELL IF THAT LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T JUST CONJURE UP A GUY I USED TO WORK WITH DOWN AT THE OL' FIVE AND DIME BY THE NAME OF EARL FIREFLY. OF COURSE THESE DAYS HE GOES BY HIS MORE EVIL TITLE OF *THE PROFESSOR!*
COME ON, PROFESSOR, LET'S CHOP THEIR TITS OFF AND SHOVE 'EM DOWN THEIR THROATS!
CARRY ON ALL YOU WANT, FLAMING ONE. IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN THIS SILENT GIANT TO DEFEAT US AT OUR OWN GAME!
"GAME? WHO THE HELL SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A GAME? WHAT THE HELL IS HE YAKKING ABOUT NOW?"
AARRGH! I GIVE UP! THIS STORY MAKES NO GOD DAMN SENSE AND I'M THE ONE TELLING THE DAMN THING!
ALL I CAN SAY IS STAY TUNED FOR OUR FINAL CHAPTER ENTITLED,
WHO WANTS TO BE A KILLIONAIRE?

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LETTERS BY LITHIUM PRO

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7 DEAR MR. ZOMBIE

GREETINGS, FUNNY BOOK FANS! AS YOU CAN SEE, I DECIDED TO PAY A SURPRISE VISIT TO THE MVCREATIONS OFFICES. YOU SEE, PRODUCTIVITY ON SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL HAS BEEN SLACKING, SO I THOUGHT I'D COME DOWN AND GIVE THE KIDS A PEP TALK.
A LITTLE DEMONIC MOTIVATION NEVER HURT ANYBODY. I MEAN, HOW ELSE WILL WE EVER ACHIEVE OUR GOAL OF COMPLETE WORLD DOMINATION?
OKAY, LET'S START THE MOTIVATIONAL PROCESS!
I SWEAR WE'RE WORKING AS FAST AS WE CAN. I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN THREE WEEKS!
CURSE YOU, ZOMBIE! THIS NEVER HAPPENED WITH THE HE-MAN BOOKS!
QUIET! ALL YOUR TALK IS STOPPING PRODUCTION! WORK MORE!
HEY, BUDDY, I'M GONNA BE-- UHNG-- NEEDING THAT BRAIN. PLEASE-- UHHERRT-- LEAVE IT IN MY SKULL!
SLEEP! NO SLEEP! WORK! YOU MUST WORK FOR THE MASTER-- ACK!
MAYBE IF I RIP OUT THIS PART YOU WORK MORE! WORK! YOU MUST WORK!
SQUEAK SQUEAK GRRRR SQUEAK!

WELL, CORPSE FANS, WE'VE REACHED THE END OF THE LINE. THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF THE ONLY TRILOGY TO FEATURE INTERCHANGEABLE MIDDLE ACTS! I LIKE TO CALL THIS ONE...
CAPTAIN SPAULDING PRESENTS...
WHO WANTS TO BE A KILLIONAIRE?
LET'S CUT THE CRAP AND JUMP OVER TO CAPTAIN SPAULDING TO SEE WHAT HE'S GOT COOKING IN THAT FORMIDABLE CHROME DOME OF HIS.
WELL, HOWDY, SHIT HEEL! YOU'VE ARRIVED ON A RATHER SPECIAL DAY-- BATH DAY! YEP, IT'S THAT TIME OF THE MONTH AGAIN WHEN YOUR OLD BUDDY LIKES TO PEEL AWAY THE TOP LAYER OF GRIME AND GUSSY MYSELF UP FOR THE LADIES.
AND AS USUAL, I USE THE TERM "LADIES" RATHER LOOSELY. HEH, HEH, HEH. GIRLS, WHY DON'T YA INTRODUCE YOURSELVES TO THE NICE, HORNY FUNNY BOOK READERS.
I'M HONEY ROSE. IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE SURE THAT THE CAPTAIN'S NECK AND BACK ARE SCRUBBED CLEAN AS A WHISTLE.
I'M CHERRY TARTS. I'M IN CHARGE OF WASHING THEM BIG OLD FEET. DON'T WORRY, I SCRAPE BETWEEN THE TOES FOR CHEESE.
MY NAME IS MISTY LIPS. I'M A SPECIALIST. I HANDLE THOSE STINKY PITS. COMBING OUT THE ARM HAIR KNOTS AND LOOKING FOR INFESTATION.
THEY CALL ME DAISY SWEETS. I'M WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN UNDERWATER SPECIALIST. I'M IN CHARGE OF CLEANING HIS--
HOLD ON, DAISY. I THINK THEY GET WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
WELL, I GUESS THE OLD CLICHÉ IS TRUE. THE LADIES LOVE A GUY WITH A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR. EITHER THAT OR IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE CLOWN SHOES. BIG FEET, BIG SHOES.

"QUICK RECAP: BABY IS NOW A FLAMING SUPERHERO AND THE PROFESSOR HAS APPEARED OUT OF THIN AIR. WHY, YOU ASK? BECAUSE IT'S MY COMIC AND I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT.
BY THE LORDS OF SALEM AND THE BEGOTTEN BEASTS OF MOUNT ZARRAGGATHON, I COMMAND YOU TO DESTROY THESE OUTLANDERS!
KYU DISTOK NON MURFEED! DIE CON DESSIO!
"WHAT HELL IS THIS SHIT? BY THE WHAT OF WHAT? I THINK BABY HAS GONE PLUM LOCO. AND THAT PROFESSOR CAT WORRIES ME. HE AIN'T NONE TOO SMART
I AM NO LONGER THE ONE KNOWN AS BABY. I AM NOW BASHETHA, QUEEN OF ARRSOTH. YOU WILL KNEEL BEFORE MY MIGHTY CHARMS OR FACE THE WRATH OF AGES!
"OLD PREACHER MCCALEB HAS ONCE AGAIN BEGUN TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO... WELL, INTO SOMETHING. WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
HEH, HEH, HEH! LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, HOT CAKES. I AIN'T WHO YOU THINK I AM.
TELL 'EM, BOSS.
BOILS AND GHOULS, I AM... DRUM ROLL, PLEASE...
"BABY IS STARTING TO GET EXCITED AND, WELL, THE PROFESSOR IS JUST PLAIN CONFUSED."
HOLD UP, PARTNER. ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN?
GRUN BA GIDAN MORRGO!
DR. WOLFENSTEIN!
AND YOU, MY LUCKY LADY, HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE A CONTESTANT ON...
THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE THE NEXT CONTESTANT ON THE SUPER BRAINIAC MONSTER MADNESS SHOW! NOW TELL ME... WHO'S YOUR DADDY?
I'M NOT REALLY SURE. SO I GUESS THERE'S A CHANCE THAT IT'S YOU.
"FOR THOSE OF YOU UNFAMILIAR WITH WOLFENSTEIN, LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY. DR. WOLFENSTEIN WAS THE HOST OF THE DR. WOLFENSTEIN'S CREATURE FEATURE SHOW, WHICH RAN FROM JANUARY 12, 1965 UNTIL ITS CANCELLATION IN LATE FEBRUARY OF 1979. YOU MIGHT REMEMBER HIS HIT NOVELTY SONG CALLED, "EVERYBODY SCREAM." NO? WELL, SCREW IT AND KEEP READING.

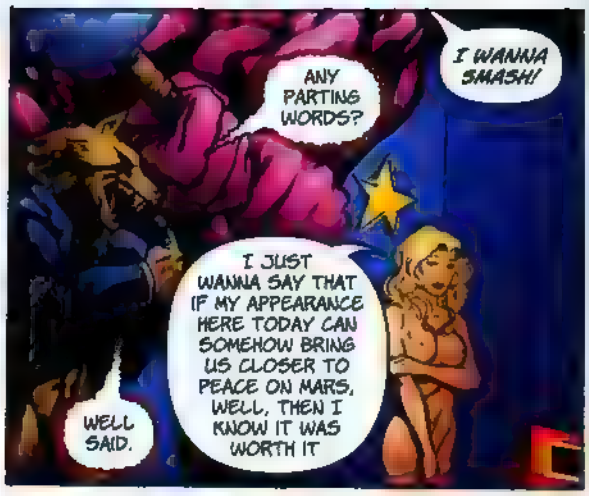
DID I EVER TELL YA ABOUT THE TIME I WAS ON BOWLING FOR COW PIES? WELL, LET'S JUST SAY I HIT THE JACKPOT.
WHAT'S A COW PIE? IS THAT ANYTHING LIKE A MOON PIE? I LIKE MOON PIES... THEY HAVE A CREAMY CENTER.
I DIDN'T KNOW COWS COULD BAKE PIES.
A COW CAN'T BAKE A GOD DAMN PIE!
A BUNT CAKE MAYBE, BUT NEVER A PIE!
*WELCOME TO BIG TIME TELEVISION, BABY! THE GUY WITH THE BIG HEAD IS MR. BRAINS MCBUTT, THE DEFENDING CHAMPION FOR SIX YEARS RUNNING.
THE SUPER BRAINIAC NSTER MADNESS SHOW!
OK, STAND BY. THREE SECONDS TO AIR. READY, THREE... TWO... ONE.
HMMM, I DON'T THINK I SHOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE RETAINING MY TITLE AS GRAND CHAMPION OF USELESS GEEK KNOWLEDGE! THESE PEASANTS LOOK QUITE COMMON.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN THINK AGAIN! MY BRAIN IS BACK TO NORMAL!
OH MY GOD, I FORGOT TO PUT MY CLOTHES ON AND I'M ABOUT TO BE ON TV! THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING! MAYBE NO ONE WILL NOTICE IF I HOLD THIS WEIRD POSE.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOILS AND GHOULS... PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE MAN ABOUT THE MOORS... DR. WOLFENSTEIN!
THE ER BRAINIAC
ARE YOU PEOPLE READY FOR A LITTLE MONSTER MADNESS?
YEAH!
I SAID, ARE YOU PEOPLE READY TO TEST YOUR THROBBING GRAY MATTER RATTLING AROUND IN YOUR ROTTING SKULLS FOR FABULOUS PRIZES?
YEAH!
JOHNNY, LET'S SEE WHAT OUR CONTESTANTS WILL BE PLAYING FOR.
"WOW! FABULOUS PRIZES! THE PROFESSOR COULD REALLY USE A NEW TOASTER OVEN. HE LOVES THOSE TUNA MELTS."

*THE BEAUTIFULLY DIMWITTED SPOKES MODELS OPEN THE CURTAIN TO REVEAL...
WELL, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN THE DECAPITATED HEAD OF OTIS B. DRIFTWOOD ATTACHED TO THE SUPER WONKER SONG MASTER 2000. NO PARTY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT!
GOD DAMN IT!
OTIS, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SONG ?
FEELINGS, NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS, TRYING TO FORGET MY FEELINGS OF LOVE. TEARDROPS ROLLING DOWN ON MY FACE, TRYING TO FORGET MY FEELINGS OF LOVE. FEELINGS, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, FEELINGS.
THANK YOU, OTIS. NOW, WHO WOULDN'T WANT THAT FOR THEIR NEXT PARTY?
*THAT SONG BROUGHT A TEAR TO THE EYE OF THIS SENTIMENTAL OLD CLOWN.
OKAY, I THINK WE ALL KNOW HOW TO PLAY THE GAME, SO LET'S GET STARTED. FIRST QUESTION, YOU CHOSE BRADY BUNCH FOR 500. HERE WE GO... WHAT WAS THE CHARACTER'S NAME OF THE YOUNG RASCAL WHO MADE HIS DEBUT ON JANUARY 25, 1974?
COUSIN OLIVER!
CORRECT!
SHIT, I KNEW THAT! THAT FUCKER IS FAST!
WHAT? I THOUGHT THAT KID'S NAME WAS BOBBIE!
MAY I INTERJECT THAT I BELIEVE COUSIN OLIVER WAS A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE AN ALREADY SINKING COMEDY SHIP.
YES, MR. MCBUTT, YOU ARE CORRECT. AND FOR 200 BONUS POINTS, WHO PLAYED COUSIN OLIVER?
*BABY SWINGS INTO ACTION, SLAMMING HER HAND DOWN ON THE BUZZER LIKE A WILD TV LAND HELLION GONE BERSERK.
ROBBIE RIST!
CORRECT!
WHO? I THOUGHT IT WAS MIKE LOOKINLAND!
DAMN YOU, GIRL!
PLEASE REFRAIN FROM COMMENTING ON THE OTHER CONTESTANTS, MR. MCBUTT.
*THE SHOW RAGES ON, BRINGING THE AUDIENCE OF PUSS-DRIPPING MONGOLOIDS TO A FEVER PITCH... OR AT LEAST A MILD, LUKEWARM SCREAM.
POP MUSIC FOR 400. NAME THE ONE HIT WONDER BAND WHO RECORDED THE SONG "AFTERNOON DELIGHT."
K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND?
WRONG
STARLAND VOCAL BAND!
CORRECT!
MCBUTT!
MCBUTT!
MCBUTT!
MCBUTT!
MCBUTT!
*WHAT CAN YOU SAY? THE CROWD LOVES A WINNER WITH AN ENORMOUSLY OVERSIZED BRAIN."

*TROUBLE SETS IN FOR THE PROFESSOR.
WELL, FOLKS, IT'S TIME TO CHECK THE SCORES. BABY HAS A RESPECTABLE 800 POINTS... MR. MCBUTT HAS A WHOOPING 1800 POINTS. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, IT SEEMS LIKE ONE OF OUR CONTESTANTS DIDN'T DO HIS HOMEWORK. I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR, BUT YOU HAVE ZERO POINTS.
SO I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE PROFESSOR AND HELLO TO MR. CHUCKLES. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S HEAR IT FOR MR. CHUCKLES!
*THE BAND JUMPS INTO A ROUSING RENDITION OF 'SEND IN THE CLOWNS', AND POOF! SUDDENLY, THE LUMBERING FIGURE KNOWN TO TV VIEWERS EVERYWHERE AS MR. CHUCKLES APPEARS
SOMEONE AROUND HERE DIDN'T DO THEIR HOMEWORK! WELL, I THINK IT'S SMASHING TIME! YUCK, YUCK, YUCK!
I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD HAVE STUDIED, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN.
*WITH ONE MIGHTY SWING FROM MR. CHUCKLES' MALLET OF CORRECTION, THE PROFESSOR IS REDUCED TO NOTHING MORE THAN A SMALL GREEN GLOBULE OF SATANIC WASTE MATTER.
OH MY, MR. CHUCKLES! HE LOOKS SO MUCH BIGGER ON TV.
SAY GOODBYE TO DR. SATAN FOR ME, AND DON'T FORGET TO FEED FLUFFY.
SO LONG, DUMMY!
BABY COMES TO THE STARTLING REALIZATION THAT THIS IS NO JOKE.
SWEET BABY JANE, I'D BETTER FOCUS OR MY ASS IS GRASS.
IS THAT WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE CONTESTANTS THAT YOU'VE BEATEN?
YES, AND YOU, MY DEAR, ARE NEXT. I HOPE YOU LEFT A CONTACT NUMBER WITH THE PRODUCERS IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY, BECAUSE YOU ARE ONE WRONG ANSWER AWAY FROM BECOMING GAME SHOW PIZZA.

ALL RIGHT, KIDS, IT'S TIME FOR THE LIGHTNING ROUND. THIS ROUND WILL DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT WE HAVE A NEW GRAND CHAMPION.
FIRST QUESTION... WHO SAID, "IS SEX DIRTY? ONLY IF IT IS DONE RIGHT."
WOULD THAT BE ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL?
NO, I'M SORRY, WRONG ANSWER. NOW, OVER TO MR. BRAINS MCBUTT-- IF YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY, YOU GET THE POINTS.
WELL, I CAN ONLY ASSUME YOU ARE REFERRING TO ALLEN KONIGSBERG, OR MAYBE YOU NEED TO HEAR HIS MORE COMMONLY-USED STAGE NAME... THAT WOULD BE WOODY ALLEN.
CORRECT!
NEXT QUESTION. NAME THE DIMINUTIVE SINGER/ACTOR WHO PORTRAYED THE PEACE LOVING APE IN THE MOVIE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES.
PAUL WILLIAMS?
CORRECT!
FOR THE BONUS POINTS, NAME ALL FIVE APES MOVIES IN ORDER OF THEIR RELEASE.
PLANET OF THE APES... BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES... UM...?
TIME'S UP!
MR. MCBUTT, CAN YOU COMPLETE THAT ANSWER?
ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES AND THE ALREADY MENTIONED BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES.
CORRECT!
OF COURSE IT IS!
OKAY, LET'S JUMP TO OUR PSYCHIC SECTION! WHAT NUMBER AM I THINKING OF?
ELEVEN?
OH NO, SORRY, WRONG ANSWER.
1,856,473?
CORRECT!
AND FOR THE BONUS... WHAT NUMBER WAS I THINKING ABOUT THINKING OF?
978,646,758,463?
YOU GOT IT!
OKAY, LAST QUESTION... IF I COULD BE ANYBODY, WHO WOULD I BE? THIS IS FOR 1000 POINTS. ANSWER THIS QUESTION AND YOU ARE THE GRAND CHAMPION!
UHHHM... WELL.... MAYBE... I'M GOING TO SAY JOHNNY WHITAKER, STAR OF SIGMUND AND THE SEA MONSTERS?
OH NO, CLOSE.
BRAINS, CAN YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION FOR THE STEAL?
I'D SAY RODNEY ALLEN RIPPY?
PLEASE REPEAT THAT!
RODNEY ALLEN RIPPY!
YOU, MR. BRAINS MCBUTT, ARE ONCE AGAIN OUR GRAND CHAMPION!

*THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY FIGURE OF MR. CHUCKLES LUMBERS ONTO THE STUDIO FLOOR.
WELL, BABY, WE'VE HAD OUR FUN, BUT NOW IT'S DONE. THANKS FOR PLAYING OUR GAME. AS ALWAYS, YOU WILL BE RECEIVING SOME LOVELY PARTING GIFTS INCLUDING A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF TURTLE WAX AND DINNER FOR TWO AT SIZZLER.
WOW! THAT'S GREAT!
SMASH IT!
SMASH IT!
SMASH IT!
SMASH IT!


I WANNA SMASH!
ANY PARTING WORDS?
I JUST WANNA SAY THAT IF MY APPEARANCE HERE TODAY CAN SOMEHOW BRING US CLOSER TO PEACE ON MARS, WELL, THEN I KNOW IT WAS WORTH IT
WELL SAID.

*A ROUSING 'BOOOOOOO' CAN BE HEARD FROM OUR RESTLESS CROWD OF GATHERED PLUTONIANS AND SATURIANS.
DOWN WITH MARS!
DOWN WITH MARS!
DOWN WITH MARS!
DOWN WITH MARS!
DOWN WITH MARS!

I CAN WATCH JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. I EVEN SAT THROUGH THE BAD NEWS BEARS GO TO JAPAN... TWICE! BUT SHIT ON A SHINGLE-DINGLE, I KNOW I CAN'T WATCH THIS.
WELL, ALL RIGHT, MAYBE I'LL WATCH A LITTLE MORE.

LET ME JUST SHAKE YOUR HAND AND SAY YOU'VE BEEN A DYNAMITE CONTESTANT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, IN ABOUT ONE SECOND WE WILL BE SCRAPING YOUR BRAINS OFF OUR STAGE WITH A TOOTH BRUSH.
THAT'S SO SWEET, THANK YOU. I'VE HAD A BLAST.
CAN I SMASH NOW?
MR. CHUCKLES... SMASH AWAY!

*THE GIANT IRON BALL OF MR. CHUCKLES COMES SMASHING TOWARDS OUR POOR BABY'S HEAD.
I GUESS I REALLY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT PLANET OF THE APES QUESTION.
FARWELL CRUEL WORLD! HELLO OBLIVION!
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SEE!

WHAAAM
AAAAHHHH!
WHAT THE--?
HOLY CRAP BURGER MURPHY-- IT WAS ALL A DREAM! HEY, KIDS! DO YA FEEL LIKE YA BEEN CHEATED?
WHEW! I JUST HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM. I WAS HITCHHIKING AND THESE GUYS STARTED CHASING ME AND THEN OTIS POPPED UP AND THEN THE PROFESSOR CAME ALONG AND THEN... UM... I THINK I WAS ON A GAME SHOW OR SOMETHING AND THEN DR. WOLFENSTEIN WAS ASKING QUESTIONS AND THEN.. HEY, WHO ARE THESE CHICKS? I DON'T REMEMBER KILLING THESE CHEERLEADERS.
I KNOW I'M DEAD, BUT THIS REALLY SUCKS. I'M GONNA MISS THE BIG GAME. SCOOTER IS GONNA BE SO ANGRY.
I GUESS I MUST BE SLEEP WALKING AGAIN. OH. WELL, LA DEE FUCKING DA!
OH, THE HUMANITY.
WELL, FOLKS, THAT'S ALL WE GOT, SO GET THE FUCK OUT!
STAY TUNED NEXT ISSUE WHEN WE BEGIN OUR NEWEST TALE OF CREATURE CRAZINESS CALLED..
SIMON DEATHSTALKER: MONSTER HUNTER!
OUR NEXT ISSUE IS BY FAR THE MOST ASS KICKING ONE YET! SO BE THERE OR WE'RE GONNA COME LOOKING FOR YOU!
WE KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE!

VOODOO HEARTBEAT

SPOOK-CITY'S #1 SOURCE FOR GOSSIP

KRONGARR NAMED IN STEROID PROBE

Evil villain favorite Krongarr was named this week in a steroid abuse probe by the Drug Free Villains Association. Also mentioned in the report were Drykracc the Mangler, Dr. Creeper and Flat Nose Rex of Planet Doom. Krongarr was quoted as saying, "I am naturally big-boned and have never taken an evil enhancement drug in my life. This is a complete witch hunt by the 98-pound weaklings of the world."

FANS CRY,"SELL OUT"

SUPERBEASTO RESPONSES TO CRITICS

Ex-Wrestling Champion El Superbeasto has angered many of his younger fans with his new series of comical television commercials for Hellizon Cellular phones. El Superbeasto responded to his detractors by saying, "Hey, they paid me a boatload of bread. What's the big #*$% deal?" He later added, "If anyone's got a problem with me, go shove it up your big fat a*$#**."

HATED ART CRITIC DIES NO ONE CARES

Entertainment guru Nelson Fishback passed away this week, the victim of an apparent beating. Known for his barbwire tongue-lashing of such films as *Sex Kittens in the Haunted A Go-Go* and *Dracula's Horny Christmas*, it is doubtful Mr. Fishback will be missed. No funeral is planned.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER CAUGHT IN GRAVEYARD SEX ROMP

For the second time in six weeks, Frankenstein's monster has been caught in a compromising position with an underage ghoul. The sex video tape will hit the internet later this week. A spokesperson for the monster said, "Mr. Frankenstein is spending time with his family and can not be reached for comment."

BACK TO THE ACTION! IF YOU'RE CONFUSED AND MISSED OUR LAST ISSUE, THEN GO FUCKING GET IT! WHAT ARE YA', TOO CHEAP TO SHELL OUT THREE FRIGGIN' BUCKS FOR A GOD DAMN LITERARY CLASSIC?!
ENSIGN KLATT, LOCK HEAT-SEEKING CYGON MISSILES ONTO TARGET!
YES, SIR, MISSILES LOCKED ON TARGET... AWAITING YOUR ORDER.
LOOK AT THOSE OBLIVIOUS FOOLS! WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT OFF SOME FIREWORKS AND BLOW A FRIGGIN' TROMBONE, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE LESS OBVIOUS THAN THIS SNEAK ATTACK!
YEAH, WHY DON'T THEY JUST, LIKE, CALL AHEAD AND SAY, "HEY, WE'LL BE, LIKE, SNEAKING UP ON YOU AROUND 4 O'CLOCK. YOU MIND TURNING YOUR BACK?" RIGHT, BOSS?
PIPE DOWN, ENSIGN! I'M THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO GETS TO BLATHER INANE, DIABOLICALLY OBVIOUS ONE-LINERS!
SORRY, BOSS.
HEY... HEY... HEY! DID SOMEONE FORGET ABOUT MY FISH STICKS AND KETCHUP? I WANT FISH STICKS AND KETCHUP!
DEAR GOD, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! THIS IS MADNESS!
OH, HE'S SERIOUS AND, YES, THIS IS MADNESS!
SUZI X
featuring MARVIN in
IS THAT A WEREWOLF IN YOUR PANTS OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

HIGH ABOVE BONEHEAD ISLAND THE MEGA-BAT SOARS, UNAWARE OF THE IMPENDING DOOM.
WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE GIANT SKULL?
THAT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF SILVER BONES' PIRATE ADVENTURE RIDE.
SILVER BONES? THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR... WAS THAT BASED ON A CARTOON OR SOMETHING?
YOU KNOW IT, DUDE. IT WAS A FAMOUS CHILDREN'S BOOK ABOUT THIS HUGE ROBOT NAMED SILVER BONES AND HIS PIRATE GANG.
OH, RIGHT, AND THEIR QUEST TO FIND THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN CLEGGO.
EXACTLY IN ITS DAY, THAT WAS THE MOST SOPHISTICATED ROBOTICS ATTRACTION EVER BUILT FOR AN AMUSEMENT PARK.
TIME TO TEACH THESE DO-GOODERS A THING OR TWO ABOUT WORLD DOMINATION. ENSIGN KLATT, BEGIN JAMMING THEIR CONTROL SYSTEMS.
YES, KING KRACKO. DISRUPTIONS WAVES ARE NOW PENETRATING THEIR COCKPIT.
GOOD, GOOD.
YOU SAID "PENETRATING THEIR COCKPIT.." HEH, HEH.
SHIT, MY MEGA-SYSTEMS ARE READING TOTAL FAILURE. I'M THROWING THEM OVER TO YOUR CONSOLE ON THREE.
CHECK.
ONE... TWO... THREE.
SWITCHING OVER TO... YIKES! THE MOTION RODS HAVE FROZEN. I'M IN COMPLETE SHUT DOWN!
GO TO BACKUP
I'M ALREADY ON BACKUP. WE ARE IN 100% DEAD MODE. IT COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE.
GUESS WHAT, MARVIN? IT JUST GOT WORSE. RADAR IS SHOWING THREE HEAT-SEEKERS APPROACHING AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, SIX O'CLOCK AND EIGHT O'CLOCK.
WE'RE SITTING DUCKS. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

"DO NOT TURN AWAY, DOCTOR... THIS IS GOING TO BE QUITE A GOOD SHOW."
HIT THE EJECT BUTTON AND HOLD ON TO YOUR NUTS!
YA-HOO!
HAVE A NICE TRIP, MARVIN, AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!
THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
I KNOW!
KABOOM
SO MUCH FOR THE FUCKING MEGA-BAT. HELL, THE THING ONLY COST AN ARM AND A FRIGGIN' LEG.
PRICE OF MISSILE: 5,000 DOLLARS. CLEAN UP OF MAGA-BAT DEBRIS: 12,456 DOLLARS. WATCHING YOUR ENEMIES EXPLODE INTO A MILLION PIECES OF HUMAN AND ROBOTIC WASTE: PRICELESS.
WE ARE DOOMED. I HOPE SOMEONE FINDS MR. WHISKERS BEFORE HE STARVES TO DEATH IN MY LABORATORY.
YOU COMPLETELY VAPORIZED THEM! YOU FIEND! THIS IS MADNESS!
I'M SCREWED.
YOU KILLED THEM IN COLD BLOOD! OH, THE HUMANITY!
CAN I WATCH A DIFFERENT SHOW? I DON'T LIKE SHOWS WITH BIG BOOM-BOOMS. WHY DOES TUESDAY FOLLOW MONDAY? I HATE SAND IN MY UNDERPANTS.
YES, PROFESSOR, YES. DON'T WORRY, THERE WILL BE NO SAND IN YOUR UNDERPANTS WHERE YOU ARE GOING.
STOP IT, YOU'RE SCARING ME! I WANT TO GO TO A HAPPY MARSHMALLOW PLACE WHERE THE UNICORNS RUN FREE.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION MARSHMALLOW, BECAUSE THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT YOUR BRAIN WILL RESEMBLE WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!
OH, MAMMA, I THINK I'M GONNA PEE-PEE!
AND PEE-PEE HE DID, MY DEAR READER.

OUR FAVORITE GIRL OF ACTION DRIFTS SLOWLY TO THE GROUND.
GERONIMO!
IF I CAN CATCH A BREAK WITH THIS AIR STREAM, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HIT THE BEACH WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.
THE WIND SUDDENLY STOPS.
ALL RIGHTY, SO MUCH FOR CATCHING A BREAK.
LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING ASS FIRST INTO A GANG OF...
...SHARKERS.
HEY, LARRY, DINNER HAS ARRIVED!
TOOK LONG ENOUGH, MURRAY. WE ORDERED THAT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AGO.
DAMN IT, SHE'S NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONES. I WAS HOPING FOR A PORKER!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE FEEDING FRENZY, FELLAS, BUT I AIN'T ABOUT TO BE AN APPETIZER FOR A BUNCH OF TALKING FISH.
I BETTER DUMP THIS RIG OR I'M A GONER.
LARRY, RUN! SHE'S PACKING HEAT! DEAR GOD, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
SWIM, MURRAY, SWIM!
ONE LITTLE KNOWN FACT ABOUT SHARKERS: THEY LOOK SCARY, BUT THEY'RE ALL PRETTY MUCH CHICKEN SHIT.
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!
LARRY! STAY CALM! DON'T PANIC, YOU'LL ONLY ENCOURAGE HER!
GET HER OFF! OH MY SWEET JESUS! SOMEBODY HELP ME!
HEY FELLAS, I GOT A PLAN! WHY DON'T WE JUST SMILE AND...
"WELLY, WELLY, WELLY, WELL... LOOKS LIKE ME GLAZZIES HAVE SPOTTED A HEALTHY YOUNG DEVOTCHKA MAKING WITH A BIT OF THE OLD ULTRA-VIOLENCE."
TAKE THAT AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR EATING MACHINE BUTTHOLE, MR. JAWS!
OH, LARRY! TELL MABEL I LOVE HER!
A STRANGER WATCHES.

ENTER BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS.
I VIDDY, ME BROTHER. ME TICK-TOCKER'S BEATING REAL HORRORSHOW.
I HOPE MISSY AIN'T TOO BOLNOY FOR A BOOHOOBOO TWENTY-ONE.
SHE'S RIGHT WAY SNUFFED OUT FOUR SHARKERS.
STEADY, ME BROTHERS. I GOT ME GULLIVER SCREENING REAL NASTY BITS, THANKS TO THE OLD MILK PLUS. ME RASSOODOCK'S NAGGING FOR A BIT IN OUT, IN OUT AND THE ULTRA V.
SAMMY MAGEE
BOOBIE FRANCIS
JAKE GOVERTON
BOBBIE WOLFGANG
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE YOUNG MALCHICKS ARE TALKING ABOUT, WE SUGGEST YOU FUCKING FIGURE IT OUT QUICK AND GET YOUR ASS OFF THE SHORT BUS.
ELSEWHERE, MARVIN HAS FOUND HIMSELF LOCKED IN A PRISON CELL BURIED DEEP BENEATH SILVER BONES' PIRATE ADVENTURE RIDE.
OH, MY COCONUT IS ACHING.
COULD THAT BE HIM?
COULD BE, MATEY.
I'M JUST GONNA PLAY LIKE A POSSUM UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHERE I AM.
HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS HE APPEARS, FALLING FROM THE SKY EXACTLY AS THE LEGEND TELLS.
WE MUST CONSULT THE HOLY WORDS.

SUZI, A LITTLE WORSE FOR THE WEAR, HEADS UP ONTO THE BEACH IN SEARCH OF MARVIN.
I'M NOT SURE WHICH UPSETS ME MORE-- THE LOSS OF THE MEGA-BAT OR THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF MY BRAND NEW DOLCE GHOULBANA JUMPSUIT. HMMMM... DEFINITELY THE JUMPSUIT.
LET'S SEE IF I CAN LOCATE MARVIN ON THE OLD COMLINK HERE...
MARVIN... AHOY, MARVIN.
MURRAY... MURRAY, WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE... I LOST A CONTACT LENS.
OVER HERE! LARRY, OVER HERE!
I THINK STU IS A GONER.
OH, THE HUMANITY!
CRAP! NO SERVICE, WHAT A SHOCKER. FUCKING GREAT, NOW I GOTTA SAVE THE WORLD AND FIND MY ARTSY FARTSY ROBOT BUDDY.
SUZI X PONDERS HER NEXT SUPER, SEXY, SUSPENSEFUL, EXCITING MOVE.
LOOK AT THE POOR, WEEPY, YOUNG D.
HMMMMM... NOW WHERE WOULD I GO IF I WAS A TWO THOUSAND POUND ROBOT WITH NO SENSE OF DIRECTION?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD." NO SHIT, SHERLOCK!
OH, MY DROOGIES, I'VE GOT A WARM FEELING ALL DOWN IN ME GULLIWUTS.
THIS SWEET YOUNG DEVOTCHKA HAS GOT ME YARBLES ALL BUNCHED UP REAL HORRORSHOW. RIGHT, RIGHT?

WHO IS THIS SPRINTING MACHINE-MAN BARRELING THROUGH THE HALLS OF A.S.S., YOU ASK? WELL, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN BENNY 456-RKO89Q, DRAGON HEAD'S RIGHT HAND ROBOT.
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! DRAGON HEAD'S REALLY GONNA HAVE A COW WHEN HE FINDS OUT I'VE LOST THE HOMING SIGNAL!
I MIGHT AS WELL START CLEANING OUT MY DESK RIGHT NOW! I'M THROUGH WORKING HERE! I BETTER FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH THE PHRASE "DO YOU WANT FRIES WITH THAT?" BECAUSE I'M GONNA BE HUMPING CHICKEN NUGGETS AT THE LOCAL SHIT BURGER INTO ETERNITY.
THE MAIN MAN.
I SWEAR ON THE CIRCUITS OF X-51M I DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO RETRIEVE THE SIGNAL!
SLOW DOWN, BENNY, I ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING. I GOT THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.
YOU MEAN--? NO, YOU DIDN'T!
YES, I'VE PUT IN A CALL TO EL SUPERBEASTO. HE SHOULD BE PICKING UP ANY SECOND NOW.
BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS ON SUSPENSION FOR USING THE CONTROL CENTER AS A GAMBLING CASINO.
HMMMMM? THIS IS STRANGE-- HE IS NOT RESPONDING. MY BRAIN WAVES SHOW THAT HE IS WITHIN RANGE OF HIS PLASMA-PHONE.
SIR, WHAT COULD BE THE PROBLEM? ARE WE GETTING A PICTURE?
ATTENTION, EL SUPERBEASTO! ATTENTION, EL SUPERBEASTO! THIS IS DRAGON HEAD CALLING! EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!
THERE HE IS... OH, GOOD HEAVENS!

OF COURSE HE CAN'T HEAR DRAGON HEAD. OUR MAN EL SUPERBEASTO IS TOO BUSY BLASTING THE LATEST RELEASE FROM THE DEVIL BOYS, ENTITLED "SMASH YOUR FUCK-FACE," WHILE WATCHING DUMB AND DUMBER FOR THE FORTY-SEVENTH TIME.
THAT FUCKING JIM CAREY IS A GOD DAMN FUCKING GENIUS.
I'M CONFUSED. WHICH ONE'S HARRY?
PAY ATTENTION!
HOW COME YOU ALWAYS MAKE US WATCH THE SAME MOVIE?
COOL IT, BABY. I'M TRYING TO CONCENTRATE.
I WANNA SMASH YOUR FUCK-FACE, SMASH YOUR FUCK-FACE!
I LIKE BUTTERNUT ICE CREAM
SOMEPLACE WARM! A PLACE WHERE THE BEER FLOWS LIKE WINE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN INSTINCTIVELY FLOCK LIKE THE SALMON OF CAPASTRANO. I'M TALKING ABOUT A LITTLE PLACE CALLED ASPEN!
OBLIVIOUS.
ATTENTION EL SUPERBEASTO! EMERGENCY!
NEXT ISSUE:
HO HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF MILK PLUS

WATCH IT! THIS TUX IS A RENTAL!
DAMN YOU, SUPERBEASTO!
HERE WE GO AGAIN.
WELL, DEAR READER, YOU MADE IT! THIS IS THE MIND-NUMBING, JAW-DROPPING, ASS-KICKING CONCLUSION TO WHAT HAS TO BE THE MOST EARTH-SHATTERING, BONE-CRUNCHING, TOUPEE-FLIPPING COMIC YARN IN THE HISTORY OF FUNNY BOOKS! WHAT? OH, THAT'S NEXT ISSUE. SORRY. THIS ONE AIN'T TOO SHABBY EITHER.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOU ASS-FACED BROCCOLI HEAD! I OBJECT LIKE BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN ON THE A-TRAIN GOING DOWN TO FUNKY TOWN!
HEY, THAT SOUNDED PRETTY COOL. I'M GONNA HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT "FUNKY TOWN" LINE.
ANYWAY, BY THIS POINT OUR MAIN MAN EL SUPERBEASTO HAS BEGUN THE PROCESS OF PARTY CRASHING WHAT HAS TO BE THE MOST TWISTED, UNHOLY UNION SINCE THE KING'S DAUGHTER MARRIED THAT ANOREXIC FORMER BLACK GUY WHO LIKES TO SLEEP WITH CHILDREN!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? ARE YOU WITH THE BRIDE OR THE GROOM? THIS IS HIGHLY UNORTHODOX!
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE HANDLED THE ROTHCHILD BAR MITZVAH. THESE SATANIC WEDDINGS ARE GETTING FAR TOO "BACKYARD WRESTLING" FOR ME.
I AIN'T WITH NOBODY, JACKASS! ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY LISTEN UP! IT'S TIME TO GET UP AND SCREAM, "WAY TO GO, EL SUPERBEASTO!"
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK

HERE IT IS-- THE BIG SHOE! THE MAIN EVENT! THE GRAND SLAM BREAKFAST WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR... MASKED WRESTLER VS. EVIL DOCTOR... MONKEY VS. MACHINE!
THESE PEOPLE ARE *DEFINITELY* NOT ON THE GUEST LIST! I WILL NOT STAND FOR PARTY CRASHERS AT A BLACK TIE EVENT! SECURITY!
THIS IS THE FINAL STRAW, EL SUPERBEASTO! YOU HAVE LEFT ME NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO BEAT YOUR CANDY ASS TO A BLOODY PULP! OTTO, GO GET HIM!
WHY DOES SOMETHING ALWAYS HAVE TO GO WRONG? I KNEW MARRYING A DOCTOR WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MY MOTHER WAS RIGHT!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S START BREAKING STUFF! I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO MINDLESSLY DESTROY PRECIOUS WORKS OF ART FOR OVER TWO WEEKS NOW!
HOLD ON, MARVIN! I'M NOT FINISHED HOLDING THIS HIGHLY DRAMATIC YET DARINGLY SEXY POSE. YOU GOT TO REMEMBER TO GIVE THE LADIES A LITTLE SOMETHING-SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY FOR THEIR WET DREAMS.
I THINK THE HOTTIE WITH THE BIG JUGS IN AISLE THREE IS GIVING ME THE HAIRY EYEBALL. I'LL GET BACK TO HER LATER.
COME ON, BROTHER MAN, LET'S WHOOP SOME BABOON BUTT AND HIT THE OPEN BAR! BY THE WAY, THE CUCUMBER FINGER SANDWICHES AT THIS EVENT ARE BEYOND INCREDIBLE.
THE GATHERED CROWD GAZES IN WIDE-EYED WONDER AT THIS DRAMATIC CHANGE OF EVENTS.
THAT GIRL WITH THE EYE PATCH IS SUCH A WHORE. WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?
I LOVE THAT JUMPSUIT.
THESE ARE VERY PECULIAR WEDDING VOWS. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK THE WEDDING WAS UNDER SIEGE.
I HOPE THIS IMPENDING MELEE WON'T DELAY DINNER. I REALLY NEED TO EAT SOMETHING BEFORE MY BLOOD SUGAR STARTS DROPPING.

THIS COULD BE A BIG MISTAKE!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, WRESTLER BOY. HOW ABOUT WE LET MISS VON BLACK DECIDE HER OWN FATE?
YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW I FEEL? OH, I'LL TELL YOU HOW I FEEL.
I AM, OF COURSE, QUITE SECURE IN WHAT HER DECISION WILL BE. ANY WOMAN WOULD DIE TO HAVE THE CHANCE TO SPEND ETERNITY WITH ME IN THE LAP OF LUXURY. I AM BEST DESCRIBED IN THREE WORDS... FAB - U - LOUS.
HEY, MY PAD AIN'T EXACTLY AN OUTHOUSE, COMPADRE. I JUST INSTALLED WALL-TO-WALL SHAG CARPETING. ME AND THE LADY CAN GET BUCK WILD IN EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE. THAT IS, IF SHE DON'T MIND THE RUG BURNS.
I'M PRETTY SURE THIS WASN'T THE BEST IDEA OUR SATANIC DOCTOR FRIEND HAS EVER HAD.
A RATHER COCKY DR. SATAN REMOVES THE GAG FROM THE MOUTH OF HIS FUTURE BRIDE.
YES, I'M SURE A LIFE OF ROMANTIC EVENINGS FILLED WITH PORK RINDS AND WRESTLING STORIES WILL MELT HER LITTLE HEART. HEY, MAYBE ON THE WEEKENDS YOU CAN TAKE HER BOWLING WITH YOUR BUDDIES DOWN AT THE REGAL BEAGLE.
GENTLEMEN, LET ME JUST START BY SAYING...
I THINK YOU, DR. SATAN, ARE A SNIVELING, PANTY-WAIST WIMP WHO COULDN'T CAST A SATANIC SPELL WITHOUT YOUR MOMMY HOLDING YOUR CLAMMY LITTLE HAND! AND DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE BED-WETTING!
WHOOPS! BAD IDEA.
HA, HA, HA! SORRY, DOC, BUT I KNEW THE WOMAN WOULD PICK ME. I'M AN AWESOME SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD!
SPECIMEN? YOU GOT THAT RIGHT
THIS IS WHERE SOME OF OUR READERS MAY BE SHOUTING, "YOU GO, GIRL!" IF SO, YOU ARE NOW BANNED FROM READING THIS BOOK.
EL SUPERBEASTO'S MASSIVE EGO MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO COMPREHEND HER LACK OF INTEREST.
YOU SHOULD BE IN A ZOO. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON UNDER THAT MASK.
WHAT? IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D SAY YOU WERE INSULTING ME. I'VE HEARD ABOUT A WOMAN'S REJECTION, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD POSSIBLY APPLY TO ME.
SNOOKUMS, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? IS THERE NO HOPE FOR US? HOW CAN A LOVE SO RIGHT BE SO WRONG?
WELL, THERE IS ONE WAY AND ONE WAY ONLY... KOON-UT-KAL-IF-FEE!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 3372.7...
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WHAM BAM, THANK YOU, SPACEMAN. WE ARE NOW ON PLANET VULCAN... OR AT LEAST IN A PLAYROOM IN DR. SATAN'S SPRAWLING ESTATE THAT VERY MUCH LOOKS LIKE PLANET VULCAN.
WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE COMES DOWN FROM THE TIME OF THE BEGINNING. THIS IS THE VULCAN HEART, THIS IS THE VULCAN SOUL. THIS IS OUR WAY.
HEY, I'M ALL FOR PLAYING DRESS UP, BABY, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. IT'S CALLED "THE MILE HIGH CLUB." YOU PLAY HELGA, THE RANDY SWEDISH AIRLINE HOSTESS, AND I'M CAPTAIN RON, THE ACE PILOT AND RESIDENT SEX MACHINE.
I LIKE FEET.
I WANT TO BE SPANKED.
I'M WEARING GIRLY UNDIES.
I LIKE TO SMELL FARTS.
I'M HORNY
THESE VULCANS AND THEIR LOGICAL MINDS ARE MAKING ME NERVOUS.
I HEAR YA. JUST CALL THIS PLACE "THE PLANET OF THE SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED." I MEAN, COME ON-- THESE CATS ARE STRUNG TIGHTER THAN JOAN RIVERS' FOREHEAD.
DR. SATAN, A.K.A CLOSET STAR TREK NERD, MAKES HIS GRAND ENTRANCE FOLLOWED BY A RATHER EMBARRASSED LOOKING OTTO.
I DIDN'T THINK THESE OUTFITS COULD GET ANY LAMER, BUT CHECK THIS DUDE OUT!
SOMEONE POINT ME TO THE NEAREST ROCK I CAN CRAWL UNDER.
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME SAY IT!
OTTO, NOW!
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, MAY I PRESENT CAPTAIN JAMES T. SATAN.
WELL, KIDS, THE GEEK FACTOR ON THIS ISSUE JUST WENT TO WARP NINE. HOLD STEADY, MR. SULU, THIS AIN'T OVER YET

WELL, WELL, WELL... I'LL BET YOU BOYS ARE WONDERING WHY I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY VULCAN HOMELAND.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE FROM NEWARK.
SILENCE! I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO CHOOSE MY CHAMPION. THE CHAMPION THAT WILL DIE FOR ME. THIS CONTEST IS TO THE DEATH!
LOOK, LADY, HOW ABOUT I KICK SPACE BOY'S ASS HERE AND THEN YOU AND ME GO BACK TO THE ENTERPRISE AND DO THE HUMPTY HUMP.
I CHOOSE YOU! KAL-IF-FEE!
WHAT? THIS IS RIDICULOUS I'M YOUR... WAIT... WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT "TO THE DEATH?" WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?
GOOD LUCK, OTTO.
BUT I, UM... AW CRAP.
OTTO DESPERATELY TRIES TO TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS RATHER STICKY SPACE WICKET.
I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS ONE COMING UP BROADWAY WITH THE LIGHTS FLASHING.
WELL, I'D LOVE TO BATTLE TO THE DEATH. I REALLY WOULD, BUT... BUT I GOT THIS CONDITION WITH MY LOWER BACK... AND MY ASTHMA IS REALLY ACTING UP. DID I MENTION I'M JUST GETTING OVER A SEVERE RASH ON MY PANCREAS? AND MY RICKETS... DID I MENTION THE RICKETS?
A SLOW CHANT OF, "PUSSY, PUSSY, PUSSY" BEGINS TO GROW LOUDER FROM THE GATHERED CROWD OF FOUL-MOUTHED VULCANS.
THE VULCAN QUEEN GROWS INCREASINGLY MORE BITCHY.
ENOUGH OF YOUR DOUBLE TALKING MONKEY BULLSHIT! KAH-IF-FARR! EITHER FIGHT OR I WILL BE FORCED TO REMOVE YOUR INTELLIGENCE MODULE, THUS RETURNING YOU TO YOUR ORIGINAL ASS-PICKING, BANANA-LOVING, FECES-THROWING STATE!
NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT... I CAN'T CONCEIVE OF RETURNING TO A LIFE OF NINE TO FIVE SUBURBAN LIVING!
THEN IT IS DONE!
WHOA! THIS LADY MEANS BUSINESS.

WELL, OTTO COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE HOPELESSNESS OF HIS SITUATION AND DECIDES TO GET WITH THE PROGRAM. EACH WARRIOR STANDS READY WITH HIS LIRPA IN HAND. WHAT'S A LIRPA? SOME GOOFY VULCAN THING.
LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!
HMMM? SEEMS LIKE THIS GUY CAN KICK MY ASS. I BETTER RESORT TO SOME PSYCH-OUT TRICKS.
SINCE I'M PRETTY SURE THIS GUY CAN KICK MY ASS, I BETTER USE SOME PSYCH-OUT TACTICS.
COME ON, HOT SHOT! TIME FOR UNCLE OTTO TO TAKE YOU TO SCHOOL. THAT'S RIGHT FOCKER, I'M WATCHING YOU. I WILL TAKE YOU DOWN... DOWN TO CHINATOWN.
THAT ALL YOU GOT, MONKEY MAN? I'M GONNA HIT YOU SO HARD DR. ZAIUS WILL CRAP HIS DRAWERS. COME AND GET IT, YOU DAMN DIRTY APE.
YEAH, YOU WISH.
NO. YOU WISH.
THIS IS GETTING PATHETIC. COME ON, GUYS. LESS TALK, MORE ROCK.
WAIT! I MUST GIVE MY BROTHER A HIT OF THIS TRI-OX COMPOUND TO COMPENSATE FOR THE THIN ATMOSPHERE.
TRI-OX WHAT? HEY, THIS IS BULLSHIT!
THIN AIR? WHAT THE HELL IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT, CHIMP-BOY?
THIS OUGHT TO KNOCK HIS DUMB ASS OUT BEFORE HE GETS HIMSELF KILLED.
YOU KNOW I GOT A THING WITH NEEDLES. IS THIS GOING TO... OUCH!
I ASSUME AT THIS POINT ALL YOU TREKKIES ARE DOING A ROMULAN HAPPY DANCE AND ALL YOU NON-TREKKIES ARE THINKING, "WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING?"
COOL IT, BRO.
WITH LIGHTNING-FAST MONKEY SPEED, OTTO MAKES THE FIRST MOVE.
I BETTER COME UP WITH SOME COOL ASS CATCH PHRASE TO THROW HIS GAME OFF.
BY THE MIGHTY POWER OF ZEUS, I STRIKE THEE, O'MASKED ONE, FROM BEYOND INFINITY!
SAVE YOUR DIME STORE THOR HORSESHIT FOR YOUR BABOON FRIENDS, PAL. IT'S BITCH SLAPPING TIME!
DAMN! THAT NEARLY CUT ME NIPS OFF!
AND SO, THE FAKE VULCAN BATTLE RAGES ON! MAN VERSES MONKEY IN A FINAL QUEST FOR SUPERIORITY OF THIS SPINNING ROCK WE CALL EARTH! HEAVY SHIT, DUDE!

THUD! EL SUPERBEASTO BRINGS HIS LIRPA SMASHING DOWN ONTO THE GREAT APE'S BACK. HE'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT WALKING ERECT AFTER THAT ONE!
OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET IN THE TREKKER CHATROOMS TONIGHT. LORD BARTHADON IS NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE THIS!
BY THE POWER OF BILL SHATNER'S BLOATED EGO-- DESTROY HIM!
PUT THAT IN YO' NASTY MAMMA'S NAPPY BREAD BASKET AND STUFF IT!
OH, NO YOU DIDN'T DON'T YOU BE TALKIN' ABOUT MY MAMMA!
NOBODY CALLS MY MAMMA'S BREAD BASKET NAPPY AND LIVES TO SEE TOMORROW!
COME ON, BROTHER! BEAT THAT MONKEY DOWN LIKE TONY DANZA AND LET HIM KNOW "WHO'S THE BOSS!"
YO MAMMA'S SO FAT SHE GOT TO WALK THROUGH A CAR WASH NAKED JUST TO CLEAN HER BUTT CRACK!
YEAH, WELL YOUR MAMMA'S SO UGLY SHE'S GOT TO WEAR A WRESTLING MASK SO SHE DON'T SCARE THE COCKROACHES CRAWLING UP HER STANKY PITS.
WHAT?!
THAT'S IT, FOLKS. OTTO HAS CROSSED THE LINE! FROM HERE ON OUT, THERE IS NO TURNING BACK!
UGHHHH!
THAT'S DOES IT, CORNELIUS! DON'T NO ONE MAKE FUN OF NO WRESTLING MASKS ON MY BEAT!
A FEELING OF DREAD CREEPS OVER MISS VON BLACK.
TAKE THAT AND SHIP IT TO YOUR AUNT TILLIE!
DAMN IT! I THOUGHT THAT MONKEY WAS A SURE THING. THIS IS NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND.
HOLD ON, SPACENUTS, THIS AIN'T OVER YET.
OH CRAP! THERE GOES MY NEW BRIDGE WORK!
AND WITH THAT WELL PLACED KICK TO THE TEETH, OTTO IS NOW SPORTING SOME OFFICIAL NHL HOCKEY TEETH.

A WARM, FUZZY FEELING BEGINS TO CREEP INTO EL SUPERBEASTO'S BRAIN, MAKING HIM A TAD LOOPY.
AFTER I'M DONE KICKING YOUR... WHAT WAS I TALKING ABOUT? YO' MAMMA'S SO... WHO? WHAT WAS I SAYING ABOUT "WELCOME BACK KOTTER?" I THINK I NEED TO...
... LIE DOWN AND TAKE A... NAP. UGH.
THE PIANO MAN ONCE SANG "ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG," BUT CONSIDERING EL SUPERBEASTO IS PUSHING FIFTY... WELL, I GUESS HE WASN'T SO GOOD. WHAT?
I SEE A TUNNEL OF WHITE LIGHT I'M WALKING TOWARDS THE LIGHT... I SEE MY UNCLE LOU... MY DOG LUMPY... AND BILLY BARTY... AND... UGH.
OK, BRANDO, LET'S NOT OVERDO IT. NOBODY'S WINNING ANY OSCARS FOR THIS HAMMY PERFORMANCE.
YOU KILLED HIM. HE'S DEAD. YOU KILLED EL SUPERBEASTO!
YEAH, BOYEEEE! WHO DA MAN? WHO DA MAN? I AM A BAD MAN! YOU ALL SAW THAT... YOU SAW IT! ONE PUNCH AND DOWN HE GOES! HA, HA, HA, HA!
LOOK AT THAT MONKEY GLOAT.
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HIS HEART GAVE OUT FROM THE ATMOSPHERE. THE TRI-OX COMPOUND WAS TOO WEAK.
I WON! I WON! I AM THE GRAND CHAMPION! NO ONE CAN DEFEAT ME! I AM A GOD!
NEXT ISSUE:
THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION
THE ONE YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!
SIMPLY ENTITLED... CATFIGHT!

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COVER
PAT BOUTIN & VAL STAPLES

LETTERS BY LITHIUM PRO

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HEY, PUNK, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT!? YEAH, YOU! DON'T PANIC, KID, I'M JUST MESSING WITH YA. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE FOLKS HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL HAVE FINALLY COME TO THEIR SENSES AND HIRED AN ENTERTAINMENT GIANT TO INTRO THESE HERE FUNNY BOOKS...NAMELY ME!
I AM OBVIOUSLY OVERQUALIFIED FOR SUCH A MEANINGLESS TASK, BUT WHAT THE HELL. THEY PAID ME FIFTY BUCKS IN ADVANCE.
SO WHAT DO WE HAVE THIS MONTH? WELL, I'LL TELL YA: TWO AMAZING STORIES FEATURING YOURS TRULY IN FINE FIGHTING FORM, AND SOME OTHER CRAP I DIDN'T BOTHER READING.
SO ENJOY!
MIND IF I RUB YOUR SHOULDERS?
CAN I MASSAGE YOUR MASSIVE PECS?
THE BAR IS NOW OPEN!
BE CAREFUL WITH THE MERCHANDISE, DOLL-FACE. THIS AIN'T MY ONLY STOP TONIGHT.

SAY IT ISN'T SO! HOW COULD EL SUPERBEASTO DIE! HE'S THE BREAD AND BUTTER OF THIS WHOLE SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL OPERATION! WHY WOULD WE KILL OUR MOST VALUABLE CHARACTER? WHAT PURPOSE COULD IT POSSIBLY SERVE TO CUT DOWN OUR BELOVED CASH COW IN THE PRIME OF HIS PUBLISHING LIFE?
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
CATFIGHT!
OKAY, TIME FOR SOME PRIME STRASBERG METHOD ACTING. BRANDO, EAT YOUR HEART OUT
MARY, MOTHER OF ALL THAT'S HOLY, SWEET BABY JESUS! SOMEONE PINCH ME! TELL ME IT CAN'T BE TRUE. OH, GOD IN HEAVEN, SAVE US! WHY? WHY?
CHRIST, MARVIN, TAKE IT DOWN A FEW NOTCHES. YOU SOUND LIKE DIANE SAWYER FAWNING OVER A PIMPLE ON GEORGE CLOONEY'S ASS.
:SOB:... OH, MY DEAR BROTHER... :SOB:... LET'S GO HOME... :SOB:... YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE.
I SAID, WHO'S THE MAN WITH THE MASTER PLAN?
DR. SATAN! YEAH, BOYYYEEEE!
I SAID, WHO'S THE ONE THAT THE LADIES LOVE?
DR. SATAN! COME ON! DR. SATAN! COME ON!
I SAID, WHO'S THE MASTER, THE MICROPHONE FIEND, THE ONE WHO MAKES THE BEE-ATCHES SCREAM?
DR. SATAN! YEAH, TELL ME WHERE YOU AT?
WE HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL WOULD JUST LIKE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS KIERON DWYER'S FINAL APPEARANCE AS THE ARTIST ON EL SUPERBEASTO. ALL WE CAN SAY IS THANKS, BUDDY-- YOU KICKED SOME SERIOUS ARTISTIC ASS WITHIN THESE HOLY PAGES!
BUT DON'T WORRY, KIDS, EL SUPERBEASTO WILL RETURN NEXT ISSUE WITH A SUPER SURPRISE NEW ARTIST! STAY TUNED, CHUMPY, THINGS ARE JUST GETTING STARTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... EL SUPERBEASTO HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.
OH, SWEET LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH. LOOK DOWN WITH MERCY ON OUR FALLEN BROTHER AND GUIDE HIM TO YOUR DIVINE LIGHT. FOR I HAVE NEVER KNOWN A MAN WHO THOU ART LOST AMONG THE FLOCK...
MARVIN, SHUT THE FUCK UP
SORRY
SEE YA LATER, KIDS. THAT'S RIGHT, YOU TAKE THAT HAS-BEEN CHUMP BACK TO PALOOKAVILLE.
SHE'S REALLY PUSHING IT.
>GURGLE< I SMELL TOAST BURNING.
SUZI IS ALMOST OUT THE DOOR WHEN THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENS.
THAT'S RIGHT, BITCH. YOU BEST BE MOVING YOUR STANKY BITCH ASS OUTTA MY FACE.
OH, NO SHE DIDN'T.
A SLAB OF SILENCE FALLS OVER THE CROWD LIKE DOM DELUISE PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF A WATER SLIDE.
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
I DON'T KNOW. ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
YES, I BELIEVE SO.
ME TOO
YOU WANNA REPEAT THAT, BITCH?
WHY? DO I STUTTER, BITCH? I THINK YOU HEARD ME. I SAID YOU BEST BE MOVING THAT HO STANK BITCH SKANK ASS OUT MY FACE, BEE-ATCH!
WELL, KIDS, THE LINE HAS BEEN CROSSED. I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHERE IT IS OR WHO PUT IT THERE, BUT WE DEFINITELY CROSSED IT.
COME ON, BITCH! YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME, HO?
I'M GONNA HIT YOU SO HARD THE UGLY IS GONNA FLY OFF YOUR FACE, SPROUT WINGS AND TRAVEL ALL THE WAY BACK TO SLUTVILLE!
ALL I NEED IS MY BITCH SLAPPING HAND AND YOU'RE GONNA BE ONE SORRY HOSEBAG.
OH REALLY? YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
BRING IT ON, SISTER!
SIT BACK AND ENJOY.

DR. SATAN AND OTTO BEGIN GIGGLING LIKE LITTLE SCHOOL GIRLS AT A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE CONVENTION.
HE, HE, HE! I THINK MY PRAYERS ARE ABOUT TO BE ANSWERED
HE, HE, HE! I HAD A DREAM LIKE THIS ONCE.
HE, HE, HE! I HAVE A DREAM LIKE THIS EVERY NIGHT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TWO GIGGLING AT? DON'T MAKE ME COME OVER THERE! YOU TWO THINK THIS IS FUNNY? I'LL SHOW YOU FUNNY!
TALK ABOUT A MOOD KILLER.
PARTY POOPER.
WHAT? I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
I KNEW THIS WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
I WASN'T LAUGHING. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
LADIES AND LADIES, START YOUR BITCH SLAPPING ENGINES AND LET THE GAMES BEGIN!
TWO HITS, SISTER! ME HITTING YOU AND YOU HITTING THE GROUND!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, ONE-EYE!
MAKE YOUR MOVE.
OH, I GOT THE MOVES. YOU AIN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT YOU, TRAMP.
MISS VON BLACK LUNGES AND STRIKES FIRST WHERE IT HURTS THE MOST!
YOU FUCKING WHORE! YOU FUCKING RIPPED IT! YOU'RE PAYING FOR THAT!
WHAT? THAT CHEAP OLD RAG? I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER, YOU CAN BUY TWO MORE.
YOU ARE SO DEAD
PROVE IT!
THIS IS DISGUSTING. WE HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL APOLOGIZE FOR DROPPING THE STANDARD OF DECENCY TO A NEW LOW.
LET'S SEE IF THE BOYS ARE AS DISGUSTED BY THIS VILE DISPLAY OF GIRL-ON-GIRL ACTION?
YES.
YES.
OH, YES.
I STAND CORRECTED

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU WIPE THAT SHIT OFF YOUR FACE! OH, SORRY, THAT IS YOUR FACE.
CHIP ONE OF THESE PEARLY WHITES AND YOU ARE A DEAD GIRL!
HMMM? THIS IS STRANGELY UNAPPEALING.
HOLY SHIT, IT'S REAL HAIR! I THOUGHT FOR SURE THAT OUTDATED HAIRDO HAD TO BE YOUR AUNT BESSIE'S WIG!
WIG THIS, BITCH!
KICK HER ASS, SEA BASS!
UGH!
THIS ALWAYS LOOKED SEXIER ON CHARLIE'S ANGELS. I THINK I'M GONNA HURL.
I'M GONNA RIP YOUR OTHER FRIGGIN' EYE OUT!
THAT'S GONNA BE HARD TO DO WITH A BROKEN ARM.
I'M GONNA BREAK IT OVER YOUR HEAD!
LADIES! CAN'T WE SIT DOWN WITH SOME NICE EARL GREY TEA AND SOME FRESH MACADAMIA NUT SCONES AND DISCUSS THIS?
WHY DID I THINK A CATFIGHT WOULD BE SO HOT? THIS IS NASTY!
OK! OK, LET'S JUST CALL IT A TIE. NICE JOB, GIRLS. OK, LET'S BREAK IT UP.
HERE'S A LITTLE DENNY'S STYLE BREAKFAST FOR YA. IT'S CALLED, "THE GRAND SLAM BOOT IN YOUR BIG MOUTH, BITCH BREAKFAST!"
UGH! MY BEAUTIFUL FACE!
DON'T WORRY, HONEY, IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!
SORRY, MARVIN, THAT AIN'T HAPPENING.
WHY DOESN'T ANYONE JUMP IN AND BREAK THIS UP? JUST A THOUGHT

HMMMM? THIS IS STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE LIKE THE CLIMAX TO ROCKY 2. LET'S HOPE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER UP OUR SLEEVES THAN THAT
IS THAT ALL YOU GOT, BITCH?
I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP
REMEMBER THAT EPISODE OF THE BRADY BUNCH WHEN MARCIA GETS HIT WITH THE FOOTBALL?
YEAH, SO?
WHAT WAS IT MARCIA SAID?
"OWWW, MY NOSE!"
YEAH, THAT'S IT.
THE BIGGER THE SKANK... THE HARDER THEY FALL.
UGH... KEEP TALKING, SISTER.
HEY, MORON! YEAH, YOU! GET YOUR GOOD FOR NOTHING ASS OVER HERE AND HELP ME UP!
YES, DEAR.
OTTO, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE I'VE COMPLETELY MISJUDGED THIS ENTIRE SITUATION.
REALLY, WHAT'S GIVING YOU THAT IDEA?
JUST A FEELING
YEAH, I FEEL YA.
COME ON, MOVE YOUR ASS! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY TO WAIT FOR YOU! WHAT, YA GOT LEAD IN YOUR ASS!?
YES, DEAR.
WELL, I'D SAY THINGS WORKED OUT PERFECTLY
YOUNG LOVE IN BLOOM. SO TOUCHING.
HEY, YOU GUYS NEED A FOUR HUNDRED POUND HOUSEKEEPER, BY ANY CHANCE?
OW! YOU'RE HURTING ME, YOU BIG DOPE. BE CAREFUL!
YES, DEAR.
AND THE WONDER OF DR. SATAN'S MARRIED LIFE BEGINS.

AND SO OUR DYNAMIC TRIO HEADS BACK TO THEIR CARS, READY TO CALL IT A DAY. ANOTHER AMAZINGLY HEROIC JOB WELL DONE.
RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN. WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED BACK THERE? DID I WIN? MAN, I FEEL LIKE ORSON WELLES IS TEST DRIVING A TRAMPOLINE IN MY SKULL.
YEAH, BRO, YOU KICKED SOME MAJOR ASS. IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE.
I ALMOST CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE IT HAPPENED.
HEY, BUDDY, YOU AND ME GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
OH CRAP, NOT THIS JACKASS AGAIN.
LOOK, FUZZY, YOU BETTER BE TAKING IT ON THE ARCHES BEFORE I TURN AROUND OR SOMETHING BAD IS GONNA HAPPEN.
I GOT THREE MORE TICKETS LEFT TO THAT ASS KICKING. ONE FOR EACH OF YOU.
LOOK, MAN, I'VE HAD A ROUGH NIGHT AND I AIN'T IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR MONSTER MAN TOUGH GUY HORSESHIT RIGHT NOW!
I KNEW YOU WERE CHICKEN SHIT. MAYBE YOUR SISTER CAN PROTECT YOU?
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
SHOULD WE HELP?
NAH, HE'S GOOD.
I STILL GOT ENOUGH WHOOP ASS IN MY LITTLE FINGER TO MAKE YOU CRY ME A RIVER.
BRING IT AND I'LL...
OWWWAFF!
BUDDY, YOU BETTER HIT THE SIT-UP BENCH. THESE ABS ARE ABOUT AS SOLID AS MY GRANNIE'S ASS!
SLUSH!
THIS ONE'S FOR YO' MAMMA!
KIND OF REMINDS ME OF RALPHIE BATTLING OLD SCUT FARCUS IN THAT FIGHT CLASSIC ENTITLED A CHRISTMAS STORY.
AND THIS ONE IS FOR DROOLING ON MY SHOES, YOU HORN-HEADED SASQUATCH PANSY BOY!
OW, THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK!
HAVE A NICE TRIP, KRONGARR, AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!

I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ALL GOOD HEROES TO GO TO BED AND LET SOME POOR SLOB WHO MAKES MINIMUM WAGE CLEAN UP THE BLOODY MESS THEY LEAVE BEHIND.
HELP, I'VE FALLEN AND I CAN'T GET UP
CAN I PLAY ONE OF MY BOOKS ON TAPE FOR THE TRIP HOME?
WHICH ONE?
YES, I CAN BY SAMMY DAVIS JR. AS READ BY NORMAN FELL.
AH... NO.
WELL, I GUESS I'M GONNA GO CRAWL IN A BOTTLE OF JACK UNTIL MY BROKEN HEART IS MENDED. WHICH I FIGURE IS ABOUT A FIFTEEN-MINUTE PROCESS.
LOOK AT THAT BLOKE OVER THERE. HE'S OFF HIS ROCKA.
BLOODY HELL, I'D LEND HIM A HAND IF I HAD ONE.
ADIOS, AMIGOS!
SO LONG, BRO.
APPROXIMATELY FORTY SECONDS LATER.
GOLLY, I HOPE THIS NEXT CAR HAS A HEART AND STOPS. MY PUPPIES ARE BARKING.
AH, MISS VON BLACK, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN? I REALLY THOUGHT TRUE LOVE WAS MINE AT LAST. HOPEFULLY I CAN FORGET YOU? YOU WERE... WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?
WELL, IF IT AIN'T CINDY LOU FRESH OFF THE APPLE CART. I'LL BET SHE IS ONE TRUSTING COUNTRY GAL WHO'S WILLING TO PLEASE.
HEY, STRANGER, HOW'S ABOUT GIVING ME A LIFT? I'M ON MY WAY TO LAS VEGAS TO BECOME A SHOWGIRL AND I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A LIFT.
HUBBA HUBBA! TOOTS, YOU GOT ALL THE RIGHT PARTS TO HELP ME FORGET A CERTAIN MISS VON...? UM, WHAT WAS HER NAME AGAIN? SHIT, I'M ALREADY BETTER.
HEY, MAMMA, THROW THAT BAG IN THE TRUNK AND SQUEEZE THAT BOOTYLICIOUS SET OF HAUNCHES IN NEXT TO ME. I THINK THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NIGHT.
OKAY.
NYC
AND AWAY THEY GO.
HEY, MISTER, HOW FAR YA GOING?
ALL THE WAY, BABY ALL THE WAY.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT DR. SATAN'S LAIR, THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT... WELL, THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT PRETTY MUCH LIKE WE THOUGHT THEY WOULD.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO WATCH OKRAH?! GO FOLD THE LAUNDRY AND CLEAN THE LITTER BOX! MR. WHISKERS NEEDS HIS BOX CLEANED TWICE A DAY! MAKE SURE YOU TAKE THE CHICKEN OUT OF THE FREEZER AND START DEFROSTING IT FOR TONIGHT! THE WEINBERGS ARE COMING OVER FOR DINNER AND I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE PERFECT! PERFECT! DO YOU HEAR ME!!
YES, DEAR.
GO TO A HAPPY PLACE... GO TO A HAPPY PLACE.
I GIVE IT ANOTHER WEEK BEFORE HE STICKS HIS HEAD IN THE OVEN.
HEY, MONKEY, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? KEEP FANNING, I'M GETTING HOT!
SORRY, MISS VON BLACK SATAN.
I HOPE THERE'S ROOM FOR TWO IN THAT OVEN.
I'D SAY THE HONEYMOON'S OVER.
CREEPER SWEEPER
CS
NEXT ISSUE IS THE START OF A BRAND NEW EL SUPERBEASTO ACTION ADVENTURE CLASSIC, ENTITLED: MARS NEEDS WOMEN!

GHOUL-ARAMA

EL SUPERBEASTO'S GUIDE TO PICKING UP CHICKS

Lesson # 3 – Where to go?

Well, last month I told you what to wear, but now that you're all dressed up, where the fuck are you going? Don't you dare say to your mother's house for apple pie. I'll come right over there and kick your fucking ass.

1. The Movies – This used to be a way to get off the hook cheap, but unfortunately movies are now friggin' 10 bucks! Forget about the days of the drive-in. What could be better than watching a movie in your shaggin' wagon? Anyway, pick a flick that's something nasty like Bloodsuckin' Freaks or Deep Throat. At least this way you can judge your date's patience level right off the bat. Chick flicks equal no sex. Remember that!
2. Restaurants - Well, it goes without saying that one way or another, you are shelling out your hard earned cash for food. This is a complete waste of money unless you can get the alcohol flowing fast and hard.
3. Bars – If you can maneuver a way to skip the food and jump straight to the bar then you are most likely home free. The plan is for you to get her drunk, not the other way around. Remember that!
4. Strip Clubs – If you've got the skills to get this scenario into motion then you don't need my help. Then again, you're reading a funny book, so chances are you ain't taking this broad to a titty bar anytime soon.

And now for some of worst ideas I ever heard:

1. Comic Book Conventions – This is a 150% no go! There's no action here, buddy! If your girl even thinks for a second that you want to attend something like this, you are screwed! Just put the Daredevil costume back in the closet and pretend like these things don't even exist.
2. Medieval or Renaissance Faires – This scene makes a Star Trek convention look like you're hanging out in the grotto of the Playboy mansion banging Barbie Benton. Listen, jerky, walking around in fancy britches holding your official Lord Of The Rings sword isn't gonna get you laid, but it is gonna get your ass kicked faster than The Backstreet Boys at a Slayer concert.

See ya next month, kids!
– El Superbeasto

HORROR-SCOPES

Aries : (March 21- April 19)
You have begun to have the feeling that head file clerk might not be all it's cracked up to be.

Taurus : (April 20 – May 20)
Thought it seems to make sense, Jay Leno is not a space alien.

Gemini : (May 21- June 21)
You will finally come to grips with the fact that your cat hates you.

Cancer (June 22- July 22)
Referring to policewomen as "piggy bitches" is best avoided.

Leo (July 23 – Aug. 22)
Screaming, "Homo!" at elderly women is encouraged this month.

Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sept. 22)
Obsessively searching eBay for 8-inch Mego Spiderman action figures is lame as shit.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct. 23)
Take issue with short people in elevators.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 – Nov. 21)
Do not rent a Richard Gere movie.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 – Dec 21)
Beware of close friends wearing nose rings.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 19)
Ignore the advice of Glenn Campbell.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb. 18)
Time to start thinking about suicide.

Pisces (Feb. 19 – March 20)
Time to think about getting off your fat ass, porky.

OTTO'S DVD PICK OF THE MONTH

Bela Lugosi Meets A Brooklyn Gorilla
Starring Bela Lugosi, Duke Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo

"Hmmm... where do I begin with this one? To call this a broadly played farce would be an understatement. By this point, Bela's fading marquee value as evil scientist Dr. Zabor was the only thing holding this mess together. Boy, how the great ones fall... and he hadn't even entered the Ed Wood phase of his career decline yet! Anyway, this one is strictly for the kids and fans of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis impersonators Mitchell and Petrillo. Mitchell is pretty weak, but eighteen-year-old Bronx-born Sammy Petrillo does a pretty dead-on Lewis. So dead-on, in fact, that he was later sued by Mr. Telethon himself.

The story is, of course, irrelevant – some mess about two nightclub performers that crash land on a jungle island where Dr. Zabor is experimenting on gorillas for some useless purpose. I don't know – I kept falling asleep. Big ups to Steve Calvert for his stunning portrayal of the Brooklyn Gorilla. Watch this one at your own risk."

B&W, 74 minutes, 1952

WELL, ORIGINALLY I WANTED TO DO A BIG INTRODUCTION FOR OUR NEWEST GANG OF EXCITING ASS KICKERS, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY WENT AHEAD AND STARTED WITHOUT ME. SO LET'S JUST PULL ON OUR BATHING CAPS AND JUMP IN THE FRIGGIN' POOL AND START SWIMMING. I GUESS WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHO'S WHO AS WE MOVE ALONG.
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, IT SEEMS AS IF THE DEADMARSH GANG HAS GOTTEN INTO THE THICK OF IT WITH LORD GRYGALON, THE HYDRA OF WESTMINSTER. A RATHER FEROCIOUS MEDUSA-DRAGON-MONSTER-CREATURE KIND OF SCARY DEMON THING.
THE GUY WITH THE WINGS HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE IS ANGUS J. PLUMKNUCKLE, A HALF MAN/HALF BAT CRIME FIGHTER GUY WHO IS A KEY MEMBER OF THE DEADMARSH GANG. WE'LL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT HIM LATER.
HOLD STILL, YOU BLOODY BASTARD! I'M A GONNA RIP YOUR BLEEDING EYEBALLS FROM OUT YOUR SKULL!
HEH, HEH, HEH! STRUGGLE AS YOU WILL, FOOLISH PLUMKNUCKLE. THIS DAY'S VICTORY IS MINE... ALL MINE! LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES AND DIE A THOUSAND TIMES! HEH, HEH, HEH!
CORDELIA, LOOK AWAY! DO NOT EVEN GLANCE AT THE EYES!
LOOK INTO MY EYES, GIRL! YOU HAVE NO CHANCE OF VICTORY! SURRENDER AND DIE PEACEFULLY!
WHO IS THAT SWEET YOUNG THING TRAPPED IN THE MONSTER'S GRIP OF EVIL, YOU ASK? WELL, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN CORDELIA DEADMARSH, EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF THE WORLD FAMOUS SIMON DEADMARSH.
BY THE WAY, WHERE THE HELL IS THAT GUY?
ANGUS, HOW CAN I FIGHT SOMETHING I CAN'T SEE?!
USE THE BLOODY FORCE, YOUNG SKYWALKER!
SEE? YOU CAN SEE! LOOK DEEP INTO MY BEAUTIFUL EYES!
SIMON DEADMARSH
MONSTER HUNTER
EPISODE ONE: "THEY'RE ALL GONNA LAUGH AT YOU"

TA-DA! FINALLY, THE MAN OF THE HOUR... SIMON DEADMARSH: MONSTER HUNTER AND MILO THE MIGHTY MAN OF ROCK TO THE RESCUE!
MILO! TRY AND KEEP THAT HEAD OFF OF ME LONG ENOUGH SO I CAN PULL A PETER CUSHING ON THOSE DRAPES OVER THERE! WE'LL SEND THIS DEVIL BACK TO HELL WHERE IT BELONGS.
A LITTLE HORROR OF DRACULA ACTION, EH, BOSS? YOU GOT IT! I'M READY TO KICK THIS MUG'S ASS JUST LIKE MY MAMMA USE TA' KICK MINE!
OH, MY .. WELL, IF IT ISN'T MR. DEADMARSH! READY TO DIE TODAY, MY DEAR MONSTER HUNTER? HEH, HEH, HEH!
SIMON LEAPS INTO ACTION, DIVING FOR THE THICK VELVET DRAPES OF WESTMINSTER CASTLE. NOT A BAD SPRING FOR AN OLD CODGER.
THIS LOOKED SO EASY IN THE MOVIE! LET'S HOPE I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO BRING THIS SUCKER DOWN!
GERONIMO!
MILO DISTRACTS THE SNAPPING HEAD OF GRYGALON JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR SIMON TO START TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS.
HEY, UGLY, OVER HERE! HOW'S ABOUT YOU TRY AND GO TOE TA' TOE WITH ME!
KEEP IT UP, LADY, AND YOU'RE GONNA WISH YO' MAMMA HAD NEVER MET YO' PAPPA.
OH, DEAR. I'M SO FRIGHTENED! A TINY LITTLE PEBBLE BOY IS ATTACKING ME! WHAT SHALL I DO? HELP, HELP!
STOP! I COMMAND YOU TO STOP! DON'T TOUCH THOSE DRAPES!
I HOPE ALL MY THEORIES ON THE HYDRA'S SKIN SENSITIVITY TO SUNLIGHT ARE CORRECT! BECAUSE, DAMN IT, I'M FRESH OUT OF IDEAS.
WITH ONE SLASHING SWING, DEADMARSH CUTS THROUGH THE HYDRA'S ONLY PROTECTION FROM THE MORNING GLOW OF OLD MR. SUN.

BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT FILL THE CASTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A THOUSAND YEARS.
NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! I'LL GET YOU!
SORRY, LADY, BUT I'D SAY YOU'VE TERRORIZED YOUR LAST VILLAGE!
GOOD WORK, DADDY. HER GRIP IS STARTING TO LOOSEN UP, BUT WE NEED MORE LIGHT.
MILO LETS LOOSE WITH A VOLLEY OF BLASTER FIRE INTO THE GOTHIC ARCHES ABOVE.
MAYBE IF I BLAST SOME HOLES IN THE ROOF WE CAN LET THE SUN SHINE IN AND TURN OLD UGLY'S FROWN UPSIDE DOWN! I FEEL LIKE DIRTY HARRY BLOWING AWAY SOME PUNK, AND IT FEELS GOOD!
THAT'S IT, MILO! THIS FINAL WHACK SHOULD BRING THIS BEAST DOWN TO A MORE MANAGEABLE SIZE.
WITHIN SECONDS, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DIABOLICAL CREATURES IS TURNED INTO NOTHING MORE THAN FOUL SMELLING GOO.
AND SO IT GOES.
I'M MELTING... MELTING. CURSE YOU, SIMON DEADMARSH.
ARRRGH!
WELL, GANG, I'D SAY OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED.
UGH, THIS SLIME IS DISGUSTING.
KIND OF REMINDS ME OF MY MAMMA'S PEA SOUP. I'LL TELL YA, THAT BROAD COULDN'T COOK A POT OF WATER.
MAY I REMIND YOU ALL THAT THE HYDRA'S SKIN IS FIFTY PERCENT KLIDONUDIC ACID. I WOULD ESTIMATE THAT IN ABOUT FIFTEEN SECONDS IT'S GOING TO START EATING THROUGH YOUR SHOES.
LET'S HIT IT.
ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE. MONSTER KILL TOTAL: 759 AND COUNTING.

WELCOME TO DEADMARSH MANOR. GLOOM, SWEET, GLOOM.
HEY, IS ANYBODY OUT THERE? I NOT DEAD YET! I WAS JUST NAPPING! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?
SHUT UP AND GO BACK TO SLEEP!
WHAT AM I THINKING? WHAT AM I DOING? THIS IS NO LIFE FOR A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL. TODAY'S ENCOUNTER WITH GRYGALON WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. I'VE GOT TO GET CORDELIA OUT OF THIS BUSINESS. HER BLESSED MOTHER WAS RIGHT, I AM A TERRIBLE FATHER.
DADDY, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT HAVING ONE OF YOUR, "SHE'S A YOUNG, INNOCENT GIRL AND SHOULDN'T HUNT MONSTERS FOR A LIVING" MOMENTS AGAIN.
WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WAS.
WELL, DON'T BOTHER. I'M IN THIS FOR THE LONG HAUL. I'M NOT A BABY ANYMORE. I'M EIGHTEEN-YEARS-OLD AND I CAN HANDLE MYSELF JUST FINE.
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW, BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE OFF DANCING WITH A NICE YOUNG GHOUL AT A SOCK HOP SOMEWHERE INSTEAD OF FIGHTING ACID-DRIPPING, TWO-HEADED SPAWNS OF THE DEVIL.
SOCK HOP? WHAT IS THIS, HAPPY DAYS?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER WENT IN FOR THAT TYPE OF THING.
ME NEITHER, SO LET'S DROP IT HERE, I'VE WHIPPED UP SOME WITCH BONE TEA. I HOPE IT'S STILL YOUR FAVORITE.
AH, NOTHING LIKE A CUP OF WITCH BONE TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF A STRESSFUL DAY OF MONSTER HUNTING.

MEANWHILE, HALFWAY ACROSS TOWN, THREE VERY PAINFULLY TYPICAL TEENAGE GIRLS HAVE JUST EMERGED FROM HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST DISPOSABLE PIECE OF ACTION CRAP ENTITLED *EL SUPERBEASTO VS. MONSTER FROM HELL*. THEIR NAMES ARE, OF COURSE: AMBER, SKYLER AND TIFFANY.
EL SUPER BEASTO
VS
MONSTER FROM HEL
OH MY GOD! THAT WAS THE DOPEST MOVIE *EVER*! *EL SUPERBEASTO* IS THE SHITZNIT FO' RIZZLE.
TELL ME ABOUT IT! DO YOU THINK I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO LAND A HUNK LIKE THAT?
OH, *TOTALLY*, SKYLER! YOU'VE GOT A WAY SLAMMING BOOTIE!
ARE WE STILL UP FOR THAT RAGER AT RICKY'S THIS WEEKEND?
OH, *TOTALLY* MY PARENTS ARE OUT OF TOWN ALL WEEKEND SO I CAN GET, LIKE, TOTALLY WASTED OUT OF MY BRAIN. INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE!
YOU BETTER WATCH IT, SKYLER. LAST TIME YOU GOT WASTED YOU ENDED UP DUCT TAPED TO THE FRONT STEPS OF CITY HALL.
OH, DON'T BE SUCH A BUZZ KILL, TIFFANY.
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME. LET'S TAKE A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY.
ARE YOU SURE?
COME ON, DON'T BE A BABY.
OKAY

HALT! WHO DARES ENTER MY DOMAIN?
OH, MAN, I THINK WE ARE, LIKE, SO BUSTED.
SO WHAT? WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? SPANK US?
OH, GROSS! YOU ARE, LIKE, SO TOTALLY PERVERTED!
LIKE, OH MY GOD! HE'S OPENING HIS ROBE! THIS IS, LIKE, SO TOTALLY NASTY! HE BETTER NOT SHOW US HIS WILLIE!
I BET YOU WANNA SEE IT!
OH, GROSS!
FEAST YOUR EYES!
OH MY GOD, LOOK AT THAT THING!
HAHA-HAHA
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.
ME NEITHER.
I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.
AND JUST LIKE THAT... IT'S ZOMBIE TIME!
I WANT BLOOD!
I WANT BRAINS!
I WANT FLESH!
HMMM? THIS IS A RATHER INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT.

IT'S ABOUT BLOODY TIME THE OLD NUTTER GAVE US A LITTLE TIME TO GIVE THE BLOCK HERE A TUNE UP. BLEEDING THING'S RUNNING ON HOPE AND A PRAYER.
YOU'RE TELLING ME! OLD BESSIE HERE AIN'T GONNA LAST VERY LONG IF WE KEEP RUNNING HER INTO THE GROUND.
AH, I SEE THE PROBLEM.
ATTENTION, GREASE MONKEYS! PACK UP YOUR TOOLS, BOYS. DUTY CALLS
CRIPES! WHAT NOW?
ZOMBIE OUTBREAK IN MIDTOWN.
ZOMBIES! SURE IT AIN'T JUST A BUNCH OF SENIOR CITIZENS GONE FOR A MID-DAY STROLL?
ELSEWHERE, IN A DIABOLICALLY SECRET LOCATION.
THIS SHOULD BRING OUR BELOVED MR DEADMARSH AND HIS BAND OF MERRY MISFITS FRONT AND CENTER.
NO, IT'S NOT THE LATEST LOW CARB DIET FAD GONE WILD! THIS IS AN ACTUAL ZOMBIE ATTACK AS CAPTURED BY OUR OWN ACTION NEWS CAMERAS. FORTUNATELY FOR YOU FOLKS, ONLY THREE CASES HAVE BEEN REPORTED SO FAR AND LOCAL MEDICAL EXPERTS AGREE THAT EVEN THESE CASES ARE A FLUKE.
DON'T WORRY, THERE'S MORE TO COME. *MUCH* MORE.
IN OTHER NEWS, *DR. SATAN* ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT TODAY, STATING THAT HE IS LEAVING THE SATANIC DOCTOR BUSINESS IN ORDER TO PURSUE OTHER INTERESTS...
CMM
NEXT ISSUE:
HOW MANY ZOMBIES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?

VOODOO HEARTBEAT

SPOOK CITY'S #1 SOURCE FOR GOSSIP

DR. SATAN GAY RUMORS RESURFACE

Well, once again another rumor about Dr. Satan and his alleged gay love affairs has resurfaced. This time it is his pool boy, Juan Gomez, 21, who has filed a report accusing the evil mastermind of breaking off their three year relationship. Juan reportedly seeks half of the couple's joint property in the suit. Dr. Satan responded by saying, "This is crazy. Everyone knows I'm a man's man."

EL GATO'S BODY FOUND

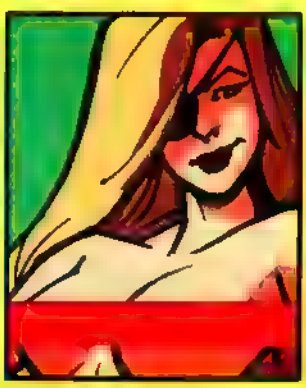
The body of long forgotten superhero El Gato was found today inside the belly of a sewer dwelling sludge creature. A local public works crew repairing a water main captured the sludger, and upon gutting the creature discovered the skeletal remains of El Gato inside

DEVIL BOYS CONCERT MURDER

With the release of their new album "Satan Never Sleeps," The Devil Boys have hit the concert trail once again. Their first stop was Deadsville, Indiana, and, of course, that was the scene of their first murder. Apparently, a member of the audience jumped onstage during their song, "Raping The Rapist" and was quickly decapitated by lead guitarist Meat Face MaGoo. A band press release stated that, "We don't think that this will affect the tour in any way."

SUZI X TO BARE ALL IN MAGAZINE

Suzi X has apparently cut a seven figure deal with PlayGhoul magazine to be their December centerfold. "We have been courting Miss X for quite some time and are thrilled to have her on board," says publisher Bob Ghoulcioni. This special issue will hit stands sometime around Christmas.



QUICK UPDATE: SUPER SPY SUZI X HAS CRASH LANDED ON THE REMOTE SCRAP OF LAND KNOWN AS BONEHEAD ISLAND-- "THE SLAP-HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH." THIS ONCE THRIVING AMUSEMENT PARK, A.K.A. "LICENSE TO PRINT MONEY," IS NOW A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON. I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE FRIGGIN' SNAKE PLISSKIN, ONCE YOU GET IN... YOU DON'T GET OUT
ANYWAY, SUZI IS ABOUT BE BEATEN TO A PULP BY A ROCK BAND CALLED BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS WE FILLED YOU IN ON THESE CATS A COUPLE OF ISSUES AGO— THAT IS, IF YOU WERE PAYING ATTENTION. APPARENTLY THEY DIDN'T DIE IN THAT FATEFUL PLANE CRASH WE ALL HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.
LET'S MAKE THIS BITVA A REAL BOOHOOBOO HORRORSHOW AND CRACK HER DOMA WITH CHAIN AND CANE!
OK, I GOT TWO COMING AT ME! ONE FROM ABOVE AND ONE ON MY BACK. QUICK!
I GOTTA DECIDE WHO'S GONNA LAND FIRST AND MAKE MY MOVE!
ME GLAZZIES ARE TURNING WEEPY WATCHING HER STAND ODDY KNOCKY. I'M DYING TO SLOOSHY HER SKRIKES WHEN I BANG ME SLUGGER FOR THE SLOOGE.
I RECOGNIZE THOSE ACCENTS, BUT IT CAN'T BE! THE MOLOKO BOYS ARE DEAD!
DEAD! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... "WOW, THEN MAYBE THESE GUYS ARE ZOMBIE WEREWOLVES! COOL!" SORRY, KIDS, BUT THESE CATS AIN'T WORKING WITH THAT KIND OF FIRE POWER... AT LEAST NOT YET.
HAVE A TICK-TOCKER, ME BROTHERS! THIS TWENTY-TO-ONE IS TURNING THE DRENCROM IN ME GUTTIWUTS TO BURNING!
SUZI X
featuring MARVIN in
YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF MILK PLUS

SAMMY MAGEE LUNGES AND IS MET WITH A SHARP "HELLO" IN THE BROOKO.
UUUGGHH!
SORRY, SAMMY! I LOVE YOUR DRUMMING, BUT YOU AIN'T CRACKING MY NUGGET WITH YOUR DOME STICK!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, SUZI DROPS SAMMY AND FLIPS DOOBIE FRANCIS LIKE A BLUEBERRY PANCAKE WITH A SIDE OF TURKEY BACON.
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY DEAR DOOBIE, BUT YOU CAN SAVE THAT LOUISVILLE SLUGGER FOR ANOTHER DAY. I AIN'T IN THE MOOD TO BE BEAT DOWN LIKE A BABY SEAL!
I GOT HER, ME BROTHERS!
SHIT, I CAUGHT MY COMLINK ON HIS SLEEVE.
JAKE STRIKES!
COOL YOUR ROCKETS, BABOOCHKA! I'M CALLING WHAT'S WHAT NOW!
I CAN'T BREATHE! THE CHAIN IS CRUSHING MY WIND PIPE.
HOLD THAT DEVOTCHKA RIGHT CLEAR! I'M GONNA PAINT THE TOWN REAL HORRORSHOW WITH THE RED, RED KROOVY SWIMMING IN HER SWEET GUTTIWUTS.
MY HEAD IS GOING BLACK. I CAN'T BREATHE... I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT. IS THIS IS THE END?
OH, THE HUMANITY
WEEP! YOU FILLY WITH THE WRONG MALCHIK. IN A MINOOTA YOU'LL BE GOING BLURP, BLURP LIKE A NAZZY NADSAT IN A SINNY FLICK!
CUT SIZY HOLE ON HER SLADKY SKIN WITH THAT PRIME BRITVA!
HOLD, ME BROTHERS!
STEPPING OUT FROM THE UNDERBRUSH IS BOBBIE WOLFGANG, HEAD DROOG AND WARLORD OF THIS RAZZY SNAZZY BUNCH.
BOBBIE MOVES IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.
ON TIGHTER SPY ME GLAZZIES RECOGNIZE THIS YOUNG D. SOME HOMEY-LIKE SCENE IS STIRRING IN ME GULLIVER REAL SINNY LIKE.
WHAT BE YOUR NAME, FORELLA? ANSWER GLOOPY AND YOUR GRODDY WILL FLOOD THE RED KROOVEY.
JAKE LOOSENS HIS GRIP.
SUZI.
WHAT BE YOUR FULL BIRTH PAPER TITLE?
SUZI ANN XENARKOLOPISUNDOLIS
RIGHT, RIGHT.

MEANWHILE, A CERTAIN WRESTLER IS ON HIS WAY TO THE RESCUE! ENTER EL SUPERBEASTO AND THE MIGHTY CREW OF THE 100% ASS KICKER!
WAIT A MINUTE! IS THAT CHICK WATER SKIING? NICE TO SEE HE'S TAKING THIS MISSION AS SERIOUSLY AS HE DID THE VOLTRON TREATY INCIDENT
NICE JOB, MISSY!
I LIKE BIG BUTTS AND I CANNOT LIE, U OTHER BROTHERZ CAN'T DENY...
WHOO HOOO! WATCH THIS' ONE HANDED!
BINGO, I THINK I SEE SOMETHING. YEP, THAR SHE BLOWS.
THIS IS FUN! LET'S GO AROUND AGAIN.
OKAY, MISSY, HERE WE GO!
HOLD ON, SKIPPER, I THINK IT'S TIME WE THINK ABOUT GETTING SERIOUS LAND HO!
DID YOU JUST CALL ME A HO?
YOU WISH.
...WHEN A GIRL WALKS BY WITH AN ITTY BITTY WAIST AND A ROUND THING IN YOUR, FACE U GET SPRUNG...
YEP, THERE IT IS. TELL MISSY TO GET HER ASS IN THE BOAT PRONTO! IT'S GO TIME!
LATER.
COME ON, LADIES, STRAP IT ALL IN. I KNOW IT'S A SHAME TO COVER ALL THIS SKIN, BUT THAT WATER IS FREEZING. I'LL PARADE AROUND IN A THONG FOR YOU ALL LATER.
YOU PROMISE?
I KNOW SIR MIX ALOT IS OLD SCHOOL, BUT DAMN IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HIS SHIT WHEN IT CAME TO BUTTS. MAN'S A GOD DAMN GENIUS.
STOP CALLING ME NEMO!
NEMO!
DEEP BENEATH THE WATERS OF BONEHEAD ISLAND LIES THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF FLARNEY THE SINGING PINK DINOSAUR I'M SURE YOU ALL REMEMBER HIS HIT TUNE "I LOVE YOU, WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?"
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF SECRET UNDERWATER ENTRANCE. DAMN IT, I BETTER NOT HAVE PUT ON ALL THIS SCUBA CRAP FOR NOTHING.
WAIT A MINUTE... IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR IS THERE A LITTLE HONEY OVER THERE WAVING TO ME? YEP, SHE IS.
ENTER DISTRACTION #1.

WELL, IF YA HAVEN'T ALREADY PIECED THIS LITTLE MYSTERY TOGETHER, LET ME HELP YA. MARVIN IS NOW AT THE MERCY OF A BAND OF RENEGADE PIRATES. AH, BUT THESE ARE NO *ORDINARY* PIRATES-- THESE ARE THE HIGHLY ADVANCED ANIMATRONIC FIGURES FROM ***SILVER BONES' PIRATE ADVENTURE***. AND THEY HAVE, OF COURSE, RUN AMUCK.
MOVE IT, YA LAND LOVERS! YE' MASTER ***SILVER BONES*** WILL DEAL W TH YE' SCURVY RUNAWAY BOLTS WHEN WE REACH YE OLD CROW'S NEST
SILVER BONES? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? HAVE THESE AMUSEMENT PARK ROBOTIC MANNEQUINS DEVELOPED THEIR OWN PRIMITIVE PIRATE-BASED SOCIETY? HOW *CLASSIC STAR TREK* OF THEM.
I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YA.. INNOCENT AS SWEET MARY MAGELL.
YOU HIT THE FRIGGIN' NAIL ON THE HEAD THERE, MARVIN. THE FICTION HAS BECOME THE FACT.. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THINK, MAN, ***THINK***. WHAT WAS THE STORY AGAIN? SOMETHING ABOUT CAPTAIN CLEGGO'S GHOST...
I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
STEP LIVELY, ME CUTTERS! THERE WILL BE NO LOLLYGAGGING ROUND THE DECK ON MY WATCH!
QUIT YOUR DOGGING OR I'LL PUT YE' IN IRONS
MARVIN AND HIS CHAIN GANG BUDDIES ARE HERDED BEFORE A MASSIVE DOOR.
TELL SILVER BONES THE NEW RECRUITS HAVE ARRIVED!
AYE, AYE, SKIPPER!
NEW RECRUITS? OH, MAMMA MIA, WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO?
THE MIGHTY DOOR SWINGS OPEN WITH A DEAFENING CRASH!
ARGH! I SMELL THE STINK OF DAVEY JONES' LOCKER IN ME DREARYS! WHO DARES DISTURB ME WHILE I BE NAPPING IN ME GALLEY?
SIR, THE NEW RECRUITS ARE HERE FOR YOUR INSPECTION, AND-- I MIGHT ADD-- A SORRY LOT IT IS
AYE, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? BY THE GASLIGHT OF OL' JIM CROW'S PEG I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
OH SHIT, THAT'S ONE HUGE TIN JOB!
DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? AYE, CAN IT REALLY BE YOU?
UM.. YES?
SILVER BONES BREAKS INTO A HEARTY YO HO HO
AYE, I KNEW IT. LADS, YOU'VE FOUND *CAPTAIN CLEGGO!*
AW, NUTS, THIS CAN'T BE GOOD

MEANWHILE, THE TERROR CONTINUES.
AHHHHHHHH! HELP ME! SOMEBODY HELP!
SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, DOCTOR! THERE IS NO ESCAPE, BUT YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT YOUR BRAINS WILL HAVE A NICE NEW HOME.
NO! I NEED MY BRAINS! OH, THE HUMANITY!
WOULD YOU PEOPLE PLEASE STOP SHOUTING "OH, THE HUMANITY" EVERY FIVE SECONDS? IT'S REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES.
DR. DURBERVILLE'S BRAIN LIQUID BEGINS TO GATHER IN THE HOLDING POD...
...ON ITS WAY TO LORD BOOMER'S BRAIN STEM.
SO LONG, DR. DURBERVILLE. IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU.
=URP=
LORD BOOMER'S EYES PULSATE WITH LIFE AS THE GOOD DOCTOR'S BRAIN JELLY SEEPS UP FROM THE HOLDING POD INTO HIS HIGHLY ADVANCED NOSTRIL CAVITY.
MY MASTERPIECE IS ALMOST COMPLETE.
EL SUPERBEASTO IS EASILY DISTRACTED, ESPECIALLY BY THE LADIES. EVEN IF SAID LADY IS HALF SEA BASS.
WELL HELLO, MY LITTLE MERMAID
COME TO ME, MY WANDERING SAILOR. I WILL FULFILL YOUR EVERY NEED.
KEEP TALKING, MAMMA. DADDY LIKE, DADDY LIKE.
I AM SELINA, MISTRESS OF THE SEA. I WAS PLACED HERE BY THE GODS TO SATISFY THE WANDERING LUST OF SEA. COME TO ME.
COME TO ME, MY SWEET.
COOL IT, BABY. I'M SWIMMING AS FAST AS I FRIGGIN' CAN. I AIN'T FUCKING FLIPPER HERE. HOLD YOUR SEA HORSES.
HEY, TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW
DO NOT TEASE ME. I AM YOURS AS YOU DESIRE.
I THINK WE SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING

PIRATE PARTY TIME IS A GO, GO, GO!
THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN CLEGGO! HIP, HIP HURRAH!
I GOT TO ASK YA, CAPTAIN. WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG TA RETURN TO YE LOYAL MATES?
AYE HERE'S TO THE PLUNDERING!
ARRGH, WELL, I'VE BEEN RAPING AND PLUNDERING THE HIGH SEAS AND. AND... WELL, DID I MENTION THE PLUNDERING?
QUICK. THINK QUICK!
LOOK, DOUCHE BAG! STOP CALLING ME NEMO! MY NAME IS WALTER CORNSTOCK!
HEY, NEMO, DID ANYONE FIND YOU YET? HEY, EVERYBODY, LOOK! I FOUND NEMO!
LAY BACK AND LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE DEPTHS OF PASSION AS ONLY A DESCENDANT OF ATLANTIS CAN UNDERSTAND.
THIS IS NAUGHTY
NO PROBLEMO, I WASN'T IN THE MOOD TO DO ANY HEAVY LIFTING ANYWAY COME ON, HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT
YOU WILL EXPERIENCE EMOTIONS YOU NEVER KNEW EXISTED.
NOT GOOD
IS IT JUST ME OR IS SHE NOT LOOKING SO HOT ANYMORE? MAYBE IT'S THE FOG ON MY GOGGLES.
YOU WILL FEEL... PAIN AND SUFFERING AS ONLY A TRUE PRINCESS OF DRUYKON CAN UNDERSTAND. HELL WILL SURGE THROUGH YOUR BONES.
BYE
WHOA! SOMEONE FELL OUT OF THE UGLY TREE AND HIT EVERY BRANCH ON THE WAY DOWN. HANDS OFF, YOU SKANK!

MEANWHILE, AT BOBBIE WOLFGANG'S HIDEOUT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU REMEMBER ME.
ONCE I VIDDY A TRUE FAN WITH ME OWN GLAZZ-BALLS IT GETS LODGED IN ME GULLIVER.
YEAH, BUT STILL, THAT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN I BROUGHT THAT BIRTHDAY CAKE TO YOUR CONCERT. I WAS JUST A KID.
DO BE DO, IT TOUCHED ME DEEP BRACHNY GUTS AND I'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
WELL ALL I CAN SAY, BOBBIE, IS THANKS FOR SAVING MY ASS.
AND A ROUND RIGHT SOPHISTO YAHMA IT IS.
DON'T MENTION IT. BY THE WAY, WHO THIS MARVIN BLOKE?
HE'S MY PARTNER AND I GOT TO FIND HIM ASAP. WHICH THEN LEADS ME TO MY NEXT PROBLEM.
WHAT'S THAT?
INFILTRATING KING KRACKO'S LAIR AND RESCUING A CERTAIN EGGHEAD NAMED VON CLOUHIZEN, THUS THWARTING HIS PLAN FOR WORLD DOMINATION.
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL SAVAGE KICK. COUNT ME AND THE BOYS IN.
NEXT IN LINE FOR A LITTLE BRAIN SUCKING... DOCTOR SAMUEL J. BRINKHIMMER.
DOCTOR, ARE YOU READY TO DONATE YOUR BRAIN TO THE NEXT LEVEL OF EVIL EVOLUTION?
MOST CERTAINLY NOT. I WANNA LIVE! DO YOU HEAR ME? I WANNA LIVE!
SORRY, CHARLIE, ONLY THE FRESHEST TUNA GETS TO BE STARKISS.
COME TO ME! FEEL THE PAIN OF THE AGES... THE LOVE OF THE DEVILS KISS!
MAN, THIS BITCH IS NUTS. I'VE DEALT WITH SOME PSYCHO CHICKS, BUT THIS IS A WHOLE NEW LEVEL.
BACK OFF, DOG-FACE! I'M WAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.
YO, THAT BITCH IS SO UGLY, WHEN SHE WAS BORN THE DOCTOR SLAPPED HER MAMMA! YO, THE BITCH IS SO UGLY YOU CAN STICK HER FACE IN DOUGH AND MAKE GORILLA COOKIES! YO, THAT BITCH IS SO... I THINK YOU GET THE POINT.
MARVIN IS A LITTLE DRUNK AND TAKING THIS PIRATE THING WAY TOO SERIOUSLY
ALL RIGHT, YA SCURVY DOGS, I WANNA... HICC...RUN A TIGHT SHIP AND I'LL HAVE ANY SKALLYWAGS IN IRONS IF THEY... HICC... LET A SEA FEARING PILGRIM CAST A BLACKEN EYE... HICC
I AIN'T QUITE FOLLOWING THIS.
WHAT IS HE SAYING?
AYE, BROTHER, YE PREACH THE GOSPEL. WE'LL FOLLOW YE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH AND BEYOND
IS IT ME OR IS CAPTAIN CLEGGO A LITTLE NUTS?
WHERE'S THAT JOHNNY DEPP WHEN YA NEED HIM? OH WELL, LET'S HOIST THE JOLLY ROGER AND GET THIS PIRATE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

STAND MIGHTY, ME BROTHERS. THE OLD MILK-PLUS IS PLAYING REAL HORRORSHOW VISIONS LIKE SINNY FEATURES IN MY RASSOODOCK. THIS NOCHY SEEMS A GOOD NOCHY FOR A BIT OF THE OLD ULTRA-VIOLENCE.. RIGHT, RIGHT?
A NOSH SCRAP IS RIGHT SCRAP ANY TIME, OH SISTER. RIGHT, RIGHT.
RIGHT.
RIGHT.
RIGHT.
MAN, IT DON'T GET ANY COOLER THAN THIS SHIT! SUZI X IS NOW A FULL BLOWN DROOG! MARVIN IS NOW A SWASHBUCKLING SEA-DOG, AND EL SUPERBEASTO IS... WELL, MAYBE SOMETHING COOL WILL HAPPEN WITH HIM NEXT ISSUE.
TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR THE MOST CONVOLUTED, CONFUSINGLY CALCULATED CHRONOLOGICAL COMIC STRIP SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE. THIS ONE IS CALLED...
I HATE CLOWNS!

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ALL STORIES WRITTEN BY ROB ZOMBIE

COVER
TONY MOORE

LETTERS BY LITHIUM PRO

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HEY, BABE, I THINK YOU SHOULD START WITHOUT HIM. I DON'T THINK HE'S SHOWING UP.
FUCKING GREAT! WELL, FOLKS, ME OLD MATE EL SUPERBEASTO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE A BLOODY HOUR AGO TO MAKE THIS INTRODUCTION, BUT I SUPPOSE HE MET UP WITH SOME RANDY, WILLING BIRD AND SHAGGED OFF, LEAVING ME HOLDING ME SACK.
SO ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL DO THE BLEEDING THING AS I'M STUCK HERE WAITING ON HIS SORRY ASS, ANYWAY. TO BE BRUTALLY HONEST, I DON'T READ THESE HERE FUNNY BOOKS... SO, I AIN'T GOT A FUCKING CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THESE PAGES.
I GUESS THERE'S SOME MONSTERS AND SHITE... AND MAYBE A LITTLE ACTION... HOPEFULLY SOME SLAMMING LOOKING BROADS FOR ALL YOU LONELY BLOKES. HELL, I DON'T KNOW. TURN THE PAGE AND TAKE A LOOK OR PISS OFF. YOU ARE BLOODY WELL GETTING ON MY LAST NERVE.... I SAID PISS OFF!

WELL, KIDS, EVEN MASKED SUPER-WRESTLERS NEED A LITTLE REST AND RELAXATION. SO, AFTER PUTTING THE WHOLE DR. SATAN INCIDENT BEHIND HIM, OUR MAIN MAN EL SUPERBEASTO DECIDED TO HEAD ON DOWN TO FUNKY TOWN, BOOK HIMSELF INTO THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE AT THE ROYAL IMPERIAL GARDENS AND RING UP A COUPLE OLD FRIENDS.
AND BY "OLD" WE MEAN OF LEGAL AGE, OF COURSE. THESE TWO RANDY BIRDS ARE NONE OTHER THAN MANDY AND CANDY, BETTER KNOWN AS THE ULTRA-TWINS-- THE KUNG-FU FIGHTING, ASS-KICKING DUO YOU'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.*
SOME HAVE SPECULATED THAT CANDY AND MANDY SLEPT THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE UPPER RANKS OF THE FEDERATION OF JUSTICE LEAGUE HMMMM? THAT'S FOR YOU AND THE READERS OF THE VOODOO HEARTBEAT TO DECIDE.
LET'S JUST SAY... THEY GET AROUND.
UH-OH, I THINK I LOST SOME OF MY CLOTHES CROWD SURFING TONIGHT.
HEH, HEH, HEH, I TOLD YOU THAT BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS CONCERT WOULD ROCK YOU LIKE MICHAEL JACKSON MOONWALKING IN AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD'S UNDERPANTS.
YOU KNOW, I WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN RESCUING THOSE CATS.** IN FACT, THE WHOLE KING KRACKO SCANDAL WOULD HAVE BLOWN SKY HIGH IF I HADN'T STEPPED IN.
WOW, THAT'S AWESOME. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR US WITH THE GUYS IN THE BAND?
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER. BUT FIRST IT'S TIME TO SHAKE EVERYTHING THAT DON'T BREAK AND BREAK EVERYTHING THAT DON'T SHAKE!
SO SIT BACK, KIDS, TURN OFF THE BOOB TUBE, PUT YOUR CELL PHONES ON MUTE, SET DOWN THE JOYSTICKS AND GET READY FOR WHAT PROMISES TO BE THE MOST OUTLANDISHLY, OPULENT, OUTRAGEOUS ORIENTATION YET!
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN
MARS NEEDS WOMEN
* FIRST MENTIONED BY EL GATO IN ISSUE #4.
** AS SEEN NOW IN THE ONGOING SUZI X STORY.

EL SUPERBEASTO HITS THE STEREO AND STARTS CRANKING THE TUNES. WORD IS, THIS SUITE GOES FOR TEN GRAND A NIGHT. WHERE DOES THIS FREAKING GUY GET HIS MONEY?
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, GIRLS, WHILE I FIRE UP THE HIGH-FI. THE BASS IN THIS THING WILL MAKE YOUR BOWELS CRY, "AYE CARUMBA!"
WOW! THIS PLACE ROCKS! IS THERE A HOT TUB?
YES.
IS THERE A WATER BED?
YES.
IS THERE A JACUZZI?
YES, I AM FULLY EQUIPPED FOR ANY AND ALL WATER SPORTS.
COOL!
BY THE WAY, SINCE I DO HAPPEN TO KNOW EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN WHO'S ANYBODY, I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE AN ADVANCED COPY OF THE NEW M.C. 666 ALBUM ENTITLED, "SATANIC WHORE EXPLOSION."
WHEW! THIS MUSIC IS MAKING ME HOT!
YEAH, BABY, IT'S MAKING ME WANT TO SLAP MY ASS!
I GOT THE BITCHES IN THE BACK WITH THEIR ASSES A THUMPIN'... WORD! SO HORNY, SO HORNY!
I'M GONNA GET US A COUPLE STIFF COCKTAILS. WHY DON'T YOU LADIES MAKE YOURSELVES MORE COMFORTABLE.
YOU GOT IT, MR. BIGSTUFF.
MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!
HOW ABOUT A TRIPLE?
QUESTION: HOW MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE CAN THEY GET?
I LOVE THE LADIES IN THE FRONT WITH BIG TITTIES JUMPIN'... COME ON! SO HORNY, SO HORNY!
ANSWER: A HELL OF A LOT MORE, I GUESS.

DUE TO THE EXTREME VOLUME OF THE MUSIC AND THE EXTREME LEVEL OF ALCOHOL CONSUMED, EL SUPERBEASTO IS UNAWARE OF THE TWO THOUSAND POUND DEATH MACHINE STANDING BEHIND HIM.
TONIGHT MIGHT BE A GOOD NIGHT TO BUST OUT MY JELL-O POWERED SLIP 'N SLIDE. I HOPE THE BATTERIES ARE STILL GOOD.
WORK IT, CANDY, WORK IT!
OR IS SHE MANDY? WHATEVER.
DUDE, WOULD YOU PLEASE TURN THE FUCK AROUND
GET IT UP, GET IT ON, GET WICKED!
BUST'EM OUT AND BRING IT ON, GET WICKED!
HEY, LADIES! LOVER BOY HERE IS READY TO START WORKING FOR THE WEEKEND... UGH!
SILENCE!
WHAT THE--? WHO IS THIS UNINVITED MARTIAN MILITARY MASTERMIND? WHY IT'S COMMANDER VON SCAGG. WE'LL HAVE MORE ON THIS FUN-LOVING GUY LATER.
BOOM!
HIYYYAAA!
ATTENTION! YOU ARE NOW MY PRISONERS! RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, SO I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO SURRENDER PEACEFULLY OR BE PREPARED TO FACE THE DIRE CONSEQUENCES!
IS IT JUST ME OR DOES THIS GUY SOUND EXACTLY LIKE COLONEL WILHELM KLINK FROM HOGAN'S HEROES?
COME ON, MANDY, LET'S SHOW THESE PARTY CRASHERS THE DOOR!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, CANDY! ULTRA-TWINS ARE GO!
HEY, THAT ONE GUY IS KIND OF CUTE.
ALL NUDE KUNG-FU ACTION FOR ONLY $2.95! I'D SAY THAT'S A BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE!

EL SUPERBEASTO IS GONNA HAVE A REAL BANG-A-ROO IN THE MORNING, YA KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
:GURGLE: OATMEAL PRETZEL STICKS :GURGLE:
HEH, HEH, HEH! YOU EARTHLINGS ARE ALL THE SAME, WEAK AND WORTHLESS.
LT. DRONK, PLEASE NEUTRALIZE THIS PITIFUL CIRCUS ACT, BUT TAKE CARE NOT TO DAMAGE THEIR OUTER SHELLS. I HAVE PLANS FOR THEM LATER.
YES, COMMANDER SCAGG. I'M SET FOR STUN.
ULTRA-TWINS FLYING HIGH AND...
...KICKING ASS!
FIRE!
THE HUMANS HAVE BEEN NEUTRALIZED, COMMANDER.
GOOD WORK. PLEASE, LOAD OUR CARGO ONTO THE SHIP.
HMMM? THAT WAS PRETTY EASY. I WAS EXPECTING MORE OF A FIGHT.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, OUR MASKED MAN OF ACTION FINALLY AWAKENS.
OUCH! WHAT THE--? HOW THE HELL DID I GET DOWN HERE?
A QUICK SCAN OF THE DESTRUCTION TELLS EL SUPERBEASTO EVERYTHING HE NEEDS TO KNOW.
HEH, HEH, HEH. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE HELL OF A GOOD TIME, BECAUSE I CAN'T REMEMBER A FRIGGIN' THING.
LET'S DO A LITTLE SHERLOCK HOLMES NUMBER HERE. EXHIBIT A: THE PLACE IS TRASHED. EXHIBIT B: CANDY AND MANDY'S UNDERWEAR ARE LYING ON THE FLOOR. HMMMM? WELL, WATSON, I'D SAY SOMEONE GOT THEIR ROCKS OFF BIG TIME.
WAY TO GO, EL SUPERBEASTO!
AH, TIME TO NURSE THAT HEADACHE WITH A BOWL OF COCO PUFFS AND A CLASSIC GILLIGAN'S ISLAND RERUN.
MAN, THIS IS THE STRANGEST HANGOVER I'VE EVER HAD. I FEEL MORE LIKE I WAS PUNCHED IN THE HEAD BY A GIANT DEATH MACHINE. HMMM, I WONDER WHAT EXACTLY WENT ON LAST NIGHT?
OH MY GOD, IT'S THE MOSQUITOES! SKIPPER, THAT'S BINGO, BANGO, BONGO AND ERVIN!
"LET ME THINK. I SEEM TO REMEMBER PLAYING 'HERB THE TRAVELING SALESMAN MEETS THE FARMER'S HORNY DAUGHTERS.'"
MISTER, YOU BETTER NOT LET DADDY CATCH YOU.
YEAH, PA THINKS WE'RE FEEDING THE HOGS.
WELL, LADIES, I'M JUST A' PASSING THROUGH, BUT IT SURE IS MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO SHOW ME SOME SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.
"IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, AFTER THAT I SLYLY SUGGESTED A LITTLE BIT OF CLASSIC WHOLESOME FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT TO HELP BREAK THE ICE."
LEFT FOOT RED
I'M NOT SO SURE THAT'S PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE.
I CAN'T BREATHE!
COME ON NOW, CANDY, NOBODY LIKES A QUITTER.
LET'S PLAY "LOCH NESS MONSTER."
HOW DO YOU PLAY THAT?
JUST KEEP DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING, AND SOON A SEA MONSTER WILL BE RISING TO THE SURFACE.
YOU'RE SO BAD.
OH, YES I AM.
"FINALLY, I BELIEVE WE CALLED IT A NIGHT WITH A RELAXING DIP IN ONE OF THE SEVEN HOT TUBS."
AH, THE SECRET LIFE OF SUPER HEROES. THIS IS THE STUFF YOU DON'T GET TO READ ABOUT IN THAT X-MEN RAG.

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU BREAKING NEWS. EARLY THIS MORNING, AN ALIEN SAUCER WAS FOUND SITTING IN THE TRIGOGLE SQUARE JUST OUTSIDE CITY HALL.
666 NEWS
WHAT THE HELL!
WE NOW GO LIVE TO THE SCENE. A HUGE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS HAS BEGUN TO GATHER. THE SHIP HAS REMAINED DORMANT FOR SEVERAL HOURS AND. WAIT.. WAIT, THE DOORS SEEM TO BE OPENING.
I BET THIS IS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT
YEAH, THAT THING LOOKS PHONIER THAN WAYNE NEWTON'S HAIR PIECE.
YES, I SEE THEM. THERE ARE THREE HUMANOID CREATURES THAT HAVE JUST EMERGED FROM THE OPENING IN THE CRAFT.
HOLY GUACAMOLE! THE ULTRA-TWINS! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
WHERE DID THEY GET THOSE OUTFITS! WHO'S THAT GUY? I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON! DAMN IT, I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS!
ATTENTION, EARTHLINGS! I AM COMMANDER SCAGG FROM THE PLANET YOU NOW REFER TO AS MARS. YOU ARE NOW COMPLETELY UNDER MY COMMAND AND I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU SURRENDER PEACEFULLY. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!
WHAT? WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
IS THIS A FRIGGIN' JOKE? WHERE'S THE CAMERAS AT?
FORGET IT, I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED. LET THE SQUADRON OF ASTRO-DEFENDERS HANDLE THIS ONE! ICE-BOY, STRETCHY GUY AND FLAMING GIRL LOVE THIS TYPE OF INVASION CRAP.
I'M JUST GONNA PRETEND I NEVER SAW THIS AND MIND MY OWN FREAKING BEE WAX FOR ONCE. END OF STORY!
WE WILL BE RETURNING IN SEVENTY-TWO OF YOUR EARTH HOURS TO TAKE OVER CONTROL OF YOUR PLANET. AT THAT TIME YOU WILL BE LOADED ONTO OUR SLAVE SHIPS AND TRANSPORTED TO MARS. OH, AND REMEMBER, PLEASE, ONLY ONE CARRY-ON BAG PER PERSON.
EAT ME.

LADIES, PLEASE SHOW THESE EARTH MAGGOTS WHAT IS IN STORE FOR THEM IF ANYONE TRIES TO RESIST.
YOU GOT IT.
FIRE!
FINALLY, THE FACT THAT THIS IS NO JOKE BEGINS TO BECOME A REALITY FOR SOME MEMBERS OF THE CROWD.
HELP! I'M FRIGGIN' BURNING MY NUTS OFF! HELP! MY NUTS ARE ON FIRE!
DROP AND ROLL! DROP AND ROLL!
STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'M HIGHLY FLAMMABLE!
SUDDENLY, THE PHONE RINGS.
HELLO! WHAT? YEAH, I'M WATCHING IT. WHAT DO YA MEAN WE? HOW DID I GET INVOLVED IN THIS?
BLOODY HELL, MATE! AIN'T THOSE YOUR CRAZY BIRDS ON THE TUBE BLASTING THOSE PUNTERS LIKE SILLY CUNTS?
MAYBE?
WELL, THEN I'D SAY YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF INVOLVED, MATE.
DAMN IT! BUT...
NO BUTS
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEET CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN. FOR MORE ON THIS GUY READ "CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN - THE TRUE STORY"
666 NEWS
I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE HORROR! OH, THE HUMANITY! THE STENCH OF BARBEQUED FLESH IS OVERWHELMING!
SWEET MAMMA! MY BISCUITS ARE BURNING!
EL SUPERBEASTO SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE WITH DETERMINED FURY!
SO MUCH FOR A LAZY SUNDAY! DAMN IT, I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE SCREENED THAT CALL!
WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY? THIS SPINNING ROCK CALLED EARTH NEEDS ME! HOW CAN I RESIST THE CALL OF DUTY?
WELL, YOU CAN'T OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE A FUNNY BOOK STORY THIS MONTH.

AND SO THE ADVENTURE BEGINS. EL SUPERBEASTO, CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN, IGOR KENEVIL AND ELSA THE GREAT HEAD OFF TO CONFRONT THIS ALIEN MENACE FROM MARS KNOWN AS COMMANDER SCAGG.
OKAY, FIRST OFF, I GOT DIBS ON ALL MOVIE AND TELEVISION RIGHTS INCLUDING PAY-PER-VIEW EVENTS, JUST IN CASE THIS THING BLOWS UP INTO A FULL BLOWN BRUCKHEIMER ADVENTURE EPIC TYPE THING 'CAUSE PERSONALLY, I SMELL A BLOCKBUSTER AND I AIN'T GETTING CHEATED AGAIN LIKE I DID ON THAT "MONOLITHS FROM THE DEEP" DEAL LAST YEAR.
CHEERS, BUT I'VE GOT A CLAIM ON ALL MUSIC AND SOUNDTRACK OPTIONS PERTAINING TO SAID PICTURE IF SAID PICTURE IS TURNED INTO A BLOODY BROADWAY MUSICAL.
FINE, BUT I GET MATCHING RIGHTS. NOW LET'S DISCUSS THE MERCHANDISING.
CHEERS.
HEY, I WANT TO BE AN ACTION FIGURE!
LET'S ALL SHARE AN EVIL LAUGH, SHALL WE?
HAHAHAHAHAHA
AND SO, OUR HEROES HEAD OFF TO CONFRONT THIS STRANGE NEW MENACE WITH THOUGHTS OF MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR DEALS SPINNING IN THEIR OVER-INFLATED HEADS.
NEXT ISSUE:
BETTER DEAD THAN RED!

MILO AND ANGUS RETURN TO DEADMARSH MANOR AFTER HAVING SUCCESSFULLY SUBDUED THE RAGING ZOMBIE MENACE KNOWN AS AMBER, SKYLER AND TIFFANY
HEY, PIPE DOWN BACK THERE, I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!
THEIR BLEEDING YACKETY-YACK IS DRIVING ME BONKERS.
SCREECH... SCREECH... SCREECH!
THIS REMINDS ME OF A JOKE... "HEY, DID YA HEAR ABOUT THAT NEW INVENTION THAT KEEPS THE INSIDE OF YOUR CAR QUIET?"
NO.
"IT FITS RIGHT OVER HER MOUTH." HEH, HEH, HEH.
CHEERS.
SIMON DEADMARSH
MONSTER HUNTER
EPISODE TWO: "HOW MANY ZOMBIES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHTBULB?"
LATER IN THE LAB
THE READINGS COMING OFF THESE GIRLS ARE QUITE UNUSUAL. THIS IS NO COMMON ZOMBIE VIRUS.
WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, THE INFECTION SEEMS TO BE LOCATED ONLY IN THE BRAIN AND HAS COMPLETELY BYPASSED THE BLOOD AND NERVOUS SYSTEMS.
SO IS THERE A CHANCE WE CAN SAVE THEM?
YES, THERE IS A CHANCE. BUT WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY.

AS YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE ON THESE X-RAYS, THE INFECTION ENTERED THROUGH THE OPTIC TRACT AND SPREAD INTO THE SUBSTANTIA NIGRA, BUT SOMEHOW AVOIDED THE RED NUCLEUS. I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BEFORE... THE VEIN OF GALEN IS COMPLETELY COLLAPSED
WHAT? I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE PAID ATTENTION IN BIOLOGY.
DADDY, THIS GIRL'S BLOOD PRESSURE IS WAY BELOW NORMAL, EVEN FOR A ZOMBIE... WAIT! IT'S STARTING TO RISE.
HOLY CRAP! LOOK OUT!
BRAINS! BLOOD! I AM HUNGRY. FEED ME!
SCRATCH!
WHOA! DADDY, THIS THING IS STILL KICKING!
I MUST FEED! I NEED STRENGTH TO SERVE MY MASTER! MASTER, SAVE ME! MASTER, WHERE ARE YOU?
CORDELIA, STAND BACK!
A QUICK NEUTRALIZING DART TO THE JUGULAR SHOULD SEND THIS GIRL BACK INTO LA-LA LAND
SHOOT
MASTER, HELP ME. I FEEL...
NICE SHOT.
THANK YOU.
... SLEEPY
WELL, I GUESS THIS ZOMBIE ATTACK IS TOTALLY CONTAINED AND UNDER CONTROL. NO NEED TO WORRY... RIGHT?

LADIES AND GERMS, MAY I PRESENT THE DEVIL BOYS NOT SINCE THOSE LOVABLE MOP-TOPS THE BEATLES HIT THESE SHORES HAS A BAND SO CAPTIVATED AND DOMINATED THE AIRWAVES. SEVENTEEN CONSECUTIVE NUMBER ONE HITS, INCLUDING SUCH MEMORABLE SONGS AS: "SMASH YOUR FUCK-FACE," "MY BABY IS THE ANTI-CHRIST," "BIG BAG OF PUSSY" AND "EAT ME, YOU WHORE."
I'M GONNA GO HOME AND KILL MY GRANDMA AS SOON AS THIS SHOW IS OVER.
SWEET! I'M GONNA RAPE THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG!
DUDE, YOU ARE SUCH A POSER.
IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT THEIR FANS ARE EASILY INFLUENCED BY THE NOT SO SUBTLE MESSAGES IN THEIR MUSIC.
TONIGHT THE DEVIL BOYS ARE DEBUTING SOME NEW SONGS OFF OF THEIR FORTHCOMING ALBUM "TRUNK SUFFOCATION BLUES."
I GOT YOUR ARMS UNDER MY BED... I GOT YOUR LEGS WRAPPED AROUND MY HEAD... I GOT YOUR HEAD LOCKED IN A JAR... I GOT YOUR ASS IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR.
WHAT'S THIS? OUR MYSTERIOUS SHROUDED FIGURE HAS DECIDED TO CRASH THE CONCERT.
SILENCE! I HAVE COME FOR YOUR BRAINS!
SUFFOCATION, BABY, SUFFOCATION!
THE CROWD STARES IN WONDER
FEAST YOUR EYES...
THE CROWD BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER
... UPON MY ETERNAL SOUL!
THE CROWD TURNS INTO FLESH-EATING GHOULS
BRAINS, BLOOD, FOOD!
YOU ARE MINE!

BACK AT THE LAB, THE GIRLS ARE ASLEEP AND ON THE SLAB.
I BELIEVE WE SHOULD KEEP THESE GIRLS IN QUARANTINE FOR THE NEXT WEEK. ALTHOUGH THE CHANCE OF A RELAPSE IS SLIM.
LUCKILY WE CAUGHT THIS BEFORE IT SPREAD.
A MASS OUTBREAK OF THIS INTENSITY WOULD BE DEVASTATING.
THEY LOOK PRETTY HARMLESS NOW.
ON TODAY'S SHOW WE WILL BE DEALING WITH THE SENSITIVE TOPIC OF "WET T-SHIRT MODELS WHO MARRIED OBESE MIDGETS THAT ARE ACTUALLY HOMOSEXUAL PROSTITUTES WORKING FOR THE CIA."
T'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE ADDRESSED THE ISSUES THAT ARE REALLY AFFECTING SOCIETY AND DESTROYING OUR WAY OF LIFE.
YOU, AMERICA, ARE BLOODY CRACKERS!
OH, MAYBE WE SHOULD WATCH SOME EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMMING LIKE BENNY HILL?
NEWSFLASH
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO GO LIVE FROM THE SCENE OF A MASSIVE ZOMBIE OUTBREAK.
OH CRAP!
APPARENTLY, THOUSANDS OF TEENAGE ZOMBIES HAVE CONVERGED ON MIDTOWN AND HAVE BEGUN BLAZING A TRAIL OF CARNAGE NOT SEEN SINCE LAST WEEK'S TWO FOR ONE SALE AT SHOE PAVILLION AT THE WEST END MALL.
WE BETTER TELL THE DOC.
WAKE UP, GOVNA', AND TAKE BUTCHER'S AT THE TELLY.
WE GOT BIG TROUBLE, MUCHACHO. THE WHOLE FREAKING CITY IS SWARMING WITH TEENAGE DEAD JOBS
I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT BE BREWING ON THE HORIZON.
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE, PACK UP THE ANTI-ZOMBIE GEAR AND MEET ME AT THE CAR. WE'VE GOT SOME SERIOUS WORK AHEAD OF US TONIGHT.

ZOOM! THE DEADER MOBILE SPEEDS OUT OF DEADMARSH MANOR TOWARDS MIDTOWN.
STEP ON IT, MILO! TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!
HOLD ON TO YOUR NUTS, GANG! I'M GONNA OPEN THIS BABY UP!
MILO WHIPS THE DEADER MOBILE AROUND THE WINDING STREETS OF BRAY COURT.
SCAVENGERS ARE BROWSING ZOMBIES AT TWELVE O'CLOCK... STRAIGHT AHEAD!
MILO PLOWS THROUGH THE STREETS. THE ENTIRE MIDTOWN AREA IS A BLOODBATH.
HOPPED UP ZOMBIES HIGH ON HUMAN FLESH ARE PARTYING LIKE IT'S 1999!
BLOOD... I DRINK YOUR BLOOD!
THE DEADER MOBILE SCREECHES TO A STOP
OK, EVERYBODY, PUT ON YOUR INFRA-REDS SPECS. REMEMBER, ANYTHING THAT THE SPECS RED FLAG AS A ZOMBIE IS BEYOND MEDICAL ATTENTION AND MUST BE DESTROYED.
BLOODY BRILLIANT!
HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE?
THE ONES THAT CAN BE SAVED WILL APPEAR AS THEIR NORMAL SELVES IN THE INFRA-VISION.
RIGHT, AND ANYTHING ELSE IS GONNA BE TARGET PRACTICE MY NEW CHROME-PLATED AUTOMATIC, BABY!
GET READY FOR SOME GOOD OLD AMERICAN CARNAGE!

WELL, IT SEEMS AS IF THE INFRA-RED GOGGLES ARE READING ONLY BLOOD THIRSTY GHOULS.
KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL
THEY'RE MOVING IN, BOSS. JUST GIVE THE COMMAND.
DAMN IT! IT'S WORSE THAN I EVER COULD HAVE IMAGINED. EVERYONE MUST DIE. SET ALL WEAPONS FOR KILL!
HERE WE GO, KIDS.. LET'S KILL 'EM ALL AND LET THE GHOULTOWN SANITATION DEPARTMENT SORT THEM OUT!
YOU GOT IT, MATE!
READY TO SLICE AND DICE AND PLAY NOT SO NICE, DADDY!
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!
NEXT ISSUE: THE RETURN OF LORD LIAM LIGHTFOOT!

WELCOME BACK, LOYAL READERS. AGAIN YOU ASK, "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?" AND AGAIN I SAY, "WHY DON'T YOU JUST PAY ATTENTION, THEN I DON'T HAVE TO KEEP EXPLAINING THIS SHIT." BUT I WILL ANYWAY.
AS YOU KNOW, SUZI X HAS NOW JOINED FORCES WITH BOBBIE WOLFGANG AND THE MOLOKO BOYS. THIS FRIENDLY UNION CAME ABOUT DUE TO AN EVENT WE'LL REFER TO AS "THE BIRTHDAY CAKE INCIDENT."
ANYWAY, BOBBIE'S MASTER PLAN IS TO INFILTRATE KING KRACKO'S CASTLE THROUGH A SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL SYSTEM THAT RUNS DIRECTLY UNDER "BIG BONGIE BO-BO'S CLOWN CASTLE OF TERROR," ONE OF THE LESSER KNOWN ATTRACTIONS ON BONEHEAD ISLAND
UNFORTUNATELY, THE OLD INHABITANTS OF "BIG BONGIE BO-BO'S CLOWN CASTLE OF TERROR" ARE STILL ALIVE AND WELL... AND MEAN AS HELL.
SPREAD THE ULTRA-VIOLENCE THICK, OH ME BROTHERS! DRENCROM DREAMS OF RED, RED KROOVEY ARE SCREAMING REAL HORRORSHOW IN ME GULLIVER!
RIGHT, RIGHT!
HOOK A HOUND-AND-HORNY MERZKY SKULL JOBBER AND I'LL BASH HIS PITIFUL MORDER REAL RAZDRAZ!
CRACK 'EM SIZY HOLES IN THEIR LITSOS, DEAR SISTER SUZI!
AND SO BEGINS ANOTHER CLASSIC FUNNY BOOK STORY I CALL THIS ONE...
SUZI X
featuring MARVIN in
I HATE CLOWNS!

YOU WANT ACTION? WE GOT ACTION, BUDDY!
KNOCKING THESE DUSTERS IS A REAL KICK, EH?
A SORRY LOT OF BABES IN BROKEN ARMS BLURPING BOOHOOHOO FOR THEIR DAMA MUMS, I'D SAY.
GRRAAAACK!
YOU WANT EXCITEMENT? WE GOT EXCITEMENT!
OH, MY HEAD!
A WELL DELIVERED CHAIN TO A FLIPFLOPPING GLOOPY GIT IS ALWAYS A RIGHT TIME!
YOU WANT A HOT CHICK KICKING A LIVING SKELETON WARRIOR IN THE NUTS? WE GOT IT, JERKY!
A WORLD CLASS BOOT PLACED YARBLE MESSAGE SHOULD KNOCK THIS VONNY VESHCH BACK INTO HIS SNUG.
THIS ONE'S MINE.
SNAP!
KILL HER, NOW!
A SPLOOGE TO THAT SPUDDY LITSO IS WHAT I CALL RIGHT READY!
YOU CAN'T STOP US! WE ARE ROYAL GUARDS OF BONGIE BO-BO!
YEAH, MAN, IF YOU LOOK UP INVINCIBLE IN THE DICTIONARY THERE IS A PICTURE OF US.
A QUICK TURN OF THE GULLIVER LIKE A SHINY KNOPKA SHOULD SET THIS MAPPY MILLICENT OF BONGIE BO-BO BACK TO THE BONEYARD.
OWWW! MY HEAD... YOU'RE TWISTING MY FRIGGIN' HEAD OFF, YOU DEVASTATING TEMPTRESS OF DESTRUCTION!
A BIT SCHOOLIE WITH THE BITVA BURBLE ON, MY DEAR DECREP!
MY NECK... MY NECK! I THINK YOU FIXED THE KINK IN MY NECK. I MUST SAY, I FEEL QUITE WONDERFUL.
EVERY CHIROPRACTIC PATIENT'S NIGHTMARE... A LITTLE TOO MUCH TWISTING ACTION AND.. POP!
WAIT! OH BOY, I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING SNAP. YEP, I DEFINITELY HEARD SOMETHING... THAT DIDN'T SOUND GOOD.
SORRY, OLD SOD, BUT A PRESTOOPNICK DOME MUST BE REMOVED FROM THE SHIYA AND I EXPECT NO CREECHING FROM YOU. RIGHT, RIGHT?
I HAVE NO CLUE WHAT YOU JUST SAID, BUT ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS...
AAAAHHHHH!

LET'S CHECK IN WITH OUR UNDERWATER SPECIALIST EL SUPERBEASTO. WELL, IT SEEMS HE HAS GOTTEN HIMSELF LOCKED IN A RATHER NASTY LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE WITH SELINA, PRINCESS OF DRUYKON.
STRUGGLE, FOOL, STRUGGLE! WITHOUT YOUR WATER BREATHING MASK YOU ARE POWERLESS!
OH CRAP, I GOTTA GET TO THE SURFACE! I CAN ONLY HOLD MY BREATH FOR ABOUT SEVENTEEN SECONDS ON A GOOD DAY!
YOU ARE POWERLESS IN MY WORLD. IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE THE SWEET SALTED LIQUID BEGINS FILLING YOUR LUNGS!
SCREW IT, I'M DRAGGING THIS NASTY FREAKSHOW TO THE SURFACE WITH ME, PRONTO!
JUST A FEW MORE FEET TO THE SURFACE... UGH, MAN, THIS SEA SKANK WEIGHTS A TON.
STOP! I CAN'T BREATHE THE LAND DWELLERS' AIR! STOP! I'LL DIE!
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE PLAN, SISTER!
I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING. I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED.
EL SUPERBEASTO CRASHES THROUGH THE WATER'S SURFACE LIKE SHAMU ON A SUNNY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT SEA WORLD.
YOU'RE GONNA GET IT GOOD NOW, SQUID-FACE. YOU'RE PLAYING IN MY SANDBOX NOW!
NO, NO, NO!
SUDDENLY, A SWEET CHILD-LIKE VOICE GRABS SUPERBEASTO'S ATTENTION!
OH PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME. I AM A PRISONER OF AN EVIL WIZARD. I NEED YOUR HELP. PLEASE SAVE ME.
WHAT THE--?
YOU WANT HELP? I'LL GIVE YOU HELP
THANK YOU, KIND SIR. I'M AN INNOCENT GIRL, LOST IN A CRUEL WORLD.
HOW ABOUT IF I...
SUPERBEASTO CONSIDERS HIS OPTIONS AND MAKES THE CALL.
SMASH YOUR FUCK-FACE! WHAT, DO YOU THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY?
I HOPE I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS OR THIS KID'S GONNA NEED SOME NEW TEETH!
NICE PLAY, SHAKESPEARE.
SUPERBEASTO DRAGS THE BLOATED CARCASS OF SELINA UP ONTO THE BEACH.
JESUS, THAT WAS A DISTRACTION I COULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT. MAN, I FEEL LIKE I NEED A NAP
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE. I'LL DIE ON LAND.
NO SHIT, I'M GONNA LET YOU DRY UP LIKE GRANDMA ROSIE'S PRUNES ON A HOT SUMMER DAY.

CALLING DR. SAMUEL J. BRINKHIMMER.
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU TWO SECONDS TO SAY SOMETHING PROFOUND BEFORE I SUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT OF YOUR SKULL... GO!
UH...
WONDERFUL.
DR. BRINKHIMMER'S BRAINS DRAIN INTO LORD BOOMER'S INCREASINGLY POWERFUL NUCLEAR CORTEX.
DON'T WORRY, I WILL BE SURE TO HAVE THE MORTICIAN ENGRAVE THOSE THOUGHT PROVOKING LAST WORDS ONTO YOUR HEADSTONE.
LOCKED AWAY IN A SECLUDED BEDROOM THAT BEARS AN EERIE RESEMBLANCE TO A SECRET ROOM AT NEVERLAND RANCH, WE FIND PROF. VON CLOUHIZEN.
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT SOLDIERS APPROACHING FROM TWELVE DEGREES NORTH WEST MEET A WIND RESISTANCE OF EIGHT KNOTS BY WAY OF A TROPICAL FRONT COMING FROM...
THE SOUTH WEST WILL NEED TO INCREASE TRAJECTORY BY ONE-POINT-FOUR MILLIMETERS TO DEFLECT THE ONCOMING EASTERN FRONT THROUGH THE CARPULIAN PEAKS.
I THINK I NEED SOME RED JELLY BEANS... NO.. BLUE... DEFINITELY BLUE JELLY BEANS.
I LOVE BATTLE PLANS. IT'S JUST LIKE TIC-TAC-TOE.
I STILL HAVE YET TO UNDERSTAND HOW THIS SIMPLETON CAN LEAD A WORLD DOMINATING ARMY INTO BATTLE. WOULD SOMEONE EXPLAIN THIS TO ME PLEASE... PLEASE

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?
SURE AS THAT BIG GAPE OF A GRIN ON DOOBIE'S LITSO!
ALL RIGHT, BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT WE ARE BEING TRICKED. THIS IS TOO EASY.
HMMM? SO DO I.

CALL IT WOMAN'S INTUITION OR JUST PREDICTABLE STORY TELLING, BUT SUZI WAS RIGHT. THIS IS TOO EASY
AND WITH THAT, A SECRET PANEL OPENS IN THE FLOOR, SWALLOWING BOBBIE AND HIS BOYS IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE. A PINK EYE, AT THAT!
SSWOOOSHH!
BOBBIE?

SUZI IS ALONE.
NOT GOOD.
I MEAN, REALLY ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS LOCATE KRACKO. HOW DANGEROUS COULD THAT BE? I MEAN, I *AM* A WORLD CLASS SUPER SPY, AFTER ALL. THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE.
LIGHTS OUT... THINGS JUST GOT WORSE.
WHY DID I HAVE TO SAY SOMETHING SO OBVIOUS AND YET SO STUPID?
LIGHTS ON.
HMMMM, THIS IS ODD.
WHAT COULD IT POSSIBLY BE? WHAT AT THIS POINT COULD BE SO ODD?

A HALL OF MIRRORS APPEARS.
WELL, IF I WASN'T CAUGHT IN A LIFE OR DEATH STRUGGLE AGAINST TIME... I WOULD HAVE TO SAY THE LIGHTING IN HERE IS QUITE FLATTERING.
ALRIGHTY, SPIDEY, IT'S ROBOT PIRATE PARTY TIME AGAIN.
LISTEN UP, ME BUCKOS! SOME OF YOU WILL NOT BE COMING BACK. YOU'LL BE DREAMING DREAMS FROM DAVEY JONES' LOCKER. SO I SAY USE YER DEADLIGHTS, MATEYS, AND LOOK ALIVE!
AYE.
I KNOW SOME OF YOU SWABBERS BELIEVE THESE CLOWNS TO BE LAND LUBBERS, BUT ME OLD SALT SAYS DIFFERENT. SCURVEY DOGS THEY MAY BE, BUT A WORTHY DOG, NONETHELESS.
HIGH ABOVE THE BEACH LOOMS OUR MAIN MAN OF ACTION.
WHAT THE CRAP? WHEN THE HELL DID MARVIN BECOME THE BELLE OF THE PIRATE BALL?
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT A FOUR TON THEME PARK ATTRACTION IS CREEPING UP ON YA. WORD.
IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES ANYONE ELSE GET THE DISTINCT FEELING A GIANT MECHANICAL CYBOT-BUCCANEER IS BREATHING DOWN MY NECK?
ARRRR, YE BUCKO HOLD THY CARCASS BEFORE I TURN YE INTO FEED FOR THE FISHES!
WHY MUST I ALWAYS BE RIGHT?
WELL, WELL, WELL. WHAT KIND OF SCURVY LANDLUBBER DO WE HAVE HERE?
WAS THAT A RHETORICAL QUESTION?
LAD, A GOOD KEELHAULING WILL SET YOUR BRAIN PROPER!
KEELHAULING? HMMM, I DON'T SUPPOSE KEELHAULING MEANS A BIKINI MODEL FEEDING ME A CHEESE BURGER WITH A SILVER SPOON, DOES IT?
AYE, FOR YOUR SAKE I WISH IT DID. KEELHAULING IS DROWNING BENEATH THE SHIP WHILE HAVING YOUR SKIN GROUND OFF BY THE BARNACLES.
I'LL PASS.

WELL, PROFESSOR, I HOPE YOUR AFTERNOON NAP WHEN WELL. ARE YOU READY TO SHOW ME YOUR PERFECT PLAN FOR COMPLETE WORLD DOMINATION?
OH, THAT. I FINISHED THAT HOURS AGO. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING BRAND NEW.
REALLY? WHAT NOW, A PLAN FOR UNIVERSAL DOMINATION AND DESTRUCTION, PERHAPS?
NO, IT'S BETTER THAN THAT.
SHOW ME, SHOW ME. OH, THE DIABOLICAL BRILLIANCE OF IT ALL.
IT'S A KITTY! I NAMED HIM WALLEY BALLNUTS. ISN'T HE CUTE?
FOR ONCE KING KRACKO IS SPEECHLESS.
SUZI PONDERS THE MEANING OF LIFE
WHY IS IT MY BUTT LOOKS CUTE IN THAT MIRROR, BUT IN THAT MIRROR IT LOOKS HUGE?
I'VE REALLY GOT TO START HITTING THOSE BUNS OF STEEL TAPES AGAIN. HOLD UP.. OVER THERE IT LOOKS PERFECT.
HEY, BABY, WANNA SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?
HAHAHAHA
WHAT THE HELL?
IF THERE IS ONE THING SUZI HATES MORE THAN CHEAP SHOES AND SPICY THAI FOOD IT'S...
CLOWNS!
SAY IT, DON'T SPRAY IT. HOO, HOO, HA, HA, HEH, HEH!
LITTLE KNOWN FACT: EVER SINCE SUZI WAS A TINY TOT, SHE HAS HAD A PARALYZING FEAR OF THESE GREASE PAINT BUFFOONS.
CLOWNS... CLOWNS... CLOWNS... I HATE FUCKING CLOWNS!

THIS IS NOT GOOD.
LOOK AT THOSE DISGUSTING, FILTHY HANDS AND THOSE CRUST-COVERED FINGER NAILS. PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME... PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME. I THINK I'M GONNA PASS OUT... THE SMELL OF THEIR BULBUS, SWEATY FLESH IS MAKING MY SKIN CRAWL. I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.
I THINK WE CAN ALL SYMPATHIZE WITH WHAT SUZI IS GOING THROUGH. OH, THE HORROR!
MEANWHILE, TWENTY MILES AWAY ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE ISLAND.
AYE, CAPTAIN CLEGGO, TIS' THE GOOD FORTUNE THAT BROUGHT US THIS SKALLEY WAG. A GOOD FLOOGING AT YOUR SKILLED HAND IS DUE.
QUICK, THINK! WHAT TO DO... WHAT TO DO. MAYBE I SHOULD.... UM.. I DON'T KNOW!
WELL... I, UM.
YO, MARVIN, TELL YOUR BOOTY BOYS I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS!
GOOD WORK, MARVIN. YOU SURE ARE A QUICK THINKER.
THIS SWAB IS SHARK BAIT BY SUNDOWN, ME CUTTERS.
NEXT ISSUE: IN SEARCH OF BIGFOOT

CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN
-THE TRUE STORY

OUR STORY BEGINS A LONG TIME AGO IN A SPOOKY LAND FAR, FAR AWAY AS A LONE WAGON MAKES ITS WAY TO *CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN*. ON BOARD WE FIND A RELATIVELY MAD SCIENTIST NAMED *DR. VICTOR* AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT *IGOR* RETURNING HOME FROM THEIR NIGHTLY GRAVE ROBBING.

WELL, IGOR, I'VE GOT A HUNCH... NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN.

THIS TIME I THINK WE FINALLY FOUND THE RIGHT BODY. ONCE YOU SECURE ME THE PROPER BRAIN, OUR CREATION WILL LIVE.. *LIVE*, I SAY!

YES, MASTER.

QUESTION: WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF IGOR RETURNING WITH THE RIGHT BRAIN? ANSWER: ZERO.

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE *INSTITUTE FOR SCIENTIFIC BRAIN STUFF* WE FIND OUR MAN IGOR.

HMMMM? NOW, WHAT WAS THE NAME I WAS SUPPOSED TO LOOK FOR? I *KNEW* I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT DOWN. WAS IT EINSTEIN, NEWTON, BOWLES... LIPSHITZ?

HMMM? *BRIAN JONES JOHNSON* THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY FAMILIAR. AW, SCREW IT, WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN IF I GRAB THE WRONG BRAIN?

BRIAN JONES JOHNSON

ROCK HISTORY 101: BRIAN JONES JOHNSON WAS THE LEAD SINGER OF THE LEGENDARY ENGLISH ROCK BAND *THE COOL GHOULS*. UNFORTUNATELY, BRIAN DIED OF DROWNING AT THE AGE OF 27 WHILE DRIVING HIS ROLLS THROUGH A SWIMMING POOL FULL OF JACK DANIELS.

LATER, BACK AT THE CASTLE, DR. VICTOR IS MOMENTS AWAY FROM SEEING HIS LIFE'S WORK BECOME REALITY.

WELL, IGOR, LOOKS LIKE YOU WEASELED YOURSELF OUT OF THIS JAM-- NO PROBLEMO! WHAT THE HELL, A BRAIN'S A BRAIN... RIGHT?

THINK OF IT, IGOR! IN A FEW PALTRY MINUTES MY CREATION WILL WALK THE EARTH. ONE OF HISTORY'S GREATEST MINDS WILL BREATHE AGAIN!

YES, MASTER.

LUCKY FOR IGOR, DOCTOR VICTOR DIDN'T BOTHER TO READ THE LABEL ON THE JAR.

IGOR THROWS THE MAIN SWITCH, SENDING 10,000 VOLTING JOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH DR. VICTOR'S CREATION.

ONE... TWO... *THREE!*

ALL TOGETHER NOW... *"IT'S ALIVE!"*

IGOR, PREPARE TO MEET *SIR CHARLES BOWLES*, THE GENIUS BEHIND THE ASTRO-PLANE TIME RELATIVITY THEORY!

DR. VICTOR CAREFULLY BEGINS REMOVING THE BANDAGES, AND...

...TA DA!

MAY I PRESENT SIR CHARLES BOWLES.

CHEERS, MATES. I'D SAY I'M RIPE FOR A PINT AND SOME BLOODY FISH AND CHIPS.

THEN I SAY WE KNOCK ABOUT DOWN AT THE PUB AND RING UP SOME RANDY BIRDS WITH BIG OL' BRISTOLS FOR A GOOD SHAGGING, HEH! *PARTY!*

WHAT?

BRIAN JONES JOHNSON LIVES AGAIN, AND AS THE OLD SAYING GOES..

...WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN HELL, THE DEAD WILL ROCK THE EARTH!
COME ON, LADIES, WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE HERE TONIGHT!
YOU'RE BLOODY WELL RIGHT, LOVE! SLIDE THAT FIFE AND DRUM RIGHT ONTO ME HAMPTON WICK AND GRIND, YOU NAUGHTY CHEEKY MONKEY. I'VE GOT ENOUGH QUID IN ME HOPPER, SO KEEP THE COOCHIE COMING!
LATER THAT NIGHT AT STUDIO 666.
DO A LITTLE DANCE, MAKE A LITTLE LOVE .. GET DOWN TONIGHT... GET DOWN TONIGHT!
LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS! BRIAN JONES JOHNSON IS BACK IN TOWN. WHERE MY BITCHES AT?
GO, BABY, GO!
WELL, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE OLD BRIAN LITERALLY DUG UP THE OLD BAND AND PUT THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
the COOL GHOULS
I'M YOUR FRANKENSTEIN, BANGING ON YOUR COFFIN! YOU BETTER LET ME IN AND GET THOSE DRAWERS A DROPPIN'!
AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A FRANKENSTEIN PARTY, AND A FRANKENSTEIN PARTY DON'T STOP!
YEAH, BABY, YEAH!
ARE YOU IN THE BAND?
BRIAN JONES JOHNSON IS ABOUT TO JUMP THE SHARK.. BIG TIME!
HEY, WATCH THIS, MATES! THE BLEEDING IDIOT BOX SPROUTED WINGS AND FLEW OUT THE FLIPPIN' WINDOW. BOMBS AWAY!
AND, WELL, AS YET ANOTHER SAYING GOES... "ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END." AND...
...COME TO AN END...
WELL, IGOR, I GUESS IT'S BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD. THIS EXPERIMENT IS A TOTAL FAILURE. I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WHEN WRONG WITH THAT BRILLIANT BRAIN.
DON'T WORRY, MASTER. THERE WILL BE OTHER BRAINS
..THEY DID!
MASTER!
SPLAT!!

TWO DAYS LATER
HERE LIES DOCTOR VICTOR KILLED BY TELEVISION
BRIAN AND IGOR VISIT THE GRAVESITE OF THEIR FALLEN MASTER.
IT'S MY BLOODY FAULT! I KILLED HIM! WHY? WHY?
COME BACK TO THE CASTLE. THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO HERE.
I MUST DO SOMETHING!
I, BRIAN JONES JOHNSON, SWEAR ON THE GRAVE OF DR. VICTOR VON FRANKENSTEIN TO AVENGE HIS DEATH WITH EVERY OUNCE OF LIFE IN MY BODY
BRIAN JONES JOHNSON IS NO MORE. I WILL BE REBORN ON THIS FATEFUL DAY AS CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN, DEFENDER OF GOODNESS!
AND SO THE STORY GOES. ANOTHER HERO IS BORN. CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS SIDEKICK IGOR KENEVIL.
COME ON, IGOR, I BLOODY WELL WASTED ENOUGH OF ME LIFE. IT'S TIME I GAVE UP WINE, WOMEN AND SONG, AND LIVED MY LIFE ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.
YES, MASTER!
FOR SALE
YOU KNOW, I WAS JUST THINKING. I MEAN, REALLY, WHAT GOOD IS IT FOR ME TO GIVE UP SHAGGIN' THE BIRDS, REALLY? AND A PINT NOW AND THEN CAN'T HURT... RIGHT?
AND SO FRANK AND IGOR HIT THE ROAD WITH A SLIGHTLY ADJUSTED PLAN FOR DEFENDING TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN MONSTER WAY
OKAY, HERE WE GO... NEW PLAN. I WILL STILL SHAG THE BIRDS WITH RIPE BIG BRISTOLS, DRINK A PINT WHEN THIRSTY, AND ROCK WITH ME BAND, BUT I SWEAR I'LL STILL MAKE TIME TO DO GOOD STUFF FOR SOCIETY AND SHITE LIKE THAT.
YES, MASTER.
AND SO, THE LEGEND BEGINS...

EL SUPERBEASTO'S
GUIDE TO PICKING UP CHICKS

Lesson # 4 – Putting chicks into stereotypical categories. Well, by now I assume you have tried some of my idiot-proof methods. So, now it is time to start breaking down the various types of chicks you will be encountering and the difficulty rating of shagging these birds.

The Stripper – Well, obviously these chicks are your best bet. I mean, they shake their tits in your face for a living. But beware... lurking inside these fake fantasies of womanhood usually resides a nutcase waiting to ruin your life. Have your fun, then move to another city. *Difficulty rating – 1*

The Librarian – Ah, the horny librarian. This is your best bet if you can find one-- see that doesn't look like your fat Aunt Mabel, that is. These broads are full of pent up frustration, so basically they are ready to rock. Added bonus is most likely these chicks don't drink hard liquor, so if you get 'em drunk, look out! Don't expect too much in the way of dirty talk; they are trained to be quiet. *Difficulty rating – 6*

The Rocker Chick – Well, these girls have been around the block and then some, so you better be on your game. Most likely she just did the entire Aerosmith road crew, so your sorry ass is no big deal. First off, you are gonna need lots of drugs and rock 'n roll, then you will get to the sex. Also, do not mention that you think Barry Manilow is cool-- this will not help in closing the deal. Worshipping the Devil is a plus here. *Difficulty rating – 8*

The Hippy Chick - She most likely will do you if you act like you like The Grateful Dead and listen to her bullshit about saving the rain forest. But really, man, is it worth it? Hell yeah, it is! Beware of hairy armpits. *Difficulty rating – 4*

The Actress – Not as hard as it might seem. First off, she hates herself already, so she desperately wants your worthless approval. Did I mention that she most likely has an eating disorder and is looking for a new daddy? If those things don't creep you out, then I say start knocking the boots. She will definitely screw you over with her leading man on her next movie, so be ready for that. *Difficulty Rating – 7*

The Super Model – Your looks don't matter here because she is too busy looking at herself. But what does matter is a gigantic bank account. If you ain't swimming in the green then just walk away. She will make you feel like the scum that you are. *Difficulty Rating – off the chart*

See ya next month kids – El Superbeasto

HORROR-SCOPES

Aries : (March 21- April 19)
You will finally realize that, due to your extremely thick ankles, Wally Ball is not your game.

Taurus : (April 20 – May 20)
There is no such thing as low fat M&M's.

Gemini : (May 21- June 21)
A career in Ultimate Fighting is not in the cards for you.

Cancer (June 22- July 22)
Referring to your buttocks as happy flaps is best avoided until further notice.

Leo (July 23 – Aug. 22)
Showing your date your large bowel movement is not recommended.

Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sept. 22)
Stalking Molly Ringwald is no longer considered cool.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct. 23)
Time to think about running for President of that Black Death Metal Cult you joined two months ago.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 – Nov. 21)
Tell your cat to shut the fuck up.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 – Dec 21)
Beware of close friends who tell you that you are attractive.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 19)
Ignore Gary Coleman, period.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb. 18)
Change your middle named to "Louie the Nose."

Pisces (Feb. 19 – March 20)
Ask the homeless for decorating tips.

OTTO'S DVD PICK OF THE MONTH

The Mighty Peking Man
Starring **Evelyne Kraft, Danny Lee, Chen Cheng-Feng**

Well this one is basically *Mighty Joe Young* meets *The Blonde Bombshell* and I gotta tell ya, it friggin' rocks!

The legend of a giant ape called Utam living in the Himalayas reaches fortune hunter Johnny Fang. So of course Johnny sets off to find this amazing creature only to discover that Utam is shacking up with a swinging blonde in a tiny bikini named Samantha.

Johnny falls head over heels for Samantha and convinces her to transport her buddy Utam over to Hong Kong. Well it doesn't take long before greed steps in in the form of an evil promoter named Lu Tien.

Short story is Samantha gets assaulted, Utam is chained like a freak show monkey and wild ape havoc takes over.

Color, 1977

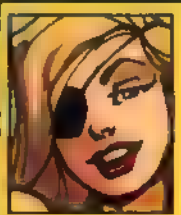
VOODOO HEARTBEAT

SPOOK CITY'S #1 SOURCE FOR GOSSIP

EL SUPERBEASTO'S LIFE TO BE MAJOR MOTION PICTURE

Set to start production in the fall of 2004, is *Bad Ass Mofo: The Life and Times of El Superbeasto.* Originally the film was to star Russell Crowe as the masked hero, but Crowe fell out of the project after his first meeting with **El Superbeasto.** "That chump ain't got the chops to bring my shit to the big screen," Superbeasto said of Crowe. "I need a guy who can really kick some major ass, not an Australian pretty boy."

After vetoing most of Hollywood's A-list, the powers that be decided to let El Superbeasto play himself in the film. Superbeasto commented, "I can act circles around these rich, girly men. Wait 'til you see my love scenes with **Ashley Judd**, there won't be a dry eye in the house."



SUZI X STALKER CAUGHT

Mike Hunt long time **Suzi X** fan, crossed the line Saturday night and was arrested for stalking the super spy. Mr. Hunt was found standing in front of Miss X's apartment without his pants holding a sign that read "Spank me, Mommy I've been bad."

Suzi X could not be reached for comment. Mr. Hunt was also arrested in 2001 for allegedly stalking *America's Funniest Home Videos* star **Bob Saget**. Hunt told police that Mr. Saget had been controlling his underwear through his various television appearances.

DR. SATAN JOINS CAST OF "EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND"

Everyone's favorite ambiguously gay evil doctor has joined the cast of the hit Emmy award winning comedy *Everybody Loves Raymond*. Dr Satan, real name **Steve Wachowski**, will play the role of Ned Hackleberry, the annoying next door neighbor. Star **Ray Romano** said "Dr. Satan will carry on the grand tradition of wacky neighbors like Ed Norton and Barney Rubble."

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ALL STORIES WRITTEN BY ROB ZOMBIE

COVER
MATT TYREE & VAL STAPLES

LETTERS BY LITHIUM PRO

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6 ULTRA TWINS PINUP
EJ SU & VAL STAPLES

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HEY, BUDDY, YA LIKE HOT, NUDE GIRLS COVERED IN WHIP CREAM? COME ON INSIDE AND CHECK IT OUT!
BUT I'M ONLY FIFTEEN!
YOU LOOK TWENTY-ONE TO ME
OH, HEY, WELCOME BACK TO SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL. WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, THINGS HAVEN'T EXACTLY WORKED OUT AS I PLANNED, SINCE LEAVING DR SATAN. BUT DON'T FEEL BAD FOR OLD OTTO. I'VE SOME REAL DOPE PROJECTS IN THE HOPPER.
I'M WORKING ON MY FIRST AUTOBIOGRAPHY ENTITLED, "I'M WITH SATAN," AND I JUST GOT CAST IN THE CHORUS LINE OF "RUN, MONKEY RUN" THE MUSICAL, STARRING JUDD NELSON, MARILU HENNER AND SUZANNE PLESHETTE. ANYWAY, ENOUGH OF MY JAW FLAPPING. TURN THE PAGE AND ENJOY SOME INSPIRATIONAL READING FROM YOUR MAN ROB ZOMBIE!
GIRLS!
GIRLS!

WELCOME BACK, SPOOK-HEADS! I KNOW WE PROMISED MANY THINGS TO YOU DEAR READERS, BUT THIS IS DEFINITELY THE MOST MIND-BOGGLINGLY, LEG-WOBBLINGLY, ASS-FLOGGLINGLY, DEVASTATING PIECE OF SCIENCE FICTION FANBOY FANCIFULNESS SINCE BRAD AND JANET HOT PATOOTIED WITH A CERTAIN TRANSVESTITE FROM TRANSEXUAL TRANSYLVANIA. WHOA!
I CALL THIS RED BLOODED PIECE OF ALL-AMERICAN ASS-KICKING ARTFULNESS..
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
BETTER DEAD THAN RED!
PATHETIC FOOLS! ALL YOUR FEARS OF A MARTIAN INVASION HAVE COME PAINFULLY TRUE! CONSIDER YOURSELVES FUTURE SLAVES OF THE GREAT ORDER OF LORD IRON HEAD.
RESISTANCE IS FUTILE FUTILE... DO YOU HEAR ME?
HMMM? SO COMMANDER SCAGG IS NOT THE MAN. I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE REAL MAN
HEY, BOSS, WHEN DO WE GET TO MEET IRON HEAD? CAN YOU PUT A GOOD WORD IN FOR US?
SHIT, HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE TO SPEND WITH THIS GUY? I WANNA GET TO THE REAL MEAT
WOW, YOU KNOW EVERYBODY YOU MUST BE VERY IMPORTANT ON MARS YEAH, WHEN DO WE GET TO MEET IRON HEAD?
SHIT, WHY DID I MENTION IRON HEAD? QUICK THINK. JUST LIE YOU ARE AN EVIL MASTERMIND YOU CAN FOOL THESE TWO CHICKS
AH, UNFORTUNATELY IRON HEAD HAS LEFT US FOR THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD IN THE SKY I AM NOW THE SUPREME POWER IN HIS PLACE.
OH, REALLY?
YOU'RE THE MAN
DO THESE GIRLS EVER GIVE IT A REST? THEY HANDLE A MARTIAN INVASION WITH ABOUT AS MUCH DECORUM AS SWEET CONNIE ON THE GRAND FUNK RAILROAD TOUR BUS!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE THE HORROR. WAIT, I THINK I SEE TROOPS BEGINNING TO EXIT THE SHIP. OH, SWEET MAMA. HELP US!
LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

YES, I WAS CORRECT A BATTALION OF ROBOTIC WAR MACHINES SEEMS TO BE TAKING UP FORMATION
COMMANDER SCAGG'S "SHOCK AND ROCK" CAMPAIGN KICKS INTO HIGH GEAR.
DESTROY... KILL... ANNIHILATE.
SWEET MAMA, RUN!
HELP! OH, LORD HELP US!
SAVE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!
THE TROOPS ENTER RATHBONE SQUARE HOME OF GENERAL WILBUR RATHBONE'S MEMORIAL CELEBRATING THE GREAT WAR OF TUESDAY
DESTROY.. KILL.. ANNIHILATE.
WHERE THE HELL ARE OUR FRIGGIN' HEROES?!
BLOODY HELL, THEY'VE ALREADY REACHED THE SQUARE!
WHAT'S THE PLAN, CHIEF? YOU DRAGGED ME OUTTA BED, SO I ASSUME YOU'VE GOT THE PLAN!
I'M STILL WORKING ON IT, GOVNA'
I SAY WE GO FOR THE OLD "SPLIT UP SNEAK UP, KNOCK 'EM, SOCK 'EM AND CLOCK 'EM IN THE FUCKING HEAD" PLAN!
I WAS GONNA SAY EXACTLY THE SAME THING
SURE YA WERE, BUDDY
AND SO THE "SPLIT UP, SNEAK UP, KNOCK 'EM, SOCK 'EM AND CLOCK 'EM" PLAN GOES INTO FULL EFFECT. THIS PLAN SHOULD NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE OLD "RAM 'EM, SCAM 'EM, JAM 'EM AND ROCK 'N' ROLL 'EM" PLAN THAT SUPERBEASTO USED IN THE BANSHEE TROGG TREATY WAR LAST SUMMER.
HEY, HOW COME I GET TO BE THE BAIT?
BECAUSE YOU'RE LIKE A SPEED DEMON ON TWO WHEELS, MATE. I CAN'T RIDE THE HOG LIKE YOU CAN. YOU'RE THE BLOODY MAN!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, BROTHER.
WHAT A SUCKER. I CAN RIDE CIRCLES AROUND THAT FOOL. NOT THAT HIS BLOATED EGO WOULD EVER NOTICE
OH, THE WAY CAPTAIN FRANK IDOLIZES ME. IT'S REALLY QUITE EMBARRASSING
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE FATE OF THE PLANET IS IN THESE TWO CLOWNS' HANDS. I THINK IT'S TIME WE ALL PICKED UP A COPY OF "MARTIAN FOR DUMMIES" AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

KILL DESTROY ANNIHILATE
I DID IT... I ESCAPED THANK GOD FOR THESE TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR SNEAKERS. THEY REALLY DO MAKE ME RUN FASTER. I FEEL LIKE A GOD! I--
ARRRGGH!
HEY, ASS-FACE! I'M OVER HERE! COME ON, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? YOU NEED YOUR FAT ASS MAMA TO HELP WITH YOUR INVASION?
WHAT'D HE SAY ABOUT YOUR MAMA?
DON'T NOBODY TALK ABOUT MY MAMA.
PUSSY... PUSSY! HEY, MR. ROBOTO, WHAT'S A MATTER? YOUR MAMA RAISE A FRUITY BOY OR SOMETHING?
OH MAN, YOU ARE SO DEAD! KILL... DESTROY!
DON'T FORGET "ANNIHILATE!"
HEADS UP, PLINTER! BI FIST COMING THROUGH!
BOOYAA
WHEN I GET MY HANDS AROUND YOU, EARTH MAGGOT, I'M GONNA... EEERRCCCCK!
WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, MATE? I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THAT
OH GOD, NOT THIS AGAIN
FOR THE TENTH TIME, BECALISE I'M THE TEAM LEADER THAT'S WHY
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU GET TO WEAR THE COOL ROBOT SUIT
OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS... YOU GET FIRST DIBS ON ANY SPACE BABES WE ENCOUNTER DEAL?
HMMM? OKAY, DEAL
I WONDER IF THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE THESE TYPES OF PROBLEMS?
ALL RIGHT, LET'S MMUUMMFF AND TUUGGNNET THE HUMMFFUM.
THUNK!
WHAT? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU. WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT ALUMINUM SIDING IN YOUR JELLY PANTS?

KUMMMFF AND GRUGGLE THE BRYYFFTH ON THE SHUMMPFLE
GARGLE WITH THE SHAMPOO OIL?
NO! MUMMFF AND FROMMBLE ON THE DUMMMBLLFUFF
SANDPAPER THE ELEPHANT SHOES?
HELP ME, OBI-WAN KENOBI, YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE!
MOVE, YOU EARTH DOG!
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? I'M TORI SPELLING STAR OF 90210?
SILENCE! THE ONLY CELEBRITY I'M CUTTING ANY SLACK IS CHUCK WOOLERY
SEE HOW THESE HUMANS BREAK. NO RESISTANCE WHATSOEVER.
BUT YOU SAID RESISTANCE IS FUTILE.
YES, BUT THAT IS JUST EVIL DOUBLE TALK. I DON'T EXPECT ANYONE TO ACTUALLY OBEY THOSE COMMANDS.
WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO KNOW WHICH THINGS YOU SAY ARE TRUE AND WHICH ARE JUST NONSENSE?
MAYBE YOU LADIES SHOULD WAIT ON THE SHIP WHILE I STAND AND GLOAT
♪ EVERYBODY WAS KUNG-FU FIGHTING THOSE KICKS WERE FAST AS LIGHTNING ♪
MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN SUZI X WORKS ON HER TAN, OBLIVIOUS TO THE MARTIAN CHAOS HAPPENING TEN BLOCKS AWAY.
WE INTERRUPT THIS K-104 BLOCK PARTY WEEKEND TO BRING YOU BREAK NG NEWS.. MARTIANS HAVE INVADED THE EARTH. AGAIN!
OKAY, LET'S GET BACK TO THE MUSIC! HERE'S A NUMBER ONE SMASH FROM THE CAPTAIN AND TENNILE.
MUSKRAT SUSIE AND MUSKRAT SAM.
WHAT? I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING! "MUSKRAT LOVE"!? THIS IS INSANITY!
WE RE-INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO RE-REMIND YOU OF THE MARIAN INVASION NOW IN PROGRESS
WELL, I GUESS I BETTER GET OFF MY ASS AND LOOK INTO THIS MARTIAN THING

MY GUT IS TELLING ME THAT THIS IS A COMPLETE HOAX. I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT THERE'S ANY REAL THREAT
HMMM? THAT SOUNDED PRETTY REAL
ALL RIGHTY, I STAND CORRECTED
AGENT X! AGENT X! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE!
I FIGURED THAT MUCH, MARVIN.
GIVE ME THE SHORT VERSION
APPARENTLY THERE IS ONLY A PROBE SHIP I DON'T THINK WE'VE GOT MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT UNLESS THEY SEND DOWN THE MOTHERSHIP
HAVE YOU CALCULATED THE ODDS ON A FULL SCALE INVASION?
YES, I BELIEVE THE ODDS ARE 498 567 TO 1 ON A MOTHERSHIP APPEARING
ENTER THE MOTHERSHIP
WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING?
UMMM? IS THAT "MUSKRAT LOVE" I HEAR?
DON'T TRY AND CHANGE THE SUBJECT
ALL RIGHT, HERE'S THE PLAN GET THE X-ROCKET FUELED AND READY AND WAITING ON THE PAD I'VE GOT TO FIND AN OUTFIT.
BUT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE
EXACTLY, SO THE FASTER I GET TO MY CLOSET AND CHANGE OUTFITS SEVEN OR EIGHT TIMES, THE FASTER WE CAN HIT THE COSMOS
EARTH IS DOOMED

MEANWHILE, ON THE MOTHERSHIP.
MOJFFLUK AND HLMLLPNME
YEAH, YOU WISH.
HOLD IT! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THIS EARTH SLIME? PRODUCE THE PRISONER'S COMMITMENT PAPERS.
PAPERS? FUCKING HELL, DIDN'T THINK OF THAT ONE.
HEH, HEH, HEH. THESE EARTH CREATURES ARE AS SPINELESS AS A ZONTARIAN SHIT DOG AND UGLY AS A PLUTONIAN ASS MONKEY. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
I'LL LET MY KNEE DO THE TALKING!
OOWWWTFFF!
HOW YA LIKE ME NOW, BITCH?
I DO BELIEVE MY ROCK HARD HEAD WOULD LIKE TO WEIGH IN WITH A LITTLE COMMENT
KONK
AS SOON AS I CAN STAND I'M GONNA RIP YOUR
YOU AIN'T RIPPING JACK SHIT BUDDY
SPLAT!
OUCH! THAT'S GOTTA STING

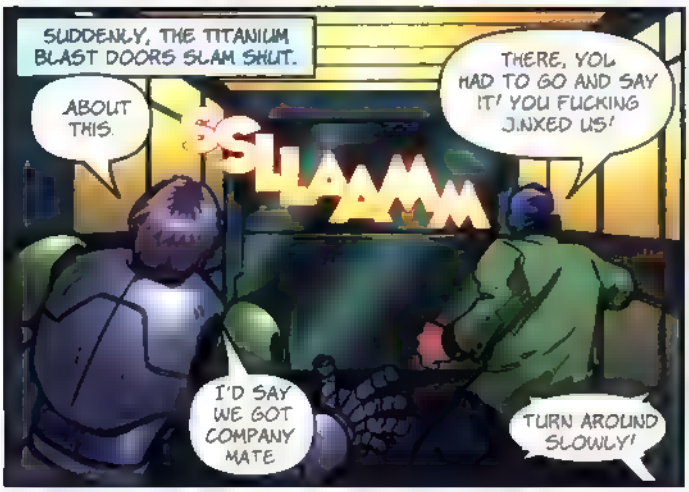
CAGG'S SHIP HAS ENTERED MARTIAN AIR SPACE AND IS ABOUT TO BEGIN DOCKING PROCEDURES.

CHECKMATE
HMMM? QUITE THE DEVILISH MOVE, LARRY
THANK YOU.
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU HAVE NOW HUMILIATED ME AND MUST BE DESTROYED
=GULP=

ENTER THE TWINS, ALSO READY TO BEGIN THEIR OWN DOCKING PROCEDURE.
ANYONE IN THE MOOD FOR SOME COCK
TAILS?

A HEARTY TOAST TO THE FUTURE
HERE'S TO COMPLETE UNIVERSAL DOM.NATION OF THE WEAK AND WORTHLESS CHEERS
CHEERS
CHEERS

IF THAT TIN JOB BACK THERE IS THE BEST THEY GOT TO OFFER, WE SHOULD BE RUNNING THIS JO NT IN ABOUT THREE DAYS
BLOODY RIGHT ALTHOUGH IT IS A BIT QUEER WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OTHER BLOKES KNOCKING ABOUT
LIGHTEN UP, FRANK, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH
I DON'T KNOW


SUDDENLY, THE TITANIUM BLAST DOORS SLAM SHUT.
ABOUT THIS.
SLLAAMM
THERE, YOU HAD TO GO AND SAY IT! YOU FUCKING J.NXED US!
I'D SAY WE GOT COMPANY MATE
TURN AROUND SLOWLY!

THIS AIN'T MY IDEA OF COMPANY BRIGITTE BARDOT NAKED ON A HARLEY HOLDING A MANGO CHEESE CAKE, NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL COMPANY
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?
A BIG PIMPLE ON MY ASS THAT'S READY TO POP

EVEN IN SPACE, THE CLICHÉS RUN RAMPANT
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!
A MILLION MILES AWAY, VERY FASHIONABLE HELP IS FINALLY ON THE WAY.
STABILIZE BOOSTERS
CHECK
ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO!
WHAT'S OUR ETA?
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULAT ONS, WE SHOULD BE ROCK NG ON MARS IN THIRTY-SEVEN HOURS AND FOUR POINT TWO MINUTES.
I THINK WE CAN DO A L TTLE BETTER THAN THAT MEGA-THRUSTERS ARE NOW ENGAGED
LET'S DO IT!
DAMN IT, HARVEY, SHE'S ON THE ROOF AGA N WITH THAT DAMN ROCKETSHIP
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT, BERTHA?
GO UP THERE AND SAY SOMETHING!
SHE'LL KICK MY ASS AGAIN!
TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE: THIRD ROCK FROM YO MAMMA!

YOU ARE LOOKING AT "BIG BONGIE BO-BO'S CLOWN CASTLE OF TERROR," MY DEAR FOLLOWER OF SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL.
HOLD ON TO YOUR NUTS, BECAUSE YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER INTO A JOURNEY I CALL
SUZI X featuring MARVIN in A LITTLE SONG, A LITTLE DANCE, A LITTLE SELTZER DOWN YOUR PANTS
LET US PONDER FOR A MINUTE THE REASON WHY PEOPLE HATE CLOWNS I MEAN, THE ONLY JOY IN LIFE THESE FILTHY MONGOLOIDS HAVE IS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY WHY WOULD YOU DESPISE SUCH A CREATURE?
IS IT BECAUSE YOU HATE TO LAUGH? OR IS IT BECAUSE THESE GREASE PAINT CRETINS ARE THE DREGS OF SOCIETY? PATHETIC LOSERS DRESSED IN CHEAP POLYESTER FUNNY PANTS DESPERATELY SEEKING YOUR APPROVAL OVER THE MOST MUNDANE OF CIRCUS ACTS?
THESE ARE THE DEEP, PROBING QUESTIONS WE HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL FEEL NEED ANSWERS, AND WE ARE JUST THE PEOPLE TO GET THOSE ANSWERS.
HOW MANY PICKLES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?
HMMMM? RAZORBACK HUMPTY DOO?
I KNOW. KNOCK, KNOCK. AREN'T YOU GLAD I DIDN'T SAY ORANGE?
I NEVER SAID THEY WERE FUNNY
ANYWAY, BACK TO THE REAL MATTER AT HAND SUZI X HAS A DEBILITATING FEAR OF CLOWNS AND HAS FALLEN PREY TO THE MOST VILE GANG OF BIG SHOE WEARING, TINY CAR DRIVING, POODLE HOOP JUMPING, PIE IN THE FACE BASTARDS THIS SIDE OF SHAKEY TOWN.

A LONE MAJESTIC SEAGULL SOARS OVER BONEHEAD BEACH AS WE FIND SUPERBEASTO IN A BIT OF A STICKY WICKET
HMMM? WHO SHOULD I SHIT ON TODAY?
WHOA, HOLD UP, MEATBALL!
QUICK, THINK. HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THIS AWAY WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THE WHOLE OPERATION HERE? WAIT... I'VE GOT IT!
ARRGGH, BELAY THAT TALK AND STAND READY FOR A FLOGGING!
WAIT! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE THIS MAN?
NAY, WHO BE THIS SCURVY CURR?
WHY IT'S JORDY, THE DIM-WITTED CABIN BOY! A LOYAL SERVANT TO US ALL!
CABIN BOY?! YOU MOTHER-FUCKER!
HE MAKES THE FINEST CINNAMON OATMEAL THIS SIDE OF RUM REEF BAY!
AYE, A [illegible] CABIN BOY IS JUST WHAT THESE MATEYS NEED, AND A DIM-WITTED ONE AT THAT! HE WILL PROVIDE US SOME HARDY LAUGHS
DON'T WORRY, PAL, YOU CAN THANK ME LATER
YOU ARE SO DEAD

A THICK, JUICY, BALONEY-SIZED HUNK OF SILENCE FALLS OVER THE HALL OF BIG BONGIE BO-BO'S COURT
SUZI IS SPEECHLESS, PARALYZED BY HER INTENSE COULROPHOBIA
COULROPHOBIA
"A PERSISTENT, ABNORMAL AND IRRATIONAL FEAR OF CLOWNS."
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS CHICK? SHE LOOKS AS WHITE AS A GHOST!
YEAH, WHY THE HELL IS SHE BREATHING SO WEIRD?
HEH, HEH, HEH, I HAVE THIS EFFECT ON MANY WOMEN THEY SWOON IN MY PRESENCE, UNABLE TO HANDLE THE INTENSE FEELING SURGING THROUGH THEIR VEINS AS THEY SET EYES ON MY BEAUTY
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ME LOVELY?
I... I... -GULP-
MAYBE SHE'S RETARDED
TAKE HER AWAY AND MAKE HER PRESENTABLE THIS HEALTHY PINK SKIN OFFENDS MY INTELLIGENCE
HAHAHAHAHAHA
NO, SHE IS IN LOVE
I... I -GULP-
YES, SHE WILL JOIN MY ROYAL HAREM IMMEDIATELY
SHE IS USELESS SHE CAN'T PLEASE YOU
LOOK AT HER HOW CAN SHE PLEASE YOU?
I HAVE SOME IDEAS
I'LL BET YOU DO

I THINK WE CAN ALL SYMPATHIZE WITH WHAT SUZI IS GOING THROUGH. OH, THE HORROR!
FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST . YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM .. DRINK AND THE DEVIL HAD DONE FOR THE REST... YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM ..
WITH A YO-HEAVE-HO! AND A FARE-YOU-WELL, AND A SUDDEN PLUNGE IN THE SULLEN SWELL TEN FATHOMS DEEP ON THE ROAD TO HELL, YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!
ARRGGH, THIS BATTLE WITH THE BUFFOONS WILL BE A BLOODY ONE MANY A FINE ROBOT WILL BE LOST
AYE, BUT THIS PLAN WILL ENSURE US SAFE PASSAGE INTO THE DEADMAN'S STRAIGHT, AND VICTORY WILL BE OURS!
WHAT AM I SAYING?
WHERE IS THAT BLASTED CABIN BOY?!
PERMISSION TO ENTER, SIR
WHAT TOOK SO BLOODY LONG, YOU LANDLUBBING FOOL!
AYE, JORDY, YOUR SKILLS BE SLIPPING!
SORRY, BUT WE WERE ALL OUT OF PEPPERMINT TEA. I HAD TO SUBSTITUTE CINNAMON SWIRL
ENJOY YOUR LITTLE PIRATE FANTASY MARVIN, BECAUSE WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE I'M GOING RIP YOUR FRIGGIN @#%*# OFF AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR #$*% ASS!
A TOAST TO THE DEATH STENCH OF THE SEVEN SEAS KNOWN AS BONGIE BO-BO!
AYE, TO THE DEATH STENCH!

HMMM? IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE LAST CHECKED IN WITH OUR ORIGINAL SOURCE OF TROUBLE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S CRACKING WITH KING KRACKO.
LORD BOOMER WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE LIFE FORCE TO SURGE ONCE AGAIN
HIS STEELY EYES STAND BATTLE READY, WAITING FOR A SIGNAL FROM HIS MASTER COMMAND CENTER.
WHAT WILL BE HIS FIRST DIABOLICAL MISSION? WHAT WILL BE HIS FIRST COMMAND AS AN AGENT OF EVIL?
OKEE, DOKEE, LET'S DO SOME DANCING IS EVERYBODY READY TO DO THE HOKEY POKEY? I SAID, IS EVERYBODY READY TO HOKEY POKEY!
ON MY COMMAND YOU PUT YOUR LEFT ARM UP. YOU PUT YOUR LEFT ARM DOWN.
"KING KRACKO, I TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS ARE BEYOND REPROACH, BUT STILL, HE SEEMS LIKE A FOOL."
"...YES, HE DOES SEEM TO BE RATHER A LOOSE CANNON."
YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT OUT AND YOU SHAKE IT ALL ABOUT!
GRANTED, HIS TRAINING METHODS ARE A B.T ODD, BUT WE MUST KEEP THE FAITH, AND VICTORY WILL BE OURS
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY HE'S MAK NG LORD BOOMER DANCE!
YOU THINK THIS IS STUPID? WAIT UNTIL HE STARTS MOONWALKING

I CAN'T MOVE! MY LIMBS ARE FROZEN SOLID. MY ENTIRE BODY HAS GONE COMPLETELY NUMB.
OKAY, LET'S JUST TIGHTEN THIS UP HERE IN THE BACK.
I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE. I GOT TO BREAK THROUGH THIS FEAR.
MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T SAG IN THE BUTT LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED, BONGIE BO-BO WENT THROUGH THE ROOF.
YEP, SHE IS THE PERFECT FIT. THIS GIRL WAS BORN TO BE A CLOWN.
IF SHE CAN JUST GET OVER HER SHYNESS SHE'LL DO US PROUD.
ALL RIGHTY, LET'S FIX UP THAT FACE OF YOURS. SMALL WE?
THIS GIRL 'S ABOUT TO MAKE A FATAL MISTAKE.
PERFECT.
I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING! NOW THAT I LOOK LIKE A CLOWN... I'M NOT SCARED OF CLOWNS ANYMORE. IF YA CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM!
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL EXTREME CLOWN MAKEOVER.
I THINK I FEEL THE BLOOD FLOW RETURNING TO MY VEINS. WAIT A MINUTE, THIS IS AMAZING!

SILVER BONES AND MARVIN STAND READY ON THE DECK OF THE MIGHTY WHORE
ARRGH, BONGE CASTLE
I FEEL THE STINK OF CLOWN THEY'LL SOON BE CHUM FOR THE SHARKS, ME MATEY!
HEH, HEH, HEH! WATCH THIS, GIRLS! WATCH AS OUR GREASE PAINT WARR ORS DESTROY THESE BUCCANEERING BUFFOONS!
THEIR APPROACH DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED
STAND READY! PULL HER UP ALONGSIDE AND PREPARE TO BOARD!
THE MASSIVE SHIPS STAND READY TO ENGAGE IN A MASSIVE BATTLE NOT SEEN SINCE WELL, SINCE LAST SUMMER AT YOUR LOCAL MULTI-PLEX.
AN OMINOUS HUSH FALLS AS THE SHIPS GLIDE TOWARD ONE ANOTHER
SEE HOW THEY CROWD THEIR SHIP BEYOND ITS MEANS
AYE, THEY BE A RANCID LOT
HMMMM? WHAT'S THIS? THE OCEAN IS BEGINNING TO BUBBLE. EITHER NEPTUNE FARTED, OR SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS GOING ON

FINALLY! THE MASSIVE FORM OF LORD BOOMER BURSTS THROUGH THE RAGING WATERS, READY TO WREAK SOME LONG AWAITED HAVOC.
DOES EVERYBODY LIKE FRUITY TOOTIE ICE CREAM AND BABY CHICKENS? BECAUSE I'VE GOT ON FRESH SPANKIE PANTS, AND I'M READY TO RUMBLE!
SAINTS PRESERVE US! WHO BE THIS CREATURE OF THE DEADLIGHTS? STAND STRONG, MY BRETHREN.
THEY CALL THIS JOKER LORD BOOMER, AND AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE IS UNSTOPPABLE.
NAY, STORE THOSE BRINY TALES! I'LL SEND THIS DOG TO THE SHANTY BOTTOM OF DEADMAN'S ISLE!
HEH, HEH, HEH! WE'VE GOT A NEW PROBLEM! ALL CLOWNS ON DECK... ALL CLOWNS ON DECK!
NEXT ISSUE: FINALLY, IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER CALLED—
IN SEARCH OF BIGFOOT

HOLD ON TO YOUR CHUNK BUCKETS, GORE HOUNDS! THIS IS THE ONE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR! THIS IS THE ONE YOUR AUNT GERTIE WARNED YOU ABOUT!
BRAINS!
FRIED CHICKEN AND WAFFLES!
FLESH!
BLOOD!
JUST GIVE THE WORD, BOSS, AND I'LL START EXPLODING HEADS!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE... ON THREE.. ONE!
I'M NOT TOO THRILLED WITH THESE ODDS
TWO!
LET'S DO THIS!
THREE! SHOOT TO KILL!
MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT. THIS ONE AIN'T ABOUT COMPLEX CHARACTERS WITH INTER-WOVEN PLOT POINTS... THIS AIN'T ABOUT THROWING ABOUT THEM TWENTY-FIVE CENT WORDS LIKE "ANBEDEROXYLSIN" AND "KRYLINDINANIAMIMAO!"
THIS IS ABOUT BLOOD, GUTS AND MONSTERS! THIS ONE IS CALLED
SIMON DEADMARSH
MONSTER HUNTER
THE RETURN OF SIR LORD LIAM!

A VERY HOPPED UP ANGUS LETS LOOSE WITH THE SWORD OF DEMONITRUS.
I WON'T QUIT 'TIL EVERY ONE OF THESE BLOKES' HEADS IS ON A BLEEDING BOBBIE STICK!
I'M GONNA GET YOU AND-- ARRRGH!
SPLOOOSH!
BASTARD!
NOT TO BE OUTDONE, MILO JUMPS INTO THE BLOOD THIRSTY MOB.
IT'S KILLING TIME AGAIN, MOTHER FUCKERS!
I WANT TO FEED ON YOUR INTESTINES!
I GOT ONE.
ME TOO
I GOT ONE.
ME TOO
DREAM ON, UGLY BOY! I'M ABOUT TO TURN YOU INTO A FRESH BATCH OF HEAD CHEESE!
IF THIS WASN'T SUCH A GRAVE SITUATION, I'D SAY I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH FUN SINCE MY LITTLE ROMP WITH THE DELRUBIO TRIPLES BACK IN '73 AT THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL.
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!
IS THIS MINDLESS ENOUGH FOR YOU? NO? THEN KEEP ON READING-- IT ONLY GETS WORSE.

LICK MY BOOT, MAGGOT BRAIN!
KILL, KILL, KILL!
WHOA. IS T MY IMAGINAT.ON OR ARE THESE GUYS GETT NG JIM J. BULLOCK ON MY ASS? AND BY THAT I MEAN. . TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
I WANT A LEG!
I WANT A THIGH!
HOLD ON, GANG, THIS AIN'T THE ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET AT SIZZLER!
I WANT A BREAST!
ANGUS! PLEASE ATTEND TO CORDELIA!
I GOT HER COVERED, GOVNA'!
CHEERS!
MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, BUT DOESN'T THAT OUTFIT SEEM A LITTLE SKIMPY FOR A MAJOR ZOMBIE WAR? I'M NOT COMPLAINING, MIND YOU. I WAS JUST WONDERING.
ANGUS SWOOPS DOWN LIKE A... WELL, LIKE A BAT, I GUESS.
ANYBODY NEED A LIFT!
THANK YOU, SIR I WAS BEG NN NG TO THINK I MIGHT BE ON MY WAY TO BECOM NG A ZOMBIE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL
HOW YA LIKE THAT, BITCH? THAT'S RIGHT, BITCH, THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU MESS WITH ME, BOOYYYYEEE! DON'T MAKE ME BUST A CAP IN YO ASS!

YOU KNOW, FROM BACK HERE IT DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD.
WHO ARE THESE MYSTERIOUS MEN?
HEH, HEH, HEH! THAT FOOL DEADMARSH HAS WALKED DIRECTLY INTO MY TRAP! WORLD CLASS MONSTER HUNTER. MORE LIKE WORLD CLASS FOOL!
YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, DONALD
DON'T CALL ME DONALD! I AM THE ONE THAT SEES WITH NO
... EYES! YOU ARE NOTHING WITHOUT ME! I AM THE ONE WITH THE POWER! MY DAYS OF GROVELING AT YOUR FEET, LORD LIAM LIGHTFOOT, ARE OVER!
SILENCE! ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU AND YOUR ASS 'S GRASS.. DONALD!
OH REALLY? WELL, FEAST YOUR EYES ON..
AHH
...THIS!
YOU ARE NOW IN MY COMMAND, LORD LIAM! YOU ARE GETTING SLEEPY.. SLEEPY!
THOSE CUTE PARLOR TRICKS MIGHT CONVERT THE MINDLESS TROLLS KNOWN AS THE YOUTH OF AMERICA, BUT IT WON'T WORK ON ME. DONALD!

GOODBYE, DONALD, IT WAS NICE NOT REALLY GETTING TO KNOW YOU SINCE YOU WERE A MEANINGLESS CHARACTER THROWN IN FOR NO APPARENT REASON.
AAARRRGGGHHH
MY INSIDES ARE EXPLODING!
WELL, AS USUAL, IT SEEMS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HANDLE THIS BY MYSELF. WHY MUST THESE FOOLS ALWAYS TRY AND RISE AGAINST ME?
I GAVE HIM A HOME, A DECENT SALARY, A PENSION PLAN AND THAT FAINT HOPE OF ONE DAY BEING MY EQUAL. REMINDS ME OF MY DAYS WITH THE COOL GHOULS
THE COOL GHOULS? WHY, ISN'T THAT THE NAME OF CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN'S BAND FROM THE OLD COUNTRY? HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY BE RELATED TO THIS SITUATION?
NOTE. SEE ISSUE #7 FOR MORE INFO ON THE COOL GHOULS
A JOB WELL DONE
THAT'S ANOTHER ONE FOR THE FIRE
WHY ARE YOU HOLDING THAT SEVERED HEAD?
I WANT TO SHOW YOU THIS RARE CASE OF ZOMBILIFIDINIOUS
WHAT'S THAT?
A CONDITION WHERE AS THE ZOMBIE HEAD CAN STILL FUNCTION WITHOUT ITS SPINAL NERVE INTACT
PUT ME DOWN, YOU BASTARD!
THIS IS EXTREMELY SCARCE AND MAKES ME WONDER IF THIS ZOMBIE OUTBREAK WAS BROUGHT ON BY UNNATURAL CAUSES OTHER THAN THE REGULAR UNNATURAL CAUSES THAT USUALLY INSPIRE SUCH AN ATTACK.
EAT ME!
I BETTER BRING THIS THING BACK TO THE LAB FOR FURTHER STUDY
STUDY THIS, FUCK FACE!
QUIET DOWN.
KONK

WHO IS THIS LORD LIAM LIGHTFOOT? AND WHY DOES HE HAVE WAX FIGURES OF ALL OF OUR FAVORITE HEROES IN HIS SPRAWLING PALATIAL ESTATE?
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN DONALD WOULD BE USELESS TO ME. I NEED TO ENLIST THE AID OF A MORE POWERFUL COMRADE IN MY WAR AGAINST SIMON DEADMARSH.
SOON ALL OF MY ENEMIES WILL KNOW THE WRATH OF KHAN-- AND BY "K.H.A.N." I MEAN KILL ALL HEROES NOW, NOT THAT THING WITH RICHARDO MONTALBAN!
HMMM? BRAIN JONES JOHNSON YOU, MY DEAR FRIEND, WILL BE THE FIRST TO FALL.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I STILL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PAIN AND SUFFERING YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO GO DOWN TO CHINATOWN.
MY HATRED FOR YOU KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES. STARE INTO MY EYE AND PREPARE TO DRINK YOUR LAST PINT AT THE RUB-A-DUB-DUB, MATE! CHEERS!
NEXT ISSUE: THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

THE TRUE STORY OF EL SUPERBEASTO

"WELL, AS CHILDHOODS GO, I GUESS MINE WAS PRETTY TYPICAL. I WAS LEFT ON MY ADOPTED PARENTS' DOORSTEP BY A HUNCHBACK MONGOLOID WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY, SO SOME OF THE DETAILS OF THOSE DAYS ARE A LITTLE SKETCHY TO SAY THE LEAST.

THERE, THERE BABY. I'M SORRY THAT WE CAN'T CARE FOR YOU, BUT YOU'RE EATING US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. LITERALLY

I'M STARVING AGAIN! I NEED A HAM SANDWICH AND A BEER!

"ALL I KNOW IS THOSE BASTARDS THAT ABANDONED ME ARE SOME SORRY SUCKERS NOW. ANYWAY, I DIGRESS.

"I WAS ADOPTED BY A KINDLY ALL-AMERICAN COUPLE. MY DAD WAS KNOWN AS 'THE MANGLER' AND MY MOM WENT BY THE NAME 'LADY STRANGLEHOLD.' THEY WERE WORLD CHAMPION WRESTLERS. OBVIOUSLY.

"WITH NO OTHER CHOICES IN SIGHT, I QUICKLY JOINED THE FAMILY TRADE. FIRST AS 'MANGLER, JR.,' THEN LATER AS 'MIGHTY MITE' AND FINALLY AS 'EL SUPERBEASTO.' WE WERE THE AMERICAN DREAM PERSONIFIED

"I GREW QUICKLY, AND BY FOURTH GRADE I WAS WEIGHING IN AT ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY POUNDS, STANDING SIX FOOT FIVE.

IF MARY HAS ONE APPLE, THEN HOW MANY APPLES ARE LEFT?

IF I WAS MARY, I'D LAY OFF THE APPLES OR SHE'S GONNA HAVE TOO MUCH JUNK IN THE TRUNK! IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? HEH, HEH, HEH!

IS THAT YOUR WAY OF REQUESTING DETENTION MR. SUPERBEASTO?

"SCHOOL WAS A DRAG. WHEN YOU'RE SPORTING FIFTY-SEVEN INCH GUNS, WHO NEEDS ARITHMETIC?

"NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS A GOD IN THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. HARDLY A DAY PASSED WHEN I WASN'T SNAPPING SOME PENCIL NECK'S BONES IN TWO

I GIVE UP! I QUIT! PLEASE PUT ME DOWN!

HOLD ON, I STILL HAVE TO BODY SLAM YOU ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR AND BREAK A CHAIR OVER YOUR HEAD

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU T'S NOT THAT KIND OF WRESTLING!

BACK OFF, WIMP!

"AS SOON AS I TURNED SIXTEEN, I TURNED PRO, BABY. A BIG SHOT PROMOTER NAMED DON DING SIGNED ME TO A THOUSAND-YEAR CONTRACT.

High School Wre...
Star Turns Pro

CONTRACT

"MY FUTURE STARDOM WAS GETTING READY TO KICK INTO HIGH GEAR.

"WITHIN TWO YEARS I WAS AT THE TOP OF MY GAME. I WAS SMASHING HEADS FROM COAST TO COAST. I WAS UNSTOPPABLE.

I CALL THIS NEW MOVE THE "WIMP CR PPLER!" CHECK IT OUT!

OH! MY SPLEEN JUST SHOT OUT MY ASS!

"YEP, I WAS A GOD, ALL RIGHT. NOTHING COULD STOP ME NOW! OR SO I THOUGHT

"WELL, I HIT THE BIG TIME RUNNING AND DECIDED TO INDULGE IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE VICE I COULD GET MY HANDS ON STARTING WITH OF COURSE... DAMES.
WOW! BIG MUSCLES!
KEEP HEADING SOUTH FOR THE REAL DEAL, HOLYFIELD
"GAMBLING
THREE GRAND ON BLUE DEMONOID TO GO DOWN IN THE THIRD, FOUR BILLS ON CLASSY LADY IN THE SECOND AT BELMONT, AND SIX BILLS ON THE CANCELLATION OF YES, DEAR BY WEDNESDAY
YOU GOT IT MACK.
"PORNOGRAPHY... I MEAN, ART FILMS.
HEY WE ORDERED A PIZZA, NOT A STD SERVICE!
HOW ABOUT SOME SALAMI WITH THAT PIZZA?
MOVE A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT
"DRINKING AND DRIVING
FUCKING TREE JUMPED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ME :BURP: DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR?
"SOME WOULD SAY I HIT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL. NOT ME. I HAD A LONG WAY TO GO.
"DRINKING AND SITTING.
I'LL TELL YA, LOU. FAME AIN'T ALL THAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE.
I HEAR YA, MACK.
BOY, YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND ME
WHATEVER, MACK.
"I THINK I BLACKED OUT AT THIS POINT.
PUT THE WALLET DOWN, HO. THIS PARTY IS OVER.
FUCK OFF
GET READY TO CRY BITCH!
"OKAY, THIS IS OFFICIALLY A JOINT CALLED 'ROCK BOTTOM.'"

"I WAS SENT AWAY TO 'RELAX' OUT AT SOME SWANKY JOINT IN MALIBU.
DON'T WORRY, BRO THEY'LL FIX YOU UP AND GET YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET
YOU THINK I'LL SEE ANY OTHER CELEBRITIES?
I BELIEVE THE ENTIRE CAST OF THE LOVE BOAT IS STAYING HERE
"TIME TO SHARE
MY PARENTS DON'T LOVE ME AND I FEEL UGLY
WELL I GUESS THE PRESSURE OF BEING SO AWESOME JUST GOT TO ME, YA KNOW?
HEY, EXCUSE ME, I'M STILL TALKING HERE! THIS IS ABOUT ME, NOT YOU, SWEETY PANTS
"AFTER REHAB I MADE THE NEXT LOGICAL CELEBRITY STOP... PRIME TIME TELEVISION.
SO TELL ME, HOW DID IT FEEL TO LOSE IT ALL IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE WORLD?
WATCH THIS
WELL... SNIFF I JUST KNEW THAT... SNIFF I HAD THE POWER DEEP INSIDE SNIFF TO OVERCOME MY DEMONS.
SHOCKING
"BOOK TOUR
"I CAN STILL KICK YOUR ASS!"
WHAT AN AMAZINGLY INSPIRATIONAL STORY!
WELL, AMAZING PEOPLE LIKE ME HAVE AMAZING STORIES BY THE WAY, NICE JUGS WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?
TELL 'EM TOM HANKS MIGHT WORK FOR THOSE MONKEY PEANUTS, BUT I NEED REAL MONEY!
WOW, DO YOU SEE WHO'S SITTING OVER THERE?
WHAT A HUNK
I'M BACK AND HOTTER THAN EVER, BABY! CHECK OUT MY NEW BLOCKBUSTER, EL SUPERBEASTO AND THE TEMPLE OF GLOOM! WHERE I SHAKE IT LIKE A POLAROID PICTURE, BITCH! NOW, WHO WANTS A DRINK?
EL SUPERBEAST
E TEMPLE OF GLOOM
AND SO, THE LEGEND OF THE MAN CALLED EL SUPERBEASTO CONTINUES!

VOODOO HEARTBEAT

SPOOK CITY'S #1 SOURCE FOR GOSSIP

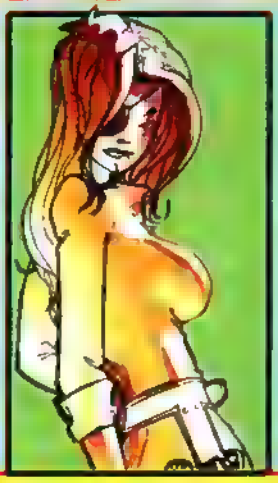
EL SUPERBEASTO
HARDCORE SEX TAPE SCANDAL

An internet website is reported to have uncovered an alleged sex tape involving **El Superbeasto**. Now this is hardly news, considering his infamous porn past, but it is the location of the sex act that is causing the controversy this time. Apparently, **El Superbeasto** is engaged in a threesome on the front steps of City Hall with one of the Major interns and his wife. Neither **El Superbeasto** nor **Major Dick Johnson** could be reached for comments.

OTTO CALLS IT QUITS !

Longtime Dr. Satan Henchman goes solo

Citing "creative differences" **Otto** has left long time companion **Dr. Satan** to pursue an acting career. "*Dinner theatre has always been a passion of mine and I felt it was time to make the move*" said Otto. You can see Otto this month with **Ruth Buzzi** and **Bob "*Gilligan*" Denver** in *Bngadoon* at the Community Playhouse.



SUZI X
GONE WILD!

Apparently a keen eye at ***Ghouls Gone Wild*** has spotted none other than a drunk, disorderly **Suzi X** flashing her hooters during a Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans last year. Suzi X responded by saying "*Hey, girls just wanna have fun so fuck off*" This tape will be available for purchase next month.

DEVIL BOYS MURDERS

Well, you can chalk up another one for **The Devil Boys**. The death toll on their current U.S. tour has risen to sixteen. The latest victim is twenty-one-year-old **Norman Plates**. Mr. Plates was struck in the head repeatedly during the song "*Soft Spot*," and later died during the band's encore. The Devil Boys will perform tonight on ***The Late Show with Jay Leno***.

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REGULAR COVER
FABIO LAGUNA & VAL STAPLES

LETTERS BY LITHIUM NYC

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MATT TYREE & VAL STAPLES

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THIS IS DOWN RIGHT HUMILIATING MY BUTT IS RUSTED SHUT.
BUT I THOUGHT THIS TYPE OF SHIT ONLY HAPPENED TO THE FRUITY TIN MAN CHARACTER
WHAT A RIP
CAN WE DO THIS IN PRIVATE?
IS THIS GOING TO HURT?
WELL, I TOLD YOU.
LESSON LEARNED. WATER SLIDES AND ROBOTS DO NOT GO TOGETHER.
WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M REALLY TOO BUSY THIS MONTH TO GO INTO ANY REAL DETAILS ABOUT THIS HOT LITTLE NUMBER YOU NOW HOLD IN YOUR HANDS. I GUESS YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO READ IT FOR YOURSELF AND SEE IF IT WAS WORTH THE MEASLY $2.95 YOU SHELLED OUT FOR IT.
DON'T BE A BABY. NOW BEND OVER SO I CAN FIX YOUR FANNY.
YES.

THERE ARE NO WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT CAN DESCRIBE THE INTENSE EXCITEMENT COMING AT YOU RIGHT HERE! BUT IF I WERE FORCED TO TRY AND DESCRIBE THIS ACTION CLASSIC, I WOULD MOST LIKELY HAVE TO USE A PHRASE LIKE "WHHHHEEE-WHHOOOPPPP-PAAADEEEEE-DOOOOOO" OR "DOPE!"
LET ME AT THESE BLOODY FOOLS! I'LL BOUNCE THEIR OWN FIREPOWER BACK UP THEIR ARSES WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THIS EXO-SUIT!
THAT IS, IF THIS SUIT IS IMPERVIOUS TO THEIR FIREPOWER. I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE FOUND THAT LITTLE PIECE OF INFORMATION OUT IN ADVANCE.
GOOD ENOUGH! JUST MAKE SURE YOU LEAVE SOMEBODY'S ASS FOR ME TO KICK!
HOPEFULLY HE'LL DO ALL THE WORK FOR ME AND I CAN JUST TAKE CREDIT FOR IT LATER.
SERIOUSLY, IS THIS THE BEST WE'VE GOT TO OFFER? I MEAN, REALLY, THERE ISN'T A SUPER POWER ANYWHERE IN SIGHT. THIS IS PATHETIC.
THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EL SUPERBEASTO
STARRING EL SUPERBEASTO IN...
THIRD ROCK FROM YO' MAMMA!

CRRRAAAASH
MR. WALL, MEET MR. FACE!
UGH!
TWISTY RIGHT PRETZEL SHOOTERS IS WHAT YOU BLOKES NEED!
HEY, MY GUN!
HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE BOSS?
LET ME DEMONSTRATE THE PROPER WAY TO ADMINISTER A FULL NELSON
SNAP
WHOOPS! TOO MUCH PRESSURE SORRY, JACKASS
TIME FOR A LITTLE BANGERS AND MASH!
WHAM
COME ON, GIVE IT TO ME UPSTAIRS LIKE A MAMMA BEAR!
NICE WORK, MATE!
WELL, BAD ASS IS AS BAD ASS DOES
EXCUSE ME, GUYS, BUT WHEN YOU'RE DONE CELEBRATING YOUR TRIUMPH OVER EVIL, WOULD YOU MIND TURNING AROUND?
THIS MEETING OF THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY IS NOW OFFICIALLY OVER.
BLOODY HELL
CRIPES! I AIN'T SEEN A SET OF THIGHS THAT MIGHTY SINCE SHELLY WINTERS SWAM UNDERNEATH THE HULL OF THE POSEIDON.

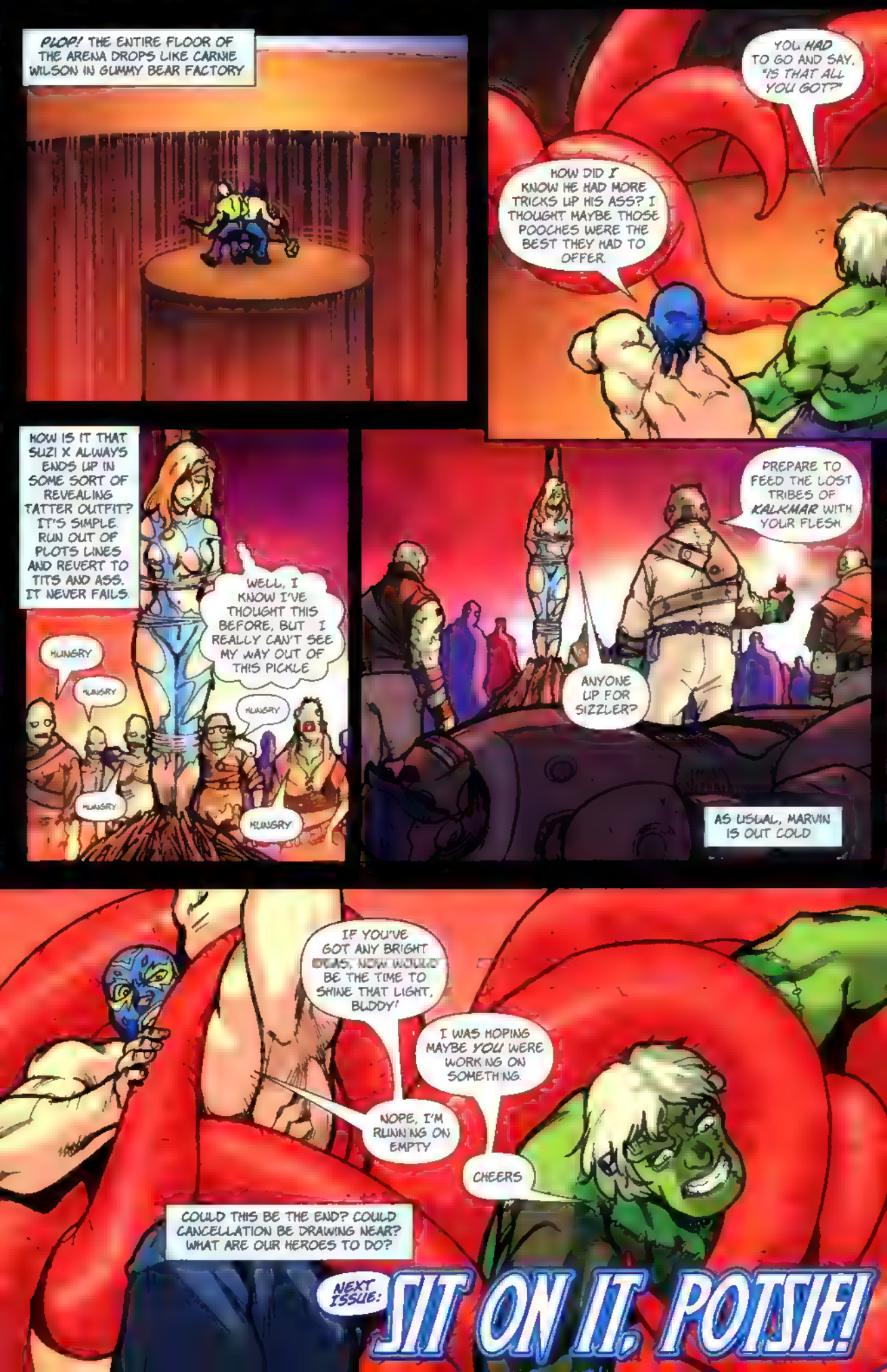
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? FOR A GUY BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION, HE SURE HAS A LOT OF FREE BOOTY-CALL TIME ON HIS HANDS.
MMMMM. LET ME RUB SOME OF THIS WARM HONEYSUCKLE INTO THOSE BIG, STRONG MUSCLES DOES DADDY LIKE?
YES, MOMMY
MOMMY? WHAT A SICK-O!
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME RELEASE SOME TENSION DOWN BY YOUR TOOTSIE-WHOOTSIES
HOLD ON.. I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE. YEP, I PUKED.
THAT FEEL GOOD, MY BIG STRONG COMMANDER?
YES, MOMMY I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY. I NEED A SPANKIE.
OH, DEAR.
I MUST DELIVER YOU DIRECTLY TO THE COMMANDER
I GOT A CRISP TWENTY IN IT FOR YA IF YOU FORGET THE WHOLE THING
AND TWO QUID
LET MOMMY MAKE YOU FEEL--
DING DONG
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
I'LL GET IT
IT'S DONALD THE WAR MACHINE
ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS
I THINK HE WANTS TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
WELL, WELL, WELL.. IF IT ISN'T EARTH'S FINEST HEROES.
TECHNICALLY, THAT'S NOT US
SHUT UP! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!
FAIR ENOUGH.
HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT ME DURING MY QUIET HOURS. I'LL MAKE GREAT SPORT OF THESE TWO PATHETIC LOSERS
LADIES, PREPARE TO SEE A GROWN SUPER WRESTLER AND AN UNDEAD BRITISH ROCK STAR CRY!

MEANWHILE.
HEY MARVIN, CHECK IT ANOTHER SHUTTLECRAFT IS LEAVING THE MOTHERSHIP THIS IS A BIT STRANGE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
YEP. I WONDER WHAT THE BIG EVENT IS?
WHO KNOWS
IT'S PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE BIG PUBLIC MARTIAN EXECUTIONS YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT.
YEAH, PROBABLY
BOY, I'D HATE TO BE THE GUY AT THE CENTER OF THAT
YEAH, I'LL BET THAT GUY IS HATING LIFE
SENSORS ARE READING A CLUSTER OF LIFE FORMS DUE EAST I SAY WE TAKE THE ROVER FOR A SPIN.
DO YOU THINK THAT'S SAFE?
SURE. WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN?
AND SO, SUZI X AND MARVIN OF COURSE HEAD UNKNOWINGLY TOWARDS THE WORST PART OF TOWN.
DON'T YA KIND OF FEEL LIKE DOROTHY APPROACHING THE EMERALD CITY?
NO
YEAH, ME NEITHER. I WAS JUST . UM, FORGET IT
AN AWKWARD SILENCE FALLS OVER THE ROVER.
THE CITY OF DEAD SOULS.
HMMMM? I WONDER IF THAT DESOLATE CITY COULD BE A COVER FOR THE MARTIAN WAR HEADQUARTERS?
I SAY WE CHECK IT OUT
YEAH, WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN?
COULD YOU PLEASE STOP SAYING THAT?

THE ARENA
FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN, YOU ARE ABOUT TO THE WITNESS TWO OF EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL WEAPONS AGAINST US IN OUR STRUGGLE FOR INTERGALACTIC DOMINANCE.. AND BY STRUGGLE... HEH, HEH, HEH... I MEAN WE WALK RIGHT IN AND KICK THEIR ASSES!
WITNESS FOR YOURSELVES THE WEAK, WHIMPERING WARRIORS THAT EARTH HAS SENT AS THEIR LAST DEFENSE AGAINST OUR MIGHTY POWER!
I'M BORED
THIS SUCKS
WHOOP, THERE IT IS!
I GUESS THAT CATCH PHRASE IS JUST HITTING MARS
WHAT'S UP, MATE?
I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT HOW MUCH FUN IT'S GONNA BE KICKING SOME MARTIAN ASSHOLE'S BUTT IN FRONT OF ALL THESE PRICKS
CHEERS
SIT BACK AND ENJOY A TRUE GLIMPSE INTO MARTIAN SUPERIORITY
SURE
WHATEVER
THE ROAR FROM THE GATHERED CROWD OF BLOODTHIRSTY MARTIANS FADES AS OUR HEROES WAIT IN SILENCE FOR THE HORRORS THAT AWAIT.
WELL, WHAT THE FUCK ARE THESE PUNTERS WAITING FOR?
I FIGURE THEY'RE WAITING ON A COMMERCIAL BREAK.
REMEMBER, I GOT THE BOOK RIGHTS
ONLY IF I GET THE 'MOVIE OF THE WEEK' RIGHTS
CHEERS
RELEASE THE HOUNDS OF BAZALTHOR!
YOU SHALL NOW SEE A THOUSAND YEARS OF CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED RAGE TRANSFORMED INTO PERFECT ANIMALISTIC KILLING MACHINES!

GGRRRRRR
I GOT ONE AT TEN O'CLOCK.
I GOT ONE FLYING IN AT ONE O'CLOCK.
GGRRRRRR
GOD DAMN, KILOGRAM, YOU GOT SOME RANK BREATH!
INCOMING! CHEEKY MONKEY IS A GO!
HMMMM? THIS IS QUITE DISTRESSING.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR HOUNDS ARE LOSING.
YEAH, MAN, IS THAT THE BEST YOU GOT?
THIS IS ONLY THE PRE-SHOW, LADIES

PULL UP ALONGSIDE THE WALL AND SEE IF THERE IS AN ENTRANCE.
CAN DO
WHAT A PILE OF CRAP.
HOLD IT RIGHT HERE
CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A VERY ADVANCED RACE BUILT THIS SANFORD & SON JUNK HEAP
SUDDENLY, THE GROUND CRACKS OPEN WITH A RACE OF FILTHY, SUBHUMAN UNDERGROUND MUTANTS! WOW, FILTHY AND SUBHUMAN!
PREPARE TO BE NEUTRALIZED!
OUCH!
GET YOUR STINKING PAWS OFF ME, YOU DAMN, DIRTY MUTANT!
GRAB HER! MR. JAWS WILL BE VERY PLEASED WITH HER!
ENTER MR. JAWS
SHE WILL MAKE US A FINE BIT OF BBQ. THE TRIBE WILL BE VERY HUNGRY BY NOW.
I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YA, FELLA, BUT I AIN'T A KFC DINNER SPECIAL.
THINK I ALMOST BROKE A BLOODY SWEAT!
IS THAT ALL YOU GOT!?
BOOOOO!
OKAY, YOU WANT ACTION? I'LL GIVE YOU ACTION!


PLOP! THE ENTIRE FLOOR OF THE ARENA DROPS LIKE CARNIE WILSON IN GUMMY BEAR FACTORY
YOU HAD TO GO AND SAY, "IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?"
HOW DID I KNOW HE HAD MORE TRICKS UP HIS ASS? I THOUGHT MAYBE THOSE POOCHES WERE THE BEST THEY HAD TO OFFER.
HOW IS IT THAT SUZI X ALWAYS ENDS UP IN SOME SORT OF REVEALING TATTER OUTFIT? IT'S SIMPLE. RUN OUT OF PLOTS LINES AND REVERT TO TITS AND ASS. IT NEVER FAILS.
WELL, I KNOW I'VE THOUGHT THIS BEFORE, BUT I REALLY CAN'T SEE MY WAY OUT OF THIS PICKLE
HUNGRY
HUNGRY
HUNGRY
HUNGRY
HUNGRY
PREPARE TO FEED THE LOST TRIBES OF KALKMAR WITH YOUR FLESH.
ANYONE UP FOR SIZZLER?
AS USUAL, MARVIN IS OUT COLD
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME TO SHINE THAT LIGHT, BUDDY!
I WAS HOPING MAYBE YOU WERE WORKING ON SOMETHING.
NOPE, I'M RUNNING ON EMPTY
CHEERS
COULD THIS BE THE END? COULD CANCELLATION BE DRAWING NEAR? WHAT ARE OUR HEROES TO DO?
NEXT ISSUE:
SIT ON IT, POTSIE!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS CRAP? THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOUR TYPICAL SIMON DEADMARSH ADVENTURE. THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE THE LATEST INSTALLMENT OF E!'S "WILD ON CANCUN!"
SIMON DEADMARSH
MONSTER HUNTER
EPISODE FOUR: THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME
YA KNOW, IT JUST DON'T SEEM LIKE A BLOODY HOLIDAY WITHOUT A FRUIT COCKTAIL IN ME HANDS. GOD BLESS THE QUEEN AND GOD BLESS THE PASSION FRUIT DAIQUIRI
EITHER OF YOU GIRLS UP FOR THE MALIBU BARBIE WET T-SHIRT EXTRAVAGANZA? THAT THOUSAND DOLLAR GRAND PRIZE MIGHT HELP OFFSET OUR TRAVEL EXPENSES.
ABSOLUTELY NOT. I'M NOT WASTING MY PRECIOUS VACATION TIME COMPETING AGAINST DRUNKEN CO-EDS MAKING THEIR PARENTS WORST NIGHTMARE A REALITY
COUPLE MORE OF THESE DRINKS AND I THINK I MIGHT BE UP FOR GIVING IT A SHOT. AH, THE SIMPLE LIFE OF THE SUPERHERO

A RATHER FEEBLE-LOOKING CABANA BOY NAMED PABLO RUNS OVER WITH TODAY'S SHOCKING HEADLINES.
DEADMARSH FOILS ZOMBIE ATTACK!
SIR HERE'S THAT PAPER YOU REQUESTED
ABOUT BLOODY TIME, POPS THAT WAS TWO DAYS AGO
BOLLOCKS!
WHAT?
SAYS HERE THAT THERE'S BEEN A BLOODY ZOMBIE ATTACK IN DOWNTOWN SPOOK CITY.
JESUS DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT! I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT! I THOUGHT MAYBE THONGS HAD BEEN OUTLAWED!
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK I OWE IT TO SIMON.
WHOA, JUAN! DON'T RUN AWAY SO FAST I'M GONNA NEED A COUPLE MORE AGGRESSIVE BLOWJOB SHOOTERS AND A MELONCHOLY MARTINI STAT!
YES MR SUPERBEASTO
HOW ABOUT TIPPING ME SOMETIME YOU CHEAP AMERICAN BASTARD!
WELL, KIDDIES, THE PARTY'S OVER. I'VE GOT TO HEAD BACK TO THE MAINLAND AND DEAL WITH SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS CONCERNING ME AND SIMON DEADMARSH.
WHAT'S THE BIG CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU AND SIMON?
IT'S A LONG STORY DATING BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY
SO GIVE ME THE CLIFF NOTES VERSION
IF YOU BLOODY WELL INSIST
APPARENTLY HE'S NOT IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY THERE'S ALWAYS TIME TO SPIN A LONG-WINDED YARN.

WELL, BEFORE SIMON BECAME A FIRST CLASS MONSTER HUNTER HE WAS KNOWN AS SIMON THE SLAMDUNK THE HOTTEST RECORD PRODUCER IN THE MUSIC BIZ AND I, LIKE MANY YOUNG GROUPS JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO WORK WITH THIS IDOL-MAKING HIT MACHINE.
"WE SPENT MANY LONG HOURS CRAFTING OUR DEBUT ALBUM ENTITLED IT'S ALIVE! (IN MY PANTS)."
HER LEGS LOOK LONG WRAPPED AROUND MY WAIST... SHE SITS HER ASS ON THE WOLFMAN'S FACE SHE DON'T WANT CASH SHE WANTS THE MONSTER MASH'
THESE BOYS HAVE IT ONCE THIS RECORD HITS THE AIRWAVES THERE WILL BE NO STOPPING THEM. GENIUS PURE GENIUS
"SIMON WAS THE MASTER, AND WITHIN A MONTH WE HAD THE NUMBER ONE RECORD IN THE WORLD, KNOCKING OUR LONGTIME RIVALS LORD LIAM AND THE FANCY LADS TO NUMBER TWO."
#1. The Cool Ghouls, "Coffin Break"
#2. Lord Liam and the Fancy Lads, "Fancy Pants"
#3. Boris Knockoff, "Take Me, Baby"
#4. The Satanics, "Sticky Love Machine"
#5. The Devil Boys, "You're Fucking Hell"
I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MATE
I JUST TURN THE KNOBS YOU MAKE THE MAGIC HAPPEN BABE.
SO YOU SEE. I OWE THIS MAN EVERYTHING.
WELL, HAVE FUN. CALL ME IF YOU NEED ME, BUT SERIOUSLY, DON'T CALL I'M TRYING TO RELAX
SO LONG, LADIES
BYE, BABE
LATER, ALLIGATOR
WHAT THE HELL TOOK YOU SO LONG?
I AM VERY OLD, SIR.
THAT'S IT! GET ME THE MANAGER!

MEANWHILE, AT DEADMARSH MANOR
HEY, DADDY ME AND MILO ARE HEADING OFF TO THE GABBA-GABBA HEYS CONCERT
YEAH, YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANNA COME? BEST FRIGGIN' RAMONES COVER BAND IN TOWN, BOSS.
NO, YOU KIDS HAVE FUN. I'VE GOT TO FINISH MY NOTES ON THIS ZOMBIE BUSINESS
OKAY, YOUR LOSS. I'LL MAKE SURE TO TRIP SOME DORK IN THE MOSS PIT FOR YA!
HAVE FUN.
ROCK ROCK, ROCK. ROCK ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL
TURN IT UP!
HEY, THE CAR'S STOPPED MOVING!
I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!
HEY, SOME JACKASS IS MESSING WITH THE BUMPER!
CORDELIA JUMPS FROM THE CAR.
MILO! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
LOOK OUT... BEHIND... YOU... UGH.
WHAT?
WHAT THE--? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
HE SAID, "LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!"
I AM LORD LIAM LIGHTFOOT AND I WANT TO POSSESS YOUR INNOCENCE!
WHAT?
I AM HERE TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT SIMON DEADMARSH HOLDS CLOSEST TO HIS HEART! FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM, I AM THE AVENGING AMERICAN IDOL!
WELL, IT COULD BE WORSE. HOW, YOU ASK? HE COULD STRAP HER DOWN, FORCE OPEN HER EYEBALLS CLOCKWORK ORANGE STYLE, AND FORCE HER TO SIT THROUGH A SCREENING OF FROM JUSTIN TO KELLY! TRUST ME, WE HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL WOULD NEVER, EVER STOOP SO LOW.

AFTER A STOP OVER IN EL PASO AND A TWO HOUR WAIT IN TOLEDO, CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN FINALLY ARRIVES AT DEADMARSH MANOR.
BRIAN JONES JOHNSON.
WHOM MAY I SAY IS CALLING?
YES, SIR. PLEASE WAIT HERE WHILE I SEE IF THE MASTER IS AVAILABLE
CHEERS
SIR, MAY I PRESENT BRIAN JONES JOHNSON
CHEERS, GOVNOR!
DEAR GOD, BRIAN! THIS IS TRULY A SURPRISE AND TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS RARE TREAT?
JUST CHECKING IN, BOSS
SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT ANYWAY, I INSIST YOU STAY FOR DINNER.
I REALLY DON'T THINK THERE WAS FOUL PLAY INVOLVED IN THIS OUTBREAK. IT WAS A FAIRLY TYPICAL ZOMBIE INCIDENT
IF YOU SAY SO, BUT I SENSE SOMETHING ELSE IS AFOOT. MY ELECTRODES ARE BUZZING.
WELL, THERE WAS ONE SMALL THING
COME ON, MATE. LET'S HAVE IT
WELL, ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS SUFFERING FROM ZOMBILIFIDINIOUS.
WHAT'S THAT? SPEAK ENGLISH, DOC I AIN'T A BLOODY HARVARD CUNT
IT'S A VERY RARE ZOMBIE CONDITION. I HAVEN'T SEEN AN OUTBREAK OF THIS SINCE THE GREAT PLAUGE OF BARONDOR. FRANKLY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED
INTERESTING. .
WHAT?
"ZOMBILIFIDINIOUS" IS THE NAME OF AN OLD LORD LIAM AND THE FANCY LADS SONG.
I'M SURE THAT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE. I DOUBT THAT A BAND OF NO TALENT WANNABES COULD EVER HAVE ACTUALLY KNOWN WHAT THAT WORD MEANS
I WONDER
DRAMATIC CLOSE UP = DANGER.

LET'S CHECK IN WITH LORD LIAM.
WELL, WELL, WELL... WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? IT SEEMS OUR OLD PAL *OTTO** HAS JOINED FORCES WITH EVERYONE'S FAVORITE CYCLOPS HMMMM? I THOUGHT THAT MONKEY RETIRED
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME TO YOUR SENSES OTTO. NOW YOU WILL FINALLY SEE A REAL EVIL GENIUS AT WORK.
SCREW IT FOR $8.75 AN HOUR, I'D WORK FOR MUSSOLINI, LET ALONE THIS FRUIT CAKE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS
USING CORDELIA DEADMARSH AGAINST HER BLASTED FATHER WILL BE THE CROWNING JEWEL IN MY DIABOLICAL CROWN OF RUBY ENCRUSTED CRYSTALS
UM . YEAH, SURE.
"ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS REPROGRAM HER YOUNG, IMPRESSIONABLE BRAIN INTO A MINDLESS DRONE, AND SHE WILL BE MY PERFECT INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION."
"POWER ON!"
ZZZZZZZZ
* NOTE - OTTO WAS LAST SEEN WITH DR. SATAN IN ISSUE #6.
ARISE, YOUNG DEADMARSH, AND MEET YOUR NEW MASTER.
YES, MASTER.
I LOVE IT WHEN THEY SAY THAT
LISTEN TO ME, CORDELIA. THERE IS EVIL AFOOT. YOU MUST REMOVE THIS EVIL. REPEAT AFTER ME. *THE EVIL IS SIMON DEADMARSH AND CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN. I MUST REMOVE THE EVIL!*
THE EVIL IS SIMON DEADMARSH AND CAPTAIN FRANKENSTEIN. I MUST REMOVE THE EVIL!
OH BOY. THIS CAN'T BE GOOD

WHEW! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE SMOKING CONCERT. WAIT A MINUTE. WHY AM I LYING IN THE ROAD? OH, WAIT.. I REMEMBER. ME AND CORDELIA WERE DRIVING AND...
OH MY GOD, CORDELIA... AND SOME DICK RIPPED MY RAMONES SHIRT!
DOCTOR! WE GOT AN EMERGENCY! CODE RED. CODE RED!
WHAT IS IT, MILO? WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU'D BE SCREAMING "CODE RED" LIKE ORSON WELLES AT THE ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET?
THERE WAS THIS THING THEN I.. AND THEN THE CAR STOPPED.. AND THEN...
CALM DOWN, MAN! WHAT IS IT?!
IT'S CORDELIA! SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
WHAT?!
I SWEAR BY THE GOLDEN SKIN OF THE GODS OF DRAGOON. IF ONE HAIR ON THAT GIRL'S HEAD IS IN DANGER, THERE WILL BE A TIDAL WAVE OF BLOOD STRONG ENOUGH TO BLEED THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH DRY!
YIKES!
NEXT ISSUE
SUPER-MONSTER-SEX-ACTION!

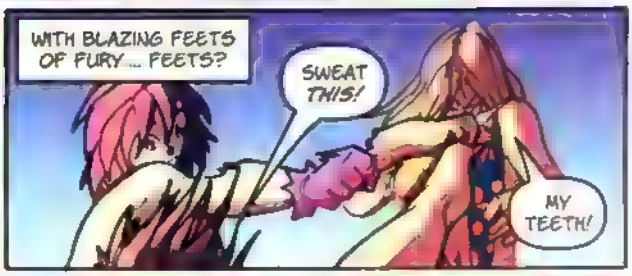
CAN YOU FEEL IT? FEEL WHAT, YOU ASK? THE EXCITEMENT, JACKASS.
THIS COLOSSALLY MONSTROUS EPIC OF AN ADVENTURE IS RAPIDLY REACHING ITS PULSE-POUNDING CONCLUSION!
SUZI X featuring MARVIN in IN SEARCH OF BIGFOOT!
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY? IN THE WORDS OF THE GREAT LEONARD "I AM NOT SPOCK" NIMOY, WE CALL THIS ONE...
LORD BOOMER IS ABOUT TO INTERRUPT THE LONG-AWAITED CONFRONTATION BETWEEN SILVER BONES AND BIG BONGIE BO-BO I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE THIS FEUD SOME OTHER TIME
IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT, CLAP YOUR HANDS... IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW, IT CLAP YOUR HANDS... COME ON, EVERYBODY!
THIS MORON IS KING KRACKO'S CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT?
HEY, STEVE, LET'S GO SHIT ON HIS HEAD
GOOD THINKING, BOB.
HMMMM? A LITTLE LESS SINGING AND A LITTLE MORE ACTION WOULD BE NICE.

THE CLOWNS STAND READY
ON MY COMMAND!
AS DO THE CREW OF THE MIGHTY WHORE.
AYE! BE READY TO PLACE THE BLACK SPOT ON THIS RUTTY HUMP AND HAVE HIS LIGHTS AND LIVER!
I KNOW MY ABC'S. LISTEN: ABCDEFG... HIJKLMNOP...
I'VE GOT TO MAKE A JUMP FOR IT! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
"GET READY, YOU RED-NOSED BASTARDS... FIRE!"
KABOOM
"FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS!"
LORD BOOMER IS COMPLETELY UNAFFECTED BY THE MASSIVE ONSLAUGHT OF EXPLOSIVE POWER
QRSTUV... WXY AND Z. NOW YOU'VE HEARD MY ABC'S. TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF ME.
PING
PING
PING
PING
PING
PING
PING
PING
OH, THE SWEET JOY OF BEING CORRECT! LORD BOOMER IS INVINCIBLE!
HAHAHAHAHA

WHAT KIND OF FUNNY BOOK NONSENSE IS THIS? I MEAN, REALLY! ON ONE HAND WE'VE GOT A GIANT ROBOT WITH THE MIND OF AN IDIOT, AND ON THE OTHER HAND WE'VE GOT TWO BOAT LOADS OF PIRATES AND CLOWNS WHO ARE WAGING WAR OVER SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN THEME PARK VIOLATION. I MEAN, REALLY! OH, WAIT... I ALREADY SAID THAT
THIS IS NOT FUN! I AM GETTING ANGRY! YOU WON'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY! WAAAAAA! AAAAAAAAA!
IS HE CRYING? GOOD GRIEF.
WHOA, NELLIE!
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT, WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT!
STOW THAT BLABBER, YOU LAND LUBBER!
SWEET BOZO! WE ARE DOOMED!
THIS IS MADNESS! I CAN'T HANDLE THIS KIND OF STRESS! I'M ONLY A JUGGLER!
SMASH
I THINK PROFESSOR VON CLOUHIZEN HAS FINALLY GONE OVER TO THE DARK SIDE.
I'M MAD! DO YOU HEAR ME? MAD! I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!
WHOOPS! I THINK I POO-POOED IN MY PANTS AGAIN. YEP, I SMELL A STINKY!
DEAR GOD. WE HERE AT SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS PANEL.
THE HAND OF DEATH!
ANYONE HERE GOT ANY IDEAS ON HOW TO HANDLE THIS GIANT HAND SITUATION WE'VE GOT HAPPENING HERE?!?
THE MOST DREADED PHRASE IN A PIRATE'S VOCABULARY IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.
ABANDON SHIP! WE'VE LOST HER, BOYS! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF! I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL!
WOW! FINALLY SOME FRIGGING DRAMA! WAY TO GO, SILVER BONES!

I'LL SEE YOU CLOWNS LATER.
HOLD ON, SISTER! YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE!
LADY CHUCKLES, GRAB THAT NAUGHTY GIRL. I MUST PUNISH HER!
PUNISH THIS, FAT ASS!
AND WITH ONE POWERFUL LEAP OF FAITH, SUZI IS ON HER WAY TO FREEDOM!

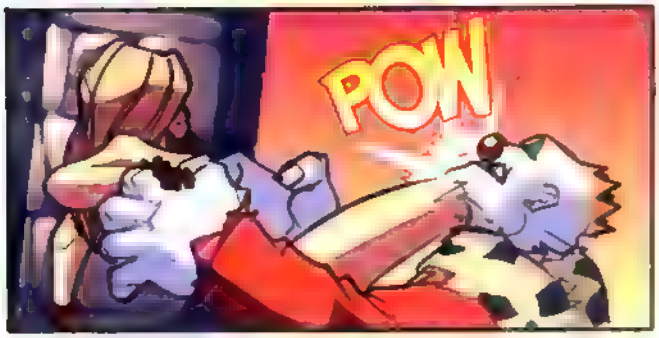
WHOOPS! MY MISTAKE.
DON'T SWEAT IT, I GOT HER!
UGH! YOU LITTLE SHIT!


WITH BLAZING FEETS OF FURY... FEETS?
SWEAT THIS!
MY TEETH!

... AND FISTS OF FIRE.
HOW ABOUT YOU? YOU WANT SOME?
UM? NOT REALLY
TOO LATE, LADY CHUCKLES!

STEP OFF!

ENTER THE BO-BO!
WHOA! THAT TUB OF GOO MOVES FASTER THAN MICHAEL JACKSON IN A MATERNITY WARD!
I'VE GOT YOU NOW, MY PRETTY!
A WELL PLACED KICK TO THE FAMILY NUTS SHOULD LOOSEN HIS GRIP!


POW

WITH LIGHTENING QUICK SPEED, SUZI DIVES INTO THE RAGING WATERS BELOW.
SO LONG, FUCKER!
OW! MY CLOWN BALLS ARE BARKING!
LOOK OUT BELOW!

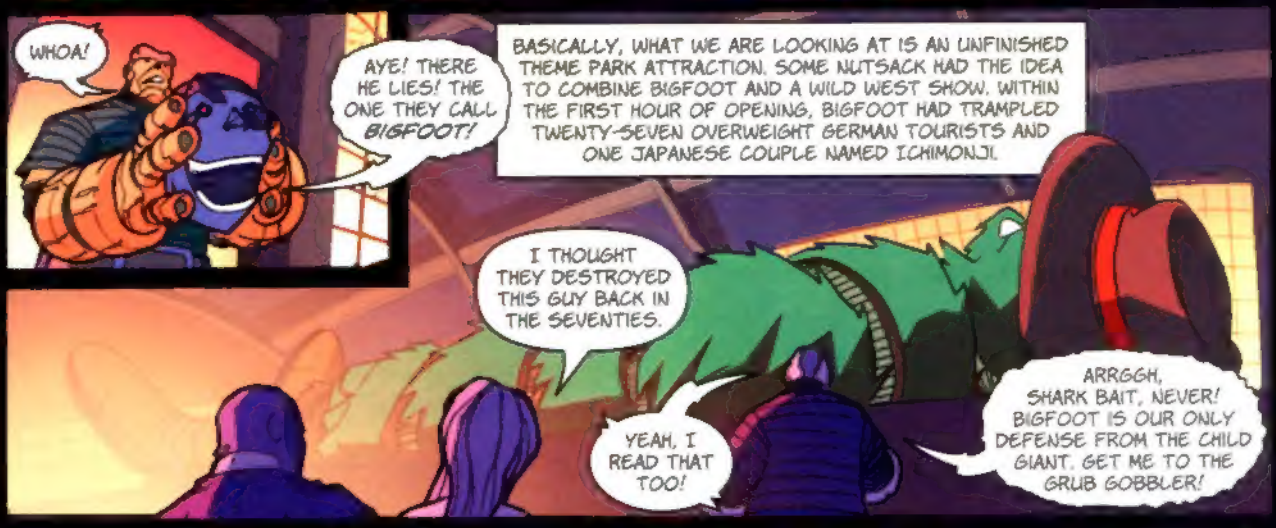
BY THE GHOST OF PEG LEG POLLY!
HEY, OVER HERE! WAIT FOR ME!
BLAST THAT SILVER BONES! I BELIEVE HIS LITTLE PIRATE CHARADE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH
SUZI!
SIS! GRAB MY HAND AND I'LL PULL YOU UP!
AYE! BRING THE WENCH ABOARD! I'LL MAKE FOR THE SHORE!
LORD BOOMER! LOCK ONTO YOUR TARGET AND...
"... FIRE!"
AUGHGH!
THE DOGS HAVE GOT ME!
GET READY TO GO BOOM!
BOOM
WHAT THE--?!
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! DEAR LORD, HAVE MERCY!
QUIT YOUR BLUBBERING AND GET ME HEAD OUTTA HERE, YA SCURVY DOG!
EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

MAMMA'S LITTLE BABY LIKES SHORTIN', SHORTIN'... MAMMA'S LITTLE BABY LIKES SHORTING BREAD!
BIGFOOT'S WILD WEST ROUND-UP IS OUR ONLY HOPE, AND IT'S A SEA DOG'S HOPE AT BEST!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, CAPTAIN!
WAIT UP!
THAT HEAD BETTER KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING!

BIG FOOT WILD WEST
ROUND-UP
THE GATES ARE LOCKED!

STEP ASIDE AND GET READY TO GAZE AT THE WONDER OF TRUE STEROID ABUSE AT WORK!

WHERE TO NOW, CAPTAIN HEAD?
GET ME TO THAT POOP DECK BY THE SONG OF OLD SALT!
COME AGAIN?
HE SAID THAT BUILDING OVER THERE!


WHOA!
AYE! THERE HE LIES! THE ONE THEY CALL BIGFOOT!
BASICALLY, WHAT WE ARE LOOKING AT IS AN UNFINISHED THEME PARK ATTRACTION. SOME NUTSACK HAD THE IDEA TO COMBINE BIGFOOT AND A WILD WEST SHOW. WITHIN THE FIRST HOUR OF OPENING, BIGFOOT HAD TRAMPLED TWENTY-SEVEN OVERWEIGHT GERMAN TOURISTS AND ONE JAPANESE COUPLE NAMED ICHIMONJI.
I THOUGHT THEY DESTROYED THIS GUY BACK IN THE SEVENTIES.
YEAH, I READ THAT TOO!
ARRGGH, SHARK BAIT, NEVER! BIGFOOT IS OUR ONLY DEFENSE FROM THE CHILD GIANT. GET ME TO THE GRUB GOBBLER!

BY "GRUB GOBBLER," HE MEANS THE HEAD.
IN A MOMENT I'LL HAVE THIS OLD SALT FLYING THE JOLLY ROGER!

WIRE ME BRAIN TO THE BOARD, ME HEARTIES, AND BIGFOOT SHALL PLUNDER AGAIN!
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
IF IT WILL SHUT HIM UP, THEN JUST DO IT! WIRE THE BITCH!

MEANWHILE.
COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE.
LORD BOOMER, I COMMAND YOU TO LOCATE THESE INSOLENT FOOLS!
DON'T YELL AT ME! I WANNA CRY!

ALL SYSTEMS ARE A GO ON THIS END.
CHECK. FIRING UP BOOSTER NOW.
OPEN THE BAY DOORS.
YOU GOT IT, JERKY.
THE SICKENING GROAN OF RUSTED METAL ECHOES THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
THREE DECADES OF WAITING ARE OVER.
THE LEGEND OF BIGFOOT SHALL NOW LIVE AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S KICK THAT LITTLE FUCKER'S ASS WIDE OPEN!
LET'S TAKE THIS LANDLUBBER ONTO SOLID ROCK AND KISS THE GUNNER'S DAUGHTER!
WHAT WAS THAT?
I THINK HE MEANS: "LET'S GO KICK SOME ASS!"
"HERE HE COMES."
THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER WENT UP THE WATER SPOUT. DOWN CAME THE RAIN AND WASHED THAT SPIDER OUT...
LET'S GET READY, TEDDY. WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
YOU WANT A GO, BUDDY?

HE, HE, HE! THIS IS WAY BETTER THAN ROCK 'EM SOCK 'EM ROBOTS! NOBODY MESSES WITH MY TOYS! YA HEAR ME?! THIS MEANS WAR!
LET'S HOPE OLD BIGFOOT HAS SOME FIGHT LEFT IN HIM.
AYE, LASS.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD.
CAN WE JUST DO THIS AND STOP TALKING?
LET'S KICK THIS MEGA-MELTDOWN SHOWDOWN INTO HIGH GEAR.
WELL, IT TOOK LONG ENOUGH, BUT WE ARE FINALLY HERE! NEXT ISSUE IS THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION TO WHAT IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST CONFUSING AND POINTLESS RAMBLING PLOT LINE IN THE HISTORY OF FUNNY BOOKS... AND THAT'S SAYING SOMETHING.
YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME?
NO! I WANT THE WHOLE THING!
NEXT ISSUE:
WHILE MY BIGFOOT GENTLY WEEPS!

El Superbeasto xoxo
Greetings from
Muscle Beach!